









C U R I O S I T I E S

O F

L I T E R A T U R E.

CONSISTING OF

ANECDOTES, CHARACTERS, SKETCHES,

A N D

OBSERVATIONS,

LITERARY, CRITICAL, AND HISTORICAL.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

*IN this Fourth Impression of
CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE,
several Corrections and Additions have been
made.*



P R E F A C E

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE favour with which the Public has honoured this Performance, has, early after it's publication, conducted it once more to the press. It becomes an author to render every new impression of his book more acceptable: it is thus, rather than by any other mode, he should express his gratitude. I have attempted to perform this, by having tasked myself to make the articles more full and satisfactory than in their first state. What were originally but seminal hints, I would hope will now be found sometimes to expand into the luxuriance of flowers.

The plan which I have projected appears to be valuable; yet, perhaps, the design has been but rarely understood. I had proposed to illustrate a series of observations on hu-

man life, by a multiplicity of examples, which, while they gave an agreeable exercise to the mind by their variety, might familiarize it to that greatest of all studies—the study of MAN. Montesquieu has this fine observation on authors: they should, he says, not so much make us *read*, as make us *think*. *Il ne s'agit pas de faire lire, mais de faire penser*. When I gave the articles—The Poverty of the Learned—The Persecuted Learned—The Imprisonment of the Learned—The Amusements of the Learned—The Progress of Old Age in New Studies—Poets, Philosophers, and Artists, made by Accident—&c. I considered them but as portions which relate to the history of MEN of GENIUS. The discerning reader may thus trace other subjects elucidated, by impressing in his mind their component parts, scattered in this Miscellany.

I was desirous also to direct Taste, by Criticisms which should be illustrated by examples taken from the most finished compositions ;

sitions: such are the articles—Virgil—Fine Thoughts—On teaching the Classics—Spanish Poetry—&c. Sometimes I proposed to intersperse biographical sketches of persons remarkable in the republic of letters: such are the articles—Mademoiselle De Scudery—The Scaligers—Milton—Cardinal Richelieu—Corneille and Addison—&c. and sometimes I have attempted to sketch subjects of literary curiosity: such are—Literary Composition—Origin of Literary Journals—Recovery of Manuscripts—Sketches of Criticism—The Bibliomania—Errata—&c.

In the HISTORICAL SECTION, I proposed to arrange those incidents which might serve as materials for a history of human nature; to trace the usurpations of tyranny, and the glory of freedom; as is done in the account—of the Pouliats, and the Pouliches, taken from the Abbè Raynal, and which is contrasted with—the Thirteen Cantons; which is further displayed in the articles—

Feudal Tyranny—America—&c. To represent the avarice, the cruelty, and the impositions of Superstition; which are sufficiently marked in the articles—Trials and Proofs of Guilt in superstitious Ages—Inquisition—Mutual Persecution—Religious Enmity—Virgin Mary—&c. To paint the characters of kings, and of nations; such are the articles—Monarchs—Edward IV.—Queen Elizabeth—Royal Divinities—De-throned Monarchs—&c. The manners of nations are displayed in such articles as—Singularities observed by various Nations in their Repasts—The Athenians—The Italians—Spanish Etiquette—History of Poverty—Slavery—&c.

In the third portion of this Work, I proposed to give whatever I found curious for the singularity of the subject, or interesting from the importance of it's information: such articles are—Singular Memories—Light Summer Showers forming burning Mirrors—Origin of several valuable Discoveries—
Music

Musick—Hell—&c. And I have concluded this Miscellany by some Philological Observations, which may be regarded as a literary curiosity, by uniting in a few pages a succinct account of various Languages.

In a word, the scheme I proposed was as extensive and miscellaneous as life and as learning themselves. It should, perhaps, have been executed not by one person, but by the united talents of several: the solid column of Learning should have been ornamented by the graceful foliage of Genius.

Lord Bacon has observed, that men of learning require inventories of their knowledge, as rich men have schedules of their estates. The present imperfect attempt may serve for this purpose, till a better is produced.

Of an essay of the present kind, the reward is frequently not gratifying to the Author. To most, industry will appear the only praise to which he can aspire. Fastidious, and half-literate minds
are

are incapable of discriminating betwixt a heavy, undiscerning, and tasteless transcriber; and an elegant, reflecting, and spirited compiler. Viner abridged the Commentaries of Coke into twenty-two folio volumes; Viner is a dull and inelegant compiler. Sir William Blackstone, treading the same arid ground, knew the art of rearing on it many a beautiful flower. Baillet, Bouhours, and Rollin, are all compilers; but esteemed in every literary nation for their taste, their erudition, and their discernment. Some compilers resemble the dull and unfruitful drone, that wastes the treasures on which it exists; others, the beautiful and lively bee, that wanders on the bosom of the flowers; and, to appropriate an expression of Shakespeare, ‘STEALING and GIVING sweets.’

Inferior as my abilities are, I must remark, that the labours of a work like the present, most readers will not immediately discern. To rate, by a concise article, the labour

labour that it cost, is an unjust mode of appreciation ; for it is certain that very extensive reading is not infrequently bestowed on very limited articles—like waters, which, drawn from various fountains, when mingled together, appear indeed to be the effect of a single operation, although they contain the efforts of several.

The present edition solicits attention by very essential and copious improvements. Above one-third part of the volume consists of additional matter. But, notwithstanding this attempt to form an agreeable LITERARY MANUAL, I have rather made known, than accomplished my wish. Abundantly honoured, as I must confess I have been, with the approbation of Journalists I respect, and of Friends whom I esteem, I would render the work as perfect as my feeble talents permit. It is for this reason that I am desirous of the contributions of the Ingenious. The various heads may serve as outlines or sketches for men of letters to fill up,

as their reading or reflection suggest: and such a work can only be enriched by the accumulations of literary aid. I have received already several valuable hints; and if such liberal communications are continued, they will animate my future exertions, and tend to perfect a repository, which may not be unuseful in the Republic of Letters.

I. D'ISRAELI.

PREFACE

P R E F A C E

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE present Volume partly consists of a laborious selection of the most interesting parts of the various ANA. To these valuable stores of Literature I have added some Anecdotes, which appeared to me amusive and curious; and some Observations, which, I hope, will not be deemed impertinent.

The ANA form a body of Literature not universally known. It may, therefore, be useful to inform the reader, that in the early part of the last century, it was a prevailing custom to take down for publication the Conversations, or '*Table-Talk*,' as they have been sometimes called, of the most eminent Wits and Scholars. To satisfy the demands of Fame, rather than those of Literature, some were prompted to sell their Collections to the booksellers; and it may be fairly presumed, were less attentive to the richness of
the

the materials than to the number of pages they were calculated to fill. Others published them at the death of a valued Friend, to display the extent of his science, or the felicity of his genius; and it must be confessed, that even these were not so scrupulous as they should have been of what they admitted into their Collections.

Had such Repositories of Literature been judiciously formed, they would have proved a valuable acquisition to the Republic of Letters: but their respective Compilers have evinced great inattention, or little discernment; nothing was discriminated in the mass of their materials; they appear to have listened to the mouth of the Scholar whose sentiments they record, as the credulous Enthusiast did in ancient times to the Oracle he worshipped. Thus, whatever was unintelligible, obscure, or even false, was held by these Literary Devotees in as great reverence as it's opposite.

It has been repeatedly urged, and allowed, that the matter of elaborate Treatises, and even ponderous Volumes, may not infrequently be comprized in concise Essays, or short Remarks. Some things of this
kind

kind are attempted in the present Volume; and I have been prompted towards it's publication, by a conviction that it will furnish much useful information to the generality of readers.

It is not just, however, that curiosity should be raised too high. If expectations are formed, which are impossible to be gratified, abilities infinitely superior to mine must be humbled. All the Anecdotes I offer will not be new: of some, I pretend only to remind the reader; but the greater part, I have frequently been tempted to believe, will appear interesting.

The fashionable and commercial world are too much occupied to attend to serious discussion and scientific research; the one laboriously employed in doing nothing, and the other indefatigable in doing every thing. To the literary labourer they leave the cultivation of the fields and the gardens of Literature: they are willing to purchase the productions of his talents; but they expect to receive only the fruits and the flowers. To such, who form indeed the generality of readers, it is presumed, the present Collection will not be found useless. Whatever is most interesting in books rarely to be met with,

with, or whatever is most agreeable in compilations which it would be impossible for them to peruse with patience, is here selected: and, if it is not presumptuous to add, the Man of Letters, at the same time, may be reminded of important Observations, striking Anecdotes, and Attic Pleasantries; which, however they deserve to be retained, will, without some Vade Mecum of this kind, soon escape from the most tenacious memory. In a word, if this collection answers the hopes of the Editor, it will be found a Miscellany not unamusive to the Literary Lounger.

To be useful, and to please the Public, is my design. My work is not adapted to extend, or to bestow, reputation: it is sufficient, if it attains it's humble pretension. A multifarious Collection of this kind stands in great need of Critical Candour: yet I should feel myself little solicitous concerning it's reception, if I were certain that the urbanity of the Critic was to decide its fate.

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C U R I O S I T I E S

O F

L I T E R A T U R E,

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

THE ORIGIN OF LITERARY JOURNALS.

I N the last century, it was a consolation, at least, for the unsuccessful writer, that he fell insensibly into oblivion. If he committed the *private* folly of printing what no one would purchase, he had only to settle the matter with his publisher: he was not arraigned at the *public* tribunal, as if he had committed a crime of magnitude. But, in those times, the nation was little addicted to the cultivation of letters: writers were then few, and readers were not many.

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When,

When, at length, a taste for literature spread itself through the body of the people, Vanity induced the inexperienced and the ignorant to aspire to literary honours. To oppose these inroads into the haunts of the Muses, Periodical Criticism brandished its formidable weapon; and it was by the fall of others that our greatest geniuses have been taught to rise. Multifarious writings produced multifarious strictures; and if the rays of criticism were not always of the strongest kind, yet so many continually issuing, formed a focus, which has enlightened those whose occupations had otherwise never permitted them to *judge* of literary compositions.

The origin of so many Literary Journals is to be found in France. Denis de Sallo, Ecclesiastical Counsellor in the Parliament of Paris, invented the scheme of a work of this kind. On the 30th of May, 1665, appeared the first number of his *Journal des Sçavans*. What is remarkable, he published his Essay in the name of the Sieur de Hédouville, his *footman*. One is led to suppose, from this circumstance, that he entertained but a faint hope of success; or, perhaps,

perhaps, he thought that the scurrility of criticism might be permitted, on account of its supposed author. The work, however, met with so favourable a reception, that Sallo had the satisfaction of seeing it, in the next year, imitated throughout Europe; and his Journal, at the same time, translated into various languages. But, as most authors lay themselves too open to the severe critic, the animadversions of Sallo were given with such malignity of wit and asperity of criticism, that the Journal excited loud murmurs, and the most heart-moving complaints. Sallo, after having published only his third volume, felt the irritated wasps of literature thronging so thick about him, that he very gladly abdicated the throne of Criticism.

The reign of his successor, Abbé Gallois—intimidated by the fate of Sallo—was of a milder kind. He contented himself with merely giving the titles of books, accompanied with extracts. Such a conduct was not offensive to their authors, and yet was not unuseful to the public. I do not, however, mean to favour the idea, that this

simple manner of noticing books is equal to found and candid criticism.

The Journal of Leipzig, entitled *Acta Eruditorum*, appeared in 1682, under the conduct of the erudite *Menkenius*, Professor in the University of that city. The famous *Bayle* undertook, for Holland, a similar work, in 1684; and his *Nouvelles de la Republique de Lettres* appeared the first of May in that year. This new Journal was every where well received; and deserved to be so, for never were criticisms given with greater force. He possessed the art of comprizing, in short extracts, the justest notion of a book, without adding any thing irrelevant or impertinent. Bayle discontinued this work in 1687, after having given thirty-six volumes in 12mo. Bernard continued it to 1710, when it was finally closed. The celebrated *Le Clerc* has given his three *Bibliothèques*, which amount to the number of 74 volumes in 12mo; and who, if inferior to Bayle, is, notwithstanding, one of the best of our ancient Journalists.

— A Mr. de la Roche formed an English Journal, entitled *Memoirs of Literature*,
about

about the commencement of this century. It consists chiefly of a translation from the foreign journals. It was afterwards continued by Mr. Reid, under the title of *The Present State of the Republic of Letters*; but, being obliged to make a voyage to China, it interrupted his useful labours. He was succeeded by Messieurs Campbell and Webster. This *Journal* does by no means rival our modern *Reviews*. I do not perceive that the criticism is more valuable; and certainly the entertainment is inferior. Our elder Journals seem only to notice a few of the best publications; and this not with great animation of sentiment, or elegance of diction.

It is impossible to form a Literary Journal in such a manner, as it might be wished a Literary Journal should be formed. For it must be the work of many of different tempers and views. An individual, however versatile and extensive his genius, would soon be exhausted.

The extent of the project, the continued novelty of the matter, and the complacency of considering one's self, in some shape, as the arbiter of literature, animate a journalist at the commencement of his career. But

human nature is as much human nature in a journalist, as in any other man. Such strenuous exertions will fatigue the literary Hercules. To supply his pages, he gives copious extracts; by degrees the journal grows tedious, or is deficient in variety. The public whisper their complaints; they agree; and it is lost for ever. Thus it has happened that innumerable Journals have been projected, and have proved unsuccessful. Bayle, during a period of three years, was regular in this laborious pursuit, without relaxing his great powers; but this occasioned a dangerous illness, which obliged him to discontinue his literary labours. It was thus Mr. Maty fell a victim to his Review. It was, indeed, perverse in the latter not to accept an associate. Maty had erudition; he was not deficient in literary history; perhaps his taste was not exquisite. He says, he only holds a *monthly conversation* with the Public. The magisterial air of criticism requires a terser style; his Journal is however replete with judicious criticisms.

Of Abbé Gallois, the successor of Sallo, it is observed, that he was frequently diverted from continuing his Journal with that

regularity which the public has a right to expect. Fontenelle remarks, that this occupation was too restrictive for a mind so extensive as his : the Abbé could not resist the charms of indulging in any new production, of gratifying any sudden curiosity which seized him ; and it was thus that the regularity which a Journal exacts was frequently sacrificed.

Camusat, on this subject, justly observes, that the passion of universal knowledge, is commendable ; but as it can only be convenient to those who are perfect masters of their leisure, those studies which are our duties must always be preferred : so that the author who has not sufficient command over himself to restrain these starts of curiosity, will do well to leave to others the occupation of the journalist ; for this function demands one who must entirely devote himself to the task, and whom nothing shall be capable of turning from his direct path.

Camusat, who has given a critical history of Journals, had formed very just notions how one should be conducted. It had, indeed, been a phenomenon in the literary republic : but when this sage Aris-

tarchus, who knew so well to plan with visionary perfection, attempted one himself, it is certain, as the editor of his papers observes, he did not practise one of those rules he had so judiciously prescribed to others.

The function of a journalist, according to Camusat, demands an extent of various knowledge, which can rarely be found in one person. Besides the learned languages, and a perfect knowledge of his own; and besides a tincture which he should have of the living languages, if he is desirous of giving an account of those works which are printed throughout Europe, he must also be, at least, tolerably acquainted with the subjects of which they treat; and, according as the occasion requires, he must shew himself a mathematician, astronomer, physician, lawyer, and divine. He must not be ignorant of what has passed in the most distant periods of antiquity; and he must be familiar with whatever has occurred in less remote times. Yet these are but a few of those qualities which are necessary to form a journalist. All these may be prejudicial to the public, by gaining their confidence, if
he,

he, who assumes this character, does not add to his vast scientific acquisitions, talents more rare even than great erudition : viz. justness of conception, luminous ideas, a style pure and correct, lively and easy, adapted to fix the attention of the most indolent reader, and to persuade the most intractable. I add, that if a journalist is desirous of not committing, occasionally, very ridiculous blunders, or falling into inconveniencies yet more to be feared, he must possess a consummate knowledge of literary history, particularly that of *his own times* ; which, Fonténelle observes, is a science almost distinct from the others, although it results from, and is produced by, a lively curiosity, which neglects nothing for its purpose. Yet is it little, that all these qualities meet in one man, if they are not accompanied by goodness of *heart* : an exact probity, which will not allow him to practise any impositions ; and which compels him to do justice to his *enemies*, if he is so unfortunate as to have any. It must be confessed, that such a character is more difficult to find, than to describe.

The journalists have been sometimes rallied

lied by the wits for their appropriation of the regal pronoun *WE*; yet, surely, without reason. The facetious Fuller, in his *Worthies of England*, in attempting to do away objections which may be made against his style, thus very acutely observes on this expression.

‘ *Exception.* You usurp the *style of princes*,
 ‘ speaking often in the plural: Come *we*
 ‘ now; passe *we* now; proceed *we* now,
 ‘ &c. which is false grammar from a single,
 ‘ ill ethics from a private person.

‘ *Answer.* First, I appeal to any exercised
 ‘ in reading of books, whether the same be
 ‘ not used in other authors. Secondly, *we*,
 ‘ in such cases, includeth the writer and the
 ‘ reader; it being presumed that the eye of
 ‘ the one goeth along with the pen of the
 ‘ other. Thirdly, it also comprizeth all other
 ‘ writers, out of whom any thing is tran-
 ‘ scribed, and their names quoted in the
 ‘ margin. And let me add, *our WE* is com-
 ‘ prehensive of all my worthy friends.’

It may gratify curiosity, to observe the improvements which gradually took place in *Literary Journals*.

When Sallo first undertook the *Journal*
 des

des Sçavans, he did not give the *names of the booksellers*; yet as the chief end of the work was to point out what books merited to be bought, it was found very necessary to *give the names of the publishers*. The Gentleman's Magazine, in it's Reviews, is deficient in this respect.

The first journalists did not specify the *size* of the work reviewed, nor the number of *pages*. Sometimes they gave the *sheets*, which was rather perplexing. All these inconveniences were at length rectified.

They did not give the *dates of the year* when books were published, which occasioned many errors in the subsequent accounts of those writers who consulted the *Journals*. They omitted the dates purposely, because they did not always care to inform the reader that the book they noticed was an old one; for it might then have wanted the charm of novelty.

Literary intelligence was also added in time; and this is a source of very interesting matter to amateurs. It gives room for valuable notices, and curious anecdotes, which can find no where so proper a place. If journalists would *correspond* with each other,

other, the mere extracts of their letters, would preserve all *the fugitive literary history*.

Supplements were also projected by Sallo ; but this useful invention was effected by others. They comprize that portion of valuable literature, to which the contracted limits of every Journal do not allow admittance.

It was long before the valuable aid of *Indexes* to Literary Journals took place. They were at first satisfied with giving, at the close of the year, a list of the books they had reviewed.

THE RECOVERY OF MANUSCRIPTS.

POGGIUS the Florentine found buried in a heap of dust, and in a rotten coffer belonging to the monastery of Saint Gal, the works of Quintilian ; and, by this fortunate discovery, gave them to the Republic of Letters.

Papirius Masson found, in the house of a bookbinder of Lyons, the works of Agobart.

bart. The mechanic was on the point of using the manuscripts to line the covers of his books.

Raimond Soranzo, a celebrated lawyer in the Papal Court at Avignon, about the middle of the fourteenth century, had in his possession the two books of Cicero on Glory. He made a present of them to Petrarch, who lent them to an aged and poor man of letters, formerly his preceptor. Urged by extreme poverty, the old man pawned them; and, returning home, died suddenly, without having revealed where he had left them: since which time they have never been recovered.

Leonard Aretin was one of the most distinguished scholars at the dawn of literature; but he has done that which reflects on him great dishonour. He found a Greek manuscript of Procopius *de Bello Gothico*. This he translated into Latin, and published the work as his own. Since, however, other manuscripts of the same work have been discovered; and the fraud of Leonard Aretin is apparent.

Machiavel acted more adroitly in a similar case. A manuscript of the Apophthegms
of

of the Ancients, by Plutarch, having fallen into his hands, he selected those which pleased him; and put them into the mouth of one of his heroes.

A page of the second Decade of Livy was found by a man of letters on the parchment of his battledore, as he was amusing himself in the country. He ran directly to the maker of the battledore, but arrived too late; the man had finished the last page of Livy, in completing a large order for these articles about a week before.

Sir Robert Cotton, being one day at his taylor's, discovered that the man held in his hand, ready to cut up for measures, the original Magna Charta, with all its appendages of seals and signatures. He bought this singular curiosity for a trifle; and recovered, in this manner, what had long been given over for lost.—As this anecdote is entirely new to me, it may be proper to point out that it is taken from the *Colomefiana*, page 198. The original Magna Charta is preserved in the Cotton Library; it exhibits marks of dilapidation; but whether these are the effects of time, or the taylor's scissors, I leave for the subject
of

of an essay for a future archæological volume.

By a supplication of Dr. Dee to Queen Mary, preserved in the Cotton Library, it appears that Tully's famous work, *de Republica*, was once extant in this kingdom, and perished at Canterbury.

A Treatise on Virtue, by Brutus, is also lost. It is mentioned by Seneca in his Consolation to Helvia, c. 9.

The Cardinal Granvelle carefully preserved all his letters; he left behind him several chests filled with a prodigious quantity, written in different languages, commented, noted, and under-lined by his own hand. These curious manuscripts, after his death, were left in a garret to the mercy of the rain and the rats. Five or six of these chests were wanted by the steward; and he thought he acted wisely when he sold them to the grocers. It was then, a discovery was made of this treasure. Several learned men occupied themselves in collecting as many of these literary relics as they possibly could. What were saved formed eighty-thick folios. Amongst these original letters, were found great numbers written by almost all the crowned

crowned heads in Europe ; and also instructions of ambassadors, and others, relative to the great political events of the times ; and many of them were written by the hands of these illustrious personages.

Huet informs us that Petronius's works, of which we have now remaining only some fragments, were, probably entire in the days of John of Salisbury, since this prelate notices several fragments which are not found in the present collection of his pieces.

It is about twenty years ago Montaigne's Journal of his travels into Italy were published. The recovery of the manuscript is well known to have been in this manner : M. Prunis, a prebendary of Perigord, in travelling through this province to make researches relative to a history of Perigord, which he had undertaken, arrived at the ancient *chateau* of Montaigne, in possession of the Count of Segur de la Roquette, a descendant of this great man. He stopped there to examine the archives, if there had been any. He was shewn an old worm-eaten coffer, which had long held papers untouched by the incurious generations of Montaigne. Prunis, with philosophical intrepidity,

trepidity, cut his way through clouds of dust, and at length drew out the original manuscript of the travels of Montaigne; the only one which probably ever existed. He obtained permission of the Count to take it home, and examine it with care. After being well convinced of the legitimacy of the work, he carried these precious remains to Paris, where the connoisseurs unanimously acknowledged its authenticity. It is a thin folio of 178 pages. The writing and the paper are incontestibly fixed to be at the close of the sixteenth century. Two-thirds of the work are in the hand-writing of Montaigne, and the rest is written by a servant who served Montaigne for secretary, and who always speaks of his master in the third person. But he must have written what Montaigne dictated, as the expressions and the egotisms are all Montaigne's. It was hardly intelligible, by the bad writing of the servant, and the irregular orthography. It proves also, says the editor, how true is that observation of Montaigne, when he says, that he was very negligent in the correction of his works.

Whether the Poems of Rowley be originals, adulterations, or the compositions of

• VOL. I. C Chatterton,

Chatterton, I do not venture to decide : this, however, is certain, that the finding them in the worm-eaten chest, in the ancient church at Bristol, has a very classical appearance, and is undoubtedly in the nature of such discoveries. It is not probable—for he was, I believe, ignorant of the French language—that poor Chatterton, like me, had laboured through all the *Ana*, and caught the idea from their perusal.

We might be inclined to forgive a skilful *forgery* of the two books of Cicero on Glory : they must have been very important and curious ; for no man was more enthusiastically fond of glory than this orator. Petrarch speaks of them with extasy, and tells us, that he studied them perpetually.

SKETCHES OF CRITICISM.

Yes, should Great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead !

THE greatest authors of antiquity have smarted under the lash of Criticism. Che-
vrau has collected a great number of in-
stances.

stances. Lest I should prove tedious, I only select a few.

It was given out, that Homer had stolen from Hesiod whatever was most remarkable in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The Emperor Caligula suppressed the works of this great poet : and gave for reason, that he certainly had as much right as Plato, who had so severely condemned him.

Sophocles was brought to trial by his children as a lunatic : and some, who blamed the inequalities of this poet, have also condemned the vanity of Pindar ; the hard and rough verses of *Æschylus* ; and the manner in which Euripides conducted his plots.

Socrates, who has even been compared to Jesus Christ, as the wisest and the most moral of men, Cicero has treated as an usurer, and Athenæus as an illiterate person. Mr. Cumberland, in one of his *Observers*, has industriously revived a calumny which most assuredly only took its rise from the malignant buffoonery of Aristophanes ; who, as Jortin says, was a great wit, but a great rascal. Should some future author draw his anecdotes from the writings of

a Foote, we know well that he might delineate a spirited character; but nothing, at the same time, would be more fictitious.

Plato, who has been called, by Clement of Alexandria, the Moses of Athens; the Philosopher of the Christians, by Arnobius; and the God of Philosophers, by Cicero; has undergone a variety of criticisms. Athenæus accuses him of envy; Theopompus, of lying; Suidas, of avarice; Aulus Gellius, of robbery; Porphyry, of incontinence; and Aristophanes, of impiety.

Aristotle, who, according to some writers, has composed more than four hundred volumes, and who for his work on animals received from Alexander eight hundred talents, has not been less spared by the critics. Diogenes Laertius, Cicero, and Plutarch, have forgotten nothing that can tend to shew his ignorance, his ambition, and his vanity.

If the reader does not feel himself weary, he may read on.

Virgil is destitute of invention, if we are to give credit to Pliny, Carbilus, and Seneca. Caligula has absolutely denied him even mediocrity; Herennus has marked his faults;

faults ; and Perilius Faustinus has furnished a thick volume with his plagiarisms. Even the author of his Apology has confessed, that he has stolen from Homer his greatest beauties.

Horace censures the coarse humour of Plautus ; and Horace, in his turn, has been blamed for fiction and obscurity.

The majority of the critics regard Pliny's History only as a pleasing romance ; and seem to have quite as little respect for Quintus Curtius.

Pliny cannot bear Diodorus and Vopiscus ; and, in one comprehensive criticism, treats all the historians as narrators of fables.

Livy has been reproached for his aversion to the Gauls ; Dion, for his hatred of the Republic ; Velleius Paterculus, for speaking too kindly of the vices of Tiberius ; and Herodotus and Plutarch, for their excessive partiality to their own country. Others have said of Cicero, that there is no connection, and, to adopt their own figure, no *blood and nerves*, in what his admirers so warmly extol. They say, he is cold in his extemporaneous effusions, too artificial in

his exordiums trifling in his strained witticisms, and tiresome in his digressions.

Quintilian does not spare Seneca; and Demosthenes, called by Cicero the Prince of Orators, has, according to Hermippus, more of art than of nature. To Demades, his orations appear too much laboured; others have thought him too dry; and, if we may trust Eschines, his language is by no means pure.

Should we proceed with this list to our own country, and our own times, it might be curiously augmented; but, perhaps, enough has been said, to soothe irritated genius, and to shame fastidious criticism. 'I would beg the critics to remember,' the Earl of Roscommon writes, in his Preface to his Version of Horace's Art of Poetry, 'that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius; that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them; and that, in their Golden Age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and those who were the most esteemed were the best-natured.' I would hope, in spite of the daily cries we hear
from

from disappointed writers, that those journalists, whose style and sentiments render them respectable in the eyes of every man of letters, maintain with rigid integrity the fountains of criticism pure and incorrupt. They cannot be insensible that their volumes are not merely read, and then forgotten; but that they will remain as surviving witnesses, for or against them, from century to century.

* Be thou the first true merit to befriend;

* His praise is lost, who waits till ALL commend.*

THE PERSECUTED LEARNED.

IT will be sufficient to name that greatest of men, Socrates; his intelligence and his virtue were punished with death. Anaxagoras, when he attempted to propagate a just notion of the Supreme Power, was dragged to prison. The celebrated Aristotle, after a long series of persecution, swallowed poison. Heraclitus, tormented by his countrymen, broke off all intercourse with men,

Gerbert, in the tenth century, was a great geometrician and chymist, but was detested as a magician. Ramus, a great scholar of the sixteenth century, was condemned as a state criminal, because he combated the notions of Aristotle : he was assassinated by his enemies.

For all these instances I am indebted to Mr. Thomas, in his notes on the *Eloge* of Descartes.

Virgilius, Bishop of Saltzburg, having written, that there existed Antipodes ; Boniface, Archbishop of Mayence, the Pope's Legate, declared him a heretic, and consigned him to the flames.

Galileo, because he believed in the Copernican System, now universally established, was condemned at Rome publicly to disavow sentiments, the truth of which must have been to him abundantly manifest.

The most valued of Gabriel Naudé's works, is his *Apology* for those great men who have been accused of Magic. In that book he has recorded a melancholy number of the most eminent scholars, who have found, that to have been successful in their studies, was a success which harassed them
with

with a continued persecution, that sometimes led them into the prison, and sometimes bound them to the stake.

Urban Grandier, for whose life-replete with interesting anecdote I refer the reader to Bayle, was burnt alive in the machinations of a rival, who formed a conspiracy against this amiable and unfortunate scholar, by contriving to get the depositions of some nuns to prove the crime of magic. These women must have been guilty of the most horrid perjuries.

Cornelius Agrippa was necessitated to fly his country, and the enjoyments of a rich income, merely for having displayed a few philosophical experiments, which now every school-boy can perform. The people beheld him as an object of horror; and not infrequently, when he walked the streets, he found them empty at his approach. He died, of disease and famine, in an hospital.

In these times, it was a common opinion to suspect every great man of an intercourse with some familiar spirit. The favourite black dog of Agrippa was supposed to be a Demon. When Urban Grandier was led to the stake, a large fly settled on his head:

a Monk,

a Monk, who had heard that Beelzebub signifies in Hebrew the God of Flies, reported that he saw this spirit come to take possession of him. Mr. De Langear, a French minister, who employed many spies, was frequently accused of a diabolical communication. Sixtus the Fifth, Marechal Faber, Roger Bacon, Cæsar Borgia, his son Alexander VI. and others, like Socrates, had their diabolical attendant.

Cardan was believed to be a magician. The fact is, that he was for his time a very able naturalist; and he who happened to know something of the arcana of nature was immediately suspected of magic.

Petrarch was less desirous of the laurel for the honour, than for the hope of being sheltered by it from the thunders of priests, by whom both he and his brother poets were continually threatened. They could not imagine a poet, without supposing him to hold an intercourse with some Demon. This was, as Abbe Refnel observes in a Memoir of the French Academy, having a most exalted idea of poetry, though a very bad one of poets. A certain Dominican was famous for persecuting all those who dared

to make verses; and the power of which he attributed to the effects of *heresy* and *magic*.

The great Descartes was horribly persecuted in Holland, when he first published his opinions to the world. Voetius, a bigot of great power at Utrecht, accused him of atheism; and had even projected in his mind to have him condemned without allowing him to make his defence, and to have him burnt at Utrecht in an extraordinary fire, which, kindled on an eminence, might be observed by all the provinces!

In the present day, when the lights of philosophy have become so generally expanded, we perceive the little foundation of all these accusations of magic. What a dreadful chain must there have been of perjuries and conspiracies! One is willing to imagine, for the honour of human nature, that so deep a malignity, and so sedate a cruelty, could not have tainted the heart of man; but the simple recital of history forms, too often, the severest satire on human nature.

Our great Roger Bacon, by a degree of penetration

penetration which perhaps has never been equalled, discovered some of the most occult secrets in Nature. She seems, indeed—if I may so express myself—to have stood naked before him. His honours have been stolen from him by more modern authors, who have appeared inventors when they were copying Bacon. Yet, for the reward of all his intense studies, the holy brethren, and the infallible Majesty of Rome, occasioned him to languish in prison during the greater part of his life.

The catalogue of the Persecuted Learned is indeed voluminous. We need not waste our tears on fictitious sorrows, while the remembrance of these men shall exist!

THE POVERTY OF THE LEARNED.

FORTUNE has rarely condescended to be the companion of Merit. Even in these enlightened times, men of letters have lived in obscurity, while their reputation was widely spread; and have perished in poverty,

ty, while their works were enriching the booksellers.

Homer, poor and blind, resorted to the public places to recite his verses for a morsel of bread.

The facetious poet, Plautus, gained a livelihood by assisting a miller.

Xylander sold his Notes on Dion Cassius for a dinner. He tells us, that at the age of eighteen he studied to acquire glory, but at twenty-five he studied to get bread.

Aldus Manutius was so wretchedly poor, that the expence of removing his library from Venice to Rome made him insolvent.

To mention those who left nothing behind them to satisfy the undertaker, were an endless task.

Agrippa died in a workhouse; Cervantes is supposed to have died with hunger; Camoens was deprived of the necessaries of life, and is believed to have perished in the streets.

The great Tasso was reduced to such a dilemma, that he was obliged to borrow a crown from a friend to subsist through the week. He alludes to his distress in a pretty Sonnet, which he addresses to his Cat, entreating

treating her to assist him, during the night, with the lustre of her eyes—

‘ Non avendo candele per iscrivere i suoi versi !’

having no candle by which he could see to write his verses !

Ariosto bitterly complains of poverty in his Satires : when at length the liberality of Alphonso enabled him to build a small house, it was most miserably furnished ! When he was told that such a building was not fit for one who had raised so many fine palaces in his writings, he answered, that the structure of *words* and that of *stones* was not the same thing. The reader may be pleased to have his own expressions—*‘ Che porvi le pietre, e porvi le parole non è il medesimo !’*

The illustrious Cardinal Bentivoglio, the ornament of Italy and of literature, languished, in his old age, in the most distressful poverty ; and, having sold his palace to satisfy his creditors, left nothing behind him but his reputation.

Le Sage resided in a little cottage on the borders of Paris, and while he supplied the
world

world with their most agreeable Romances, never knew what it was to possess any moderate degree of comfort in pecuniary matters.

Du Ryer, a celebrated French poet, was constrained to labour with rapidity, and to live in the cottage of an obscure village. His bookseller bought his Heroic Verses for one hundred sols the hundred lines, and the smaller ones for fifty sols.

Vaugelas, the most polished writer of the French language, whose life was passed in giving it all it's perfection, and who, it is said, devoted thirty years to his translation of Quintus Curtius, (a circumstance that modern translators can have no conception of) possessed nothing valuable but his precious manuscripts.

It is recorded of this ingenious scholar, that he left his corpse to the surgeons, for the benefit of his creditors.

Louis the Fourteenth honoured Racine and Boileau with a private monthly audience. One day, the king asked what there was new in the literary world? Racine answered, that he had seen a melancholy
spectacle.

† spectacle in the house of Corneille, whom he found dying, deprived even of a little broth ! The king preserved a profound silence : and soon afterwards he sent for the use of the dying man a sum of money.

There are kings who would have imitated Louis in keeping, on this occasion, so profound a silence ; and perhaps there is but *one*, who, like him, would have recollected to relieve the unhappy poet

Dryden, for less than three hundred pounds, sold Tonson ten thousand verses, as may be seen by the agreement which has been published.

Purchas, who, in the reign of our First James, had spent his life in travels and study to form his *Relation of the World* ; when he gave it to the public, for the reward of his labours was thrown into prison, at the suit of his printer. Yet this was the book which, he informs us in his Dedication to Charles the First, his father read every night with great profit and satisfaction.

John Stow quitted the occupation of a taylor for that of an antiquary ; but his studies placing him in embarrassed circumstances,

stances, he acted wisely in resuming the shears. Afterwards he was so fortunate as to meet a patron in Archbishop Parker.

It appears by the Harleian MS. 7524, that Rushworth, the author of 'Historical Collections,' passed the last years of his life in jail, where indeed he died. After the Restoration, when he presented to the king several of the privy council's books, which he had preserved from ruin, he received for his only reward, the *thanks of his Majesty!*

Dr. Dee, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, the celebrated mathematician, (whose intercourse with invisible spirits the reader may recollect) was a very learned man. After having collected a library of 4000 volumes, and enriched it with mathematical instruments and MSS. and even in possession of a wide reputation, died in extreme poverty.

Rymer, the collector of the *Fœdera*, must have been sadly reduced, by the following letter, addressed by Peter le Noire, Norroy to the Earl of Oxford, preserved in the British Museum—

* I am desired by Mr. Rymer, historiographer, to lay before your lordship the
Vol. I. D * circum-

‘ circumstances of his affairs. He was forced
 ‘ some years back to part with all his choice
 ‘ printed books to subsist himself; and now,
 ‘ he says, he must be forced, for subsistence,
 ‘ to sell all his MSS. Collections to the best
 ‘ bidder, without your lordship will be
 ‘ pleased to buy them for the queen’s library.
 ‘ They are fifty volumes, in folio, of public
 ‘ affairs, which he hath collected, but not
 ‘ printed. The price he asks is five hun-
 ‘ dred pounds.’

Simon Ockley, a most learned scholar in oriental literature, addresses a letter to the same Earl, in which he paints his distresses in colours not less just than they are glowing. After having devoted his life to Asiatic researches, then not less uncommon than they were valuable, he had the satisfaction of dating his preface to his great work from Cambridge Castle, where he was confined for debt; and he does this with an air of triumph, as a martyr feels enthusiasm in the cause for which he perishes.

Spenser—amiable poet!—languished out his life in misery. ‘ The queen,’ says Dr. Granger, ‘ was far from having a just sense
 ‘ of

of his merit: and Lord Burleigh, who prevented her giving him a hundred pounds, seems to have thought the lowest clerk in his office a more deserving person. 'He died in want of bread.' Mr. Malone has lately shewn that Spenser had a small pension, but his information has more of ingenuity than certainty.

Savage, in the pressing hour of distress, sold that eccentric poem, *The Wanderer*, which had occupied him several years, for ten pounds.

Even our great Milton, as every one knows, sold his immortal work for ten pounds to a bookseller, being too poor to undertake the printing it on his own account; and Otway, and Butler, and Chatterton, it is sufficient to name. The latter, while he supplied a variety of monthly Magazines with their chief materials, found 'a penny tart a luxury;' and a luxury it was to him who could not always get bread to his water.

Samuel Boyce, whose poem on Creation ranks high in the poetic scale, was absolutely famished to death; and was found dead

in a garret, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders, fastened by a skewer, with a pen in his hand !

Who shall pursue important labours when they read these anecdotes ? Dr. Granger relates of Dr. Edmund Castle, that a great part of his life was spent in compiling his *Lexicon Heptaglotton*, on which he bestowed incredible pains, and expended on it no less than 12,000*l.* and broke his constitution, and exhausted his fortune. At length it was printed, but the copies remained *unfold* on his hands.

On this subject what an admirable observation has Bayle made. After having informed us, that the wife and the daughter of Drusius, an eminent scholar, were left destitute, and hardly subsisted by the casual contributions of a few friends, he exclaims, ‘ What a pity is it, that the only daughter of such an author should have been reduced to this great misery, while the posterity of so many fools display such splendid equipages !’

I wish every man of letters could apply to himself the concluding lines of this beautiful

tiful epitaph, which a friend of Le Sage composed for this ingenious writer.

Sous ce tombeau git LE SAGE abattu
Par le ciseau de la Parque importune ;
S'il ne fut pas ami de la fortune,
Il fut toujours ami de la vertu.

Beneath this tomb LE SAGE has found repose,
Who well the gay and serious powers could blend ;
Tho' not of FORTUNE'S FRIENDS, he gave his vows
To other hopes, and still was VIRTUE'S FRIEND.

In a book, entitled *De Infortunio Litterarum*, may be found many other examples of the miseries of literary men.

THE IMPRISONMENT OF THE LEARNED.

IMPRISONMENT seems not much to have disturbed the man of letters in the progress of his studies.

It was in prison that Boethius composed his excellent book on the Consolations of Philosophy.

Grotius wrote, in his confinement, his Commentary on Saint Matthew, with other works. See article GROTIUS.

D 3

Buchanan,

Buchanan, in the dungeon of a monastery in Portugal, composed his excellent Paraphrases of the Psalms of David.

Pelisson, during five years confinement for some state affairs, pursued with ardour his studies in the Greek language, in Philosophy, and particularly in Theology; and produced several good compositions.

Michael Cervantes composed the best and most agreeable book in the Spanish language during his captivity in Barbary.

Fleta, a well known and very excellent little law production, was written by a person confined in the Fleet prison for debt, but whose name has not been preserved.

There is another work which derives its title from the Fleet-prison. It is 'Fleta Minor, or the Laws of Art and Nature in knowing the Bodies of Metals, &c.' It is written by Sir John Pettus, in folio, 1683. He gave it this title because he translated it from the German during his confinement in this prison.

Louis the Twelfth, when he was Duke of Orleans, being taken prisoner at the battle of St. Aubin, was long confined in the Tower of Bourges; and applying himself

to his studies, which he had hitherto neglected, he became in consequence an able and enlightened monarch.

Margaret, queen of Henry the Fourth, king of France, confined in the Louvre, pursued very warmly the studies of elegant literature, and composed a very skilful Apology for the irregularities of her conduct.

Charles the First, during his cruel confinement at Holmsby, wrote that excellent book, entitled *The Portrait of a King*; which he addressed to his son, and where the political reflections will be found not unworthy of Tacitus. This work has, however, been attributed by his enemies to Dr. Gawden, who was incapable of writing a single paragraph of it. In Mr. Nichols's *Life of Bowyer*, the reader will find an accurate statement of this disputable point; which, however, will not now admit of dispute amongst the candid and the judicious. If Gawden wrote any thing, it could only have been the affected title, which is in his own vitious style. The penetrating Hume, and the acute Smollet, make no difficulty of giving this work to the Royal author; yet a writer (a Puritan possibly) honoured me

with his copious abuse, because I wrote what I believed.

Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her sister Mary, wrote some very charming poems, which we do not find she ever could equal after her enlargement: and Mary, Queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment by Elizabeth, produced many pleasing poetic compositions.

Sir Walter Raleigh—according to his own orthography—produced, in his confinement, his *History of the World*. Of him it is observed, to employ the language of Hume, ‘ they had leisure to reflect on the hardship, not to say the injustice, of his sentence. They pitied his active and enterprising spirit, which languished in the rigours of confinement. They were struck with the extensive genius of the man, who, being educated amidst naval and military enterprizes, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most reclusive and sedentary lives; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity which, at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work as his *History of the World*.’

The

The plan of the *Henriade* was sketched, and the greater part composed, by Voltaire, during his imprisonment in the Bastile.

Howel, the author of *Familiar Letters*, &c. wrote the chief part of them, and almost all his other works, during his long confinement in the Fleet-prison; some say for debts which his irregular living had occasioned, and others, for political reasons. This is certain, that he used his pen for subsistence in that imprisonment, and there produced one of the most agreeable works in the English language.

Cardinal Polignac formed the design of refuting the arguments of the Sceptics which Bayle had been renewing in his Dictionary; but his public occupations hindered him. Two exiles at length fortunately gave him the leisure; and the *Anti-Lucretius* is the fruit of the court disgraces of its author.

Freret, when imprisoned in the Bastile, was permitted only to have Bayle for his companion. He got his Dictionary almost by heart, and likewise his principles. It was from this circumstance that he formed himself in his school, and has attacked religion in his works, with all the powers of Scepticism, while others say, of Atheism.

Sir

Sir William Davenant finished his poem of *Gondibert* during his confinement by the rebels in Carisbroke Castle.

De Foe, when imprisoned in Newgate for a political pamphlet, began his *Review*; a periodical paper, which was extended to nine thick volumes in quarto, and was, says Mr. Chalmers, the model of the celebrated papers of Steele. He also composed there the greatest part of his *Jure Divino*.

Wicquefort's curious work on ambassadors, I observe is dated from his prison, where he had been confined for state affairs. He softened the rigour of those heavy hours by several historical works.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

MEN of letters, for a relaxation from literary fatigue—a fatigue which is more unsufferable than that which proceeds from the labours of the mechanic—form amusements, sometimes, according to their professional character; but more frequently according to their whim.

Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing

lishing glasses for all kinds of spectacles, and making mathematical instruments.

D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, one of the most learned men of his age, after seven or eight hours of study every day, amused himself in cultivating trees; Barclay, in his leisure hours, was a florist; Balzac amused himself with making pastils; Peiresc found his amusement amongst his medals and antiquarian curiosities; the Abbé de Maroles with his engravings; and Politian in singing airs to his lute.

Conrad ab Uffenbach, who was one of the most learned scholars of Germany, recreated his mind, after severe studies, with a collection of prints of eminent persons, methodically arranged. The passion of collecting portraits he retained to the time of his death. Such a collection refreshes the memory, and kindles the imagination.

Rohault wandered from shop to shop to observe the mechanics labour.

The great Arnauld read, in his hours of relaxation, any amusing romance that fell into his hands. This also did the critical Warburton.

Galileo read Ariosto; and Christina, queen of Sweden, Martial and other Latin authors.

authors. Not a day passed but she read a portion of Tacitus. This author, difficult to the learned, was familiar to her. She confessed, however, that his works were rather one of her serious readings than her amusing ones.

Guy Patin wrote letters to his friends: an usual relaxation amongst men of letters, and very agreeable to their correspondents, when they are worth the postage.

Others have found amusement in composing treatises on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a Burlesque Narrative on Claudian's Death. Pierrius has written an Eulogium on Beards.

Virgil sported prettily with a goat; Homer with frogs and mice.

Holstein has written an Eulogium on the North Wind; Heinsius, on the As; Menage, the Transmigration of the Parasitical Pedant to a Parrot; and also the Petition of the Dictionaries.

Erasmus composed—I think it was to amuse himself when travelling in a post-chaise—his Panegyric on *Moria*, or Folly; which, authorized by the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

Sallengre,

Sallengre, who would amuse himself like Erasmus, wrote, in imitation of his work, a panegyric on *Ebriety*; and it is for this reason that he says, in his preface, that he is willing to be thought as drunken a man as Erasmus was a foolish one. When it was translated into the Dutch language, many *Germans* were offended.

Synefius composed a Greek panegyric on *Baldness*, which, Warton observes, was brought into great vogue by Erasmus's *Morie Encomium*.

It seems (Johnson observes in his Life of Sir Thomas Browne) to have been in all ages the pride of Art to shew how it could exalt the low, and amplify the little. To this ambition perhaps we owe the frogs of Homer; the Gnat and the Bees of Virgil; the Butterfly of Spenser; the Shadow of Wowerus; and the Quincunx of Browne.

Montaigne found a very agreeable playmate in his cat.

Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found a recreation in violent exercises; and he was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont,

Grammont, observing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers in this respect, offered to jump with him; and, in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached the cardinal's, confessed he was surpassed by him. This was jumping like a politician; and it was by this means, it is said, he ingratiated himself with the minister.

Dr. Samuel Clarke was fond of robust exercise; and the scholar has been found leaping over tables and chairs.

What ridiculous amusements passed between Dean Swift and his friends, in Ireland, his discerning editors have kindly revealed to the public. We are astonished to see a great mind suffering itself to be levelled to trifles which even our very Magazines consider as disgraceful to *their* pages!

The life of Shenstone was passed in an amusement which was to him an eternal source of disappointment and anguish. His favourite *ferme ornée*, while it displayed all the taste and elegancies of the Poet, displayed also his characteristic poverty. His feeling mind was often pained by those invidious comparisons which the vulgar were perpetually

petually making with the stately scenes of Hagley's neighbouring magnificence.

If Dr. Johnson suffered his great mind to descend into trivial amusements, it was—to borrow the image of a friend—like the elephant, who sometimes gives a shock to armies, and sometimes permits himself to be led by a naked infant.

The amusements of the great Daguesseau, Chancellor of France, consisted in the severest studies: in a word, all his relaxations were only changes of labour. In the age of the passions, says Thomas, his only passion was study.

The same writer observes, ‘The great
‘ Leibnitz, historian, lawyer, philosopher,
‘ and sublime geometrician, after having met
‘ Newton in the paths of Infinity, came
‘ sometimes amongst the Muses to reanimate
‘ his genius, and unbend it's springs.’

The great Descartes passed his afternoons in the conversation of a few friends, and in the cultivation of his little garden: in the morning occupied by the System of the World, he relaxed his profound studies by amusing himself in rearing his flowers.

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

IN the present article I am little more than the translator of the lively and ingenious Vigneul Marville.

The Republic of Letters is of an ancient date. It appears by the pillars Josephus has noticed, on which were engraven the principles of the sciences, that this republic existed before the Deluge; at least, it cannot be denied that, soon after this great catastrophe, the sciences flourished.

Never was a republic greater, better peopled, more free, or more glorious: it is spread on the face of the earth, and is composed of persons of every nation, of every rank, of every age, and of both sexes. They are intimately acquainted with every language, the dead as well as the living. To the cultivation of letters they join that of the arts; and mechanics are also permitted to occupy a place. But their religion cannot boast of uniformity; and their manners, like those of every other republic,
form

form a mixture of good and of evil : they are sometimes enthusiastically pious, and sometimes infanely impious.

The politics of this state consist rather in words, in vague maxims and ingenious reflections, than in actions, or their effects. This people owe all their strength to the brilliancy of their eloquence, and the solidity of their arguments. Their trade is perfectly intellectual, and their riches very moderate ; they live in one continued strife for glory, and for immortality. Their dress is by no means splendid ; yet they affect to despise those who labour through the impulse of avarice or necessity.

They are divided into many sects, and they seem to multiply every day. The state is shared between the Philosophers, the Physicians, the Divines, the Lawyers, the Historians, the Mathematicians, the Orators, the Grammarians, and the Poets, who have each their respective laws.

Justice is administered by the Critics, frequently, with more severity than justice. The people groan under the tyranny of these governors, particularly when they are capricious and visionary. They rescind, they

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grace,

craze, or add, at their will and pleasure, much in the manner of the Grand Monarque — *Car tel est notre plaisir*; and no author can answer for his fate, when once he is fairly in their hands. Some of these are so unfortunate, that, through the cruelty of the treatment they receive, they lose not only their temper, but their sense and wits.

Shame is the great castigation of the guilty; and to lose one's reputation, among this people, is to lose one's life. There exist, however, but too many impudent swindlers, who prey upon the property of others; and many a vile spunger, who snatches the bread from the hands of men of merit.

The public are the distributors of glory; but, too often, the distribution is made with blindness, or undiscerning precipitation. It is this which causes loud complaints, and excites such murmurs throughout the republic.

The predominating vices of this state are presumption, vanity, pride, jealousy, and calumny. There is also a distemper peculiar to the inhabitants, which is denominated
bunger.

hunger, and which occasions frequent desolations throughout the country.

This republic, too, has the misfortune to be infected with numerous Plagiarists; a species of banditti who rifle the passengers. The corrupters of books, and the forgers, are not less formidable; nor do there want impostors, who form rhapsodies and bestow pompous titles on unimportant trifles, who levy heavy contributions on the public.

There are also found an infinite number of illustrious Idlers and Voluptuaries; who, only seeking for those volumes that afford amusement, draw all their subsistence from the state, without contributing any thing either to it's advantage or it's glory. There are also Misanthropes, born with an hatred of men: Pedants, who are the terror of school-boys, and the enemies of urbanity and amiable manners.

I will not notice the licentious Geniuses of the republic, who are in an eternal hostility of sentiments, and a warfare of disputes; nor those fastidious minds, who are too delicate not to be offended every moment; nor those Visionaries, who load their imagination with crude and false systems.

All these may be supposed to exist in a republic so vast as that of Letters; where it is permitted to every one to reside, and to live according to his own inclinations.

THE PORTRAITS OF ANCIENT AUTHORS.

WITH the ancients, it was undoubtedly a custom to place the portraits of Authors before their works. Martial will serve as a testimony in this case. The hundred and eighty-sixth Epigram of his fourteenth Book is a mere play on words, concerning a little volume which contained the works of Virgil, and which had his portrait prefixed to it. The volume and the characters must have been very diminutive. Antiquity records many such penmen, whose glory consisted in writing in so small a hand, that it was not legible to the naked eye. One wrote a verse of Homer on a grain of millet; and another, more trifling and indefatigable, transcribed the whole Iliad in so confined a space, that it could be inclosed in a nut shell. Menage says, that these things

things are not so improbable as they seem. This trifling art is not lost in modern times. He says, he has read whole sentences which were not perceptible to the eye without the assistance of the microscope. He has even seen *portraits* and *pictures* of the same kind; and, which seems wonderful, what appeared lines and scratches thrown down at random, were letters in capitals: and the lineaments of Madame la Dauphine's face were preserved with the most pleasing delicacy, and with correctness of resemblance. He read also an Italian poem, in *praise* of this princess, which contained *some thousands* of verses; [I transcribe his words.] It was written, by an officer, in a space of a foot and a half.

There is preserved in the British Museum, a drawing representing the *portrait of Queen Anne*; it is not much above the size of the *band*. On this drawing appear a number of lines and scratches, which, the librarian assures the wondering spectator, includes the entire contents of a thin *folio*, which, on this occasion, he always carries in his hand. It answers exactly to the above-mentioned piece.

Martial is not the only writer who takes notice of the ancients prefixing their portraits to their works. Seneca, in his ninth chapter on the Tranquillity of the Soul, complains of many of the luxurious great, who—like so many of our own—possessed libraries as they did their estates and equipages. ‘It is melancholy to observe,’ he continues, ‘how the portraits of men of genius, and the works of their divine intelligence, but serve as the luxury and the ornaments of their walls.’

Pliny has nearly the same observation, *Lb. xxxv. cap. 2.* he remarks, that the custom was rather modern in his time; and attributes to Asinius Pollio the honour of having introduced it into Rome. ‘In consecrating,’ he says, ‘a library with the portraits of our illustrious authors, you have formed, if I may so express myself, a republic of the intellectual powers of men.’

Amongst the various advantages which attend a collection of the portraits of illustrious characters, are these. Mr. Oldys says, that they not only serve as matters of entertainment and curiosity, and preserve the different modes or habits of the fashions

shions of the time, but that they become of infinite importance, by settling our floating ideas upon the true features of famous persons ; that they fix the chronological particulars of their birth, age, death, &c. and the short characters of them, besides the names of painter, designer, and engraver. It is thus a single print, by the hand of a skilful artist, may become a rich and plenteous banquet. To this Dr. Granger adds, that in a collection of engraved portraits, the contents of many galleries are reduced into the narrow compass of a few volumes ; and the portraits of eminent persons who distinguished themselves, for a long succession of ages, may be turned over in a few hours.

‘ Another advantage,’ he continues, ‘ attending such an assemblage is, that the methodical arrangement has a surprizing effect upon the memory. We see the celebrated contemporaries of every age almost at one view ; and the mind is instantly led to the history of that period. I may add to these, an important circumstance, which is, the power that such a collection will have in *awakening Genius*. A skilful preceptor will presently perceive the true

‘ bent of the temper of his pupil, by his being struck with a Blake or a Boyle, a Hyde or a Milton.’

How rarely are portraits to be depended on ; Goldsmith was a short thick man, with swan features and a vulgar appearance, but looks very fashionable in an elegant wig, &c. Bayle’s portrait does not resemble him, as I have read.—One of Rousseau’s, in his Mon-tero cap, was not like him. Shakespeare’s portrait was drawn from that of another person.

TARTARIAN LIBRARIES.

CARDINAL Perron, in the *Perroniana* has the following curious article of intelligence : ‘ In that part of Tartary which belongs to the kingdom of Persia, there exists a flourishing university, where the Arabs cultivate literature. Gioan Baptista Reamondi, who was the first who caused books in the Arabic language to be printed in Europe, and who had even studied in this university, has pretended to say, that there were

' were a number of Arabic books translated
' from many Greek authors who remain un-
' known to the Europeans. It was the Ara-
' bians who preserved a book of Archi-
' medes: with many authors who have writ-
' ten on mathematics; as well as Apollonius
' Pergeæus, and even Aristotle, Hippocrates,
' and Galen.'

To this account may be added that which Bell has given us in his Travels to Tartary. It is—' That in Siberia there exists an un-
' common library, the rooms of which are
' filled with scrolls of glazed paper, fairly
' wrote, and many of them in gilt characters.
' The language in which they are written is
' that of the Tongusts, or Calmucs. Per-
' haps,' he adds, ' they may contain some
' valuable pieces of antiquity, particularly
' ancient history.'

At Mount Athos, Mr. Andrews, in his Anecdotes, informs us, ' That travellers
' agree there are several monasteries with
' libraries full of books, which are illegible
' to those holy brotherhoods, but whose con-
' tents are probably well worth inspection.'

Every captain, who can write his own log-book, has of late obtruded his discove-
ries

ries of every ten yards of land he has happened to observe, and worked up into parthos his account of storms and short provisions. If these literary navigators would, in their voyages, endeavour to bring some information, or some materials of this kind, to Europe, a new source of knowledge would be opened to our contemplation; many books, which are now lost, might probably be recovered; Science might be enlarged, and Amusement gratified.

THE BIBLIOMANIA.

SHOULD ever the idea thrown out in the preceding article be put in practice, the learned must be careful, in their zeal, of not becoming the dupes of the artful illiterate. The present anecdote may serve as a beacon.

The Bibliomania, or the collecting an enormous heap of books, has long been the rage with some who would fain pass themselves upon us for men of vast erudition. Some, indulging this luxury of literature,

desirous of forming an immense and curious library, have scoured all Europe, and sent out travellers to the Indies to discover ancient books, or scarce manuscripts. This has occasioned many cheats and impositions. Towards the end of the last century, some ignorant or knavish men sent to Paris a number of Arabic manuscripts, in excellent condition and clear characters. They were received with all imaginable respect by the eager collectors of books; they were rapidly purchased at a high price: but, lo! when they were examined by the connoisseurs, these manuscripts, which were held so inestimable, were discovered to be books of accounts and registers, cleanly transcribed by certain Arabian merchants.—*Risum teneatis, Amici!*

A similar imposition was practised on the great Peiresc. It was reported, that the Ethiopians were in possession of a book written by Enoch. Many literati in Europe had long ardently desired to inspect it, as they imagined it would contain many valuable secrets and unknown histories. Upon this, some impostor having got an Ethiopic book into his hands, he wrote for the title,
The

'*The Prophecies and History of Enoch*,' upon the front page. M. Peiresc no sooner heard of it, than he purchased it of the impostor for a considerable sum of money. Being afterwards placed in Cardinal Mazarine's library, there Ludolf, famous for his skill in Ethiopic literature, had access to it; when, lo! this History of Enoch was discovered to be nothing more than a Gnostic Treatise upon the Mysteries of Heaven and Earth, but which did not mention one word concerning Enoch.

Another instance is furnished by the Rev. Mr. Granger. Having mentioned Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, who defeated the Scots at the memorable battle of Musselburgh, (an overthrow so fatal they could never recover it) he gives us this anecdote—

'There is a very scarce pamphlet of his expedition into Scotland, which hath been sold for four guineas, though the whole of it is printed in Hollinshed. I mention this as an instance of literary insanity.'

The family of the Fuggers had long accumulated an inestimable collection of books. Wolfius, Bayle informs us, has

written some Greek verses on this celebrated library. He there tells us, that this Bibliothéque was furnished with as many *books* as there were *stars* in the heavens; and that it was a *Literary Garden*, in which he passed entire days in gathering fruits and flowers, in amusing and instructing himself. This passion, when hereditary in illustrious families, ceases to be a *mania*; it then claims our admiration and our love.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BOOKS.

IT is remarkable that conquerors, in the moment of victory, or in the unsparing devastation of their rage, have not been satisfied with destroying *men*, but have even carried their vengeance to *books*.

The Romans burnt the books of the Jews, of the Christians, and the Philosophers: the Jews burnt the books of the Christians and the Pagans; and the Christians burnt the books of the Pagans and the Jews.

The greater part of the books of Origen,
and

and the other Heretics, were continually burnt by the Orthodox party.

The Poems of the ancient Pagans were frequently destroyed at the instigation of the Monks.

Cardinal Ximenes, at the taking of Grenada, condemned to the flames five thousand Alcorans.

The Puritans burnt every thing they found which bore the vestige of Popish origin. We have on record many curious accounts of their holy depredations; of their maiming images, and erasing pictures. The heroic expeditions of one Dowling, a fanatic Quixote are well known. Cromwell zealously set fire to the library at Oxford, which was the most curious in Europe.

The most violent persecution which ever the Republic of Letters has undergone, is that of the Caliph Omar. After having it proclaimed throughout the kingdom, that the Alcoran contained every thing which was useful to believe and to know, he caused to be gathered together whatever books could be found in his wide realms, and distributed

tributed them to the owners of the baths, to be used in heating their stoves; and it is said that they employed no other materials for this purpose during a period of six months!

At the death of the learned Peiresc, it is said in the *Menagiana*, a chamber in his house, filled with letters from the most eminent scholars of the age, was discovered. Such was the disposition of his niece, who inherited his estates, that, although repeatedly entreated to permit them to be published, she preferred employing them to other purposes; and it was her singular pleasure to regale herself occasionally with burning these learned epistles, to save the expence of firing!

I observe since this anecdote has been printed, that Johnson notices it in one of the *Idlers*. However, the Earl of Buchan has lately informed the learned world that many of these Letters have been preserved; and that he has projected their publication.

Even the civilization of the eighteenth century could not preserve from the savage and destructive fury of a disorderly mob, in the most polished city of Europe, the valuable

able papers of the Earl of Mansfield, which were madly consigned to the flames during the disgraceful riots of June 1780.

In the year 1599, (Warton writes) the hall of the stationers underwent as great a purgation as was carried on in Don Quixote's library. He gives a list of the best writers who were ordered for immediate conflagration, by the prelates Whitgift and Bancroft. Like thieves and outlaws, they were ordered *to be taken wheresoever they may be found.*—' It was also decreed that no Satires or Epigrams should be printed for the future. No plays were to be printed without the inspection and permission of the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London; nor any *Englishe Historyes*, (I suppose novels and romances) without the sanction of the privy-council. Any pieces of this nature, unlicensed, or now at large and wandering abroad, were to be diligently sought, recalled, and delivered over to the ecclesiastical arm at London-house.'

Menage justly observes, on a friend having had his library destroyed by fire, in which several valuable MSS. had perished, that such a loss is one of the greatest misfortunes

tunes that can happen to a man of letters. This gentleman afterwards consoled himself with composing a little treatise, *De Bibliothecæ incendio*. It must have been sufficiently curious. Even in the present day men of letters are subject to similar misfortunes; for though the London Assurance will insure books from fire, I am afraid they will not allow *authors* to *value their own manuscripts*.

The sufferings of an author for the loss of his manuscripts is no where so strongly described as in an anecdote of Anthony Urceus. He was one of the most learned and the most unfortunate scholars of the fifteenth century. The loss of his papers seems immediately to have been followed by madness. I shall give the horrid blasphemies he uttered on the occasion. He had prepared an important work for publication; he lived at Forli, and had an apartment in the palace. His room was so dark, that he generally wrote by candle-light. Having gone out, he left the candle burning; the papers were soon kindled, and his library reduced to ashes. As soon as he heard the news, he ran furiously to the

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palace, and knocking his head violently against the door, he uttered this blasphemous language. 'Jesus Christ, what great crime have I done! who of those who believed in you, have I ever treated so cruelly? Hear what I am saying, for I am in earnest, and am resolved. If by chance I should be so weak as to address myself to you at the point of death, don't hear me, for I will not be with you, but prefer hell and its eternity of torments.' (To which by the bye he gave no credit.) Those who heard these ravings, tried to console him, but they could not. He quitted the town, and lived frantically, wandering about the woods!

Castelvetro, the Italian Commentator on Aristotle, having heard that his house was on fire, ran through the streets exclaiming to the people, *alla poetica! alla poetica! To the Poetic! to the Poetic!* He was then writing his commentary on the Poetic of Aristotle.

Several men of letters have been known to have risen from their death-bed, to destroy their manuscripts. So solicitous have they been not to venture their posthumous reputation

reputation in the hands of undiscerning friends and malignant critics. Marmontel relates a pleasing anecdote of Colardeau, a charming versifier, who obtained considerable reputation by his version of Pope's epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, and other poems.

This writer had not yet destroyed what he had written of a translation of Tasso. At the approach of death, he recollected this unfinished labour; he knew that his friends would not have the courage to annihilate one of his works; this was reserved for him. Dying, he raised himself, and as if animated, says Marmontel, by an honourable action, he dragged himself along, and with trembling hands, seized his papers and consumed them in one sacrifice. I recollect another instance of a man of letters, of our own country, who acted the same part. He had passed his life in constant study, and it was observed that he had written several folio volumes, which his modest fears would not permit him to expose to the eye even of his critical friends. He promised to leave his labours to posterity; and he seemed sometimes with a

glow on his countenance to exult, that they would not be unworthy of their acceptance. At his death his sensibility took the alarm; he had the folios brought to his bed; no one could open them, for they were closely locked. At the sight of his favourite and mysterious labours, he paused; he seemed disturbed in his mind, while he felt at every moment his strength decaying; suddenly he raised his feeble hands as if by an effort of uncommon resolution, burnt his papers, and smiled as the greedy Vulcan swallowed every page. The task exhausted his remaining strength, and he soon afterwards expired. These are instances of what may be called the heroism of authors.

CRITICISM.

EARLY after the re-establishment of letters, (Huet writes) Criticism formed the chief occupation of those who applied themselves to their cultivation. This was very necessary, after so many ages of ignorance.

rance. They were obliged, if we may so express ourselves, to disperse the dust, to efface the mouldy spots, and to kill the worms that gnawed and disfigured those manuscripts which had escaped the fury of the Barbarians, and the depredations of Time.

It was thus the art of criticism flourished in all its vigour, and was distinguished by it's useful labours, during two centuries. The supreme degree of erudition, consisted in bringing to light the ancient authors; in the correction of the errors of the scribes through whose hands they had passed, either by collating them with the best copies, or exerting their own judgment and learning to the restoring of those passages which were evidently corrupt. At length, this avocation degenerated into a low and obscure study, the chief merit of which consisted in the recovery and collation of the best manuscripts. This was the employment of Gruter during his whole life. Those to whom these assistances failed, employed their critical acumen and literature to give the ancient writers in all their purity; but, not infrequently, they dismembered that which

before was entire, and occasioned an infinity of labours to the critics, their successors, who were somewhat more judicious than themselves in restoring the passages to their original state, and in healing those wounds and unmerciful lacerations which they had undergone.

Amongst these latter critics, Casaubon, Salmasius, and Gronovius, are distinguished.

Now that the best authors are no more scarce, but multiplied without end by the invention of printing, verbal criticism, the chief merit of which is to catch syllables, deserves no longer our esteem. Critics of this kind may, not unaptly, be compared to weeders; they eradicate the worthless plants, and leave to more skilful cultivators the art of gathering and distinguishing the more valuable ones.

ON THE PHRASE—‘THE LAW AND THE
PROPHETS.’

JESUS CHRIST calls the five books of Moses, *The Law*, because of Deuteronomy;
and

and the books of the Prophets, or their Prophecies, *The Prophets*. All the other books are called *Holy Writings*. Hence the phrase of, 'The Law and the Prophets,' so much used by St. Jerome, and the other fathers of the church, is frequently made use of in their writings.

THE SIX FOLLIES OF SCIENCE.

NOTHING is so capable of disordering the intellects as an intense application to one of these six things; the Quadrature of the Circle; the Multiplication of the Cube; the Perpetual Motion; the Philosophical Stone; Magic; and Judicial Astrology. While we are young, we may exercise our imagination on these curious topics, merely to convince us of their impossibility; but it shews a great defect in judgment to be occupied on them in an advanced age. 'It is proper, however,' Fontenelle remarks, 'to apply one's self to these enquiries; because we find, as we proceed, many valuable discoveries of which we were before

F 4 ignorant.'

ignorant.' The same thought Cowley has applied, in an address to his mistress, thus—

' Altho' I think thou never wilt be found,
 Yet I'm resolv'd to search for thee:
 The search itself rewards the pains.
 So, tho' the chymist his great secret mis,
 (For neither it in art or nature is)
 Yet things well worth his toil he gains;
 And does his charge and labour pay
 With good unthought experiments by the way.'

The same thought is in Donne. Perhaps Cowley did not suspect, that he was an imitator. What is certain, Fontenelle could not have read either; and perhaps, only struck out the thought by his own reflection.

Maupertius, in a little volume of Letters written by him, observes, on the *Philosophical Stone*, that we cannot prove it is impossible to be attained, but we can easily see the folly of those who employ their time and money in seeking for it. For it's price is too great to counterbalance the little probability of succeeding in it.—Of the *Perpetual Motion*, he shews the impossibility at least in the sense in which it is generally received,

received. On the *Quadrature of the Circle*, he says he cannot decide, if this problem is resolvable or not : but he observes, that it is very useless to search for it any more ; since we have arrived by approximation to such a point of accuracy, that on a large circle such as the orbit which the earth describes round the sun, the Geometrician will not mistake by the thickness of a hair !

FRIAR BACON.

MY zeal for the memory of this illustrious scholar impels me to transcribe, which it will be found I seldom do, from a book that is in every body's hands. From the faithful and laborious Henry, have I collected what follows concerning Roger Bacon—

‘ We cannot but lament that Friar Bacon met with so many discouragements in the pursuit of useful knowledge. If he had lived in better times, or if he had even been permitted to prosecute that course of enquiries and experiments in which he engaged

ged after his return from Paris; it is highly probable that the world would have many valuable discoveries that are still unknown.

‘ An excellent modern writer, Dr. Friend, having enumerated some of Bacon’s discoveries, adds—“ These are wonderful discoveries for a man to make in so ignorant an age, who had no master to teach him, but struck it all out of his own brain : but it is still more wonderful that such discoveries should lie so long concealed ; till, in the next succeeding centuries, other people should start up, and lay claim to those very inventions to which Bacon alone had a right.”

‘ Bacon discovered the art of making Reading glasses, the Camera Obscura, Microscopes, Telescopes, and various other mathematical and astronomical instruments. He discovered a method of performing all the chymical operations that are now in use. He combined the mechanical powers in so wonderful a manner, that it was for this he was accused of magic. His discoveries in medicine were by no means unimportant. That the ingredients of gunpowder, and the art of making it, were well known

known to him, is now undeniable: but the *humane philosopher*, dreading the consequences of communicating this discovery to the world, transposed the letters of the Latin words which signify Charcoal, which made the whole obscure. It was done thus—*Luru mope can vbre*, (*carbonum pulverere*.) By this means he rendered it difficult to discover this dangerous secret by the perusal of his works: and, at the same time, secured to himself the honour of having known it, by specifying the other ingredients, if it should be discovered by any other person. This accordingly happened after Bacon's death; for, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, one Barthold Schwartz, a German monk and chymist, accidentally discovered gunpowder, as he was pounding salt-petre, sulphur and charcoal, in a mortar, for some other purpose.

To this we may add, that the Chinese employed gunpowder in their wars; and were familiar with the art of printing, probably, some centuries before we made use of them in Europe.

Though Bacon is mentioned, in this article,

ticle, as the inventor of optical glasses, Marville gives a curious piece of information. He says, that 'it is generally known, that James Metius, a Dutchman, invented, in 1609, *spectacles* and *telescopes*; and that Galileo, being at Venice, imitated as well as he could a telescope, and astonished the learned Venetians from the tower of St. Mark with this novel invention.' He adds—'But there are *few* who know that the *principles* of optics, on which telescopes are formed, are to be found in *Euclid*, and in the ancient geometricians; and that it is through want of reflection that this wonderful invention, *as well as many others*, have remained so long concealed in the majesty of Nature, as Pliny expresses it, till chance has drawn them out.'

Voltaire writes, that the excellent secret of assisting the enfeebled sight, by means of *spectacles*, was found out by Alexander Spina, towards the end of the thirteenth century.—The fact is indeed not clear. They were known probably before the thirteenth century—Many rude efforts had been made before the days of Galileo to form telescopes; the invention was known, but he greatly

greatly perfected them. Our sublime Milton has perhaps added to the immortality of Galileo, by this beautiful simile taken from his telescope.

As when by night the GLASS
Of GALILEO, less assur'd, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the moon—

It is proper to remind the reader, that Galileo during his imprisonment was visited by Milton, who tells us, that he was then *poor and old!*

DESCARTES AND HARVEY.

VIGNEUL Marville, in his *Melanges de Literature*, Vol. II. page 348, has ventured to publish the following two literary anecdotes.

• One Claudian Mamert, who flourished in the fifth century, has composed a treatise on the soul; in which are found the greater part of those principles which Descartes made use of to establish his new system. It is also said, that his opinion concerning

cerning the souls of brutes is to be found in St. Augustine.'

'It is said, that the religious of St. Vane's have discovered, in St. Ambrose, the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, which has been thought to be a modern discovery by Harvey.'

I am fearful this anecdote was dictated in the uncharitable spirit of criticism; perhaps, to deprive our great physician of the honour of its discovery.

Since this article has been written, I have found, in a letter addressed to Bayle, the passage alluded to in St. Augustine. The opinion of Descartes on the souls of animals is found in St. Augustine, *de quantitate animæ*. chap. 30.

'Quod autem tibi visum est non esse animam, incorpore viventis animantis, quamquam videatur absurdum, non tamen doctissimi homines, quibus id placuit *desuerunt*, neque nunc arbitror *Deesse*.'

The passage in *Servetus*, to which Harvey stands indebted for his great discovery, has been reprinted by Woolston. Voltaire positively assures us, that Servetus made the

the discovery long before our countryman, who is considered abroad, not as the first who *discovered* the circulation of the blood, but the first who *demonstrated* it.

Servetus's book, has for title, '*Christianismi Restitutio*.' Sixty years afterwards Harvey clearly demonstrated the circulation of the blood. This, if not a *discovery*, very much *resembles one*.

Upon such vague reports little is to be relied. Sometimes when our assiduity has discovered the passages alluded to, they are only found to contain some fancied resemblance; and frequently no resemblance at all. It is thus that Law, the translator of the mystical Behmen, imagined that the great Newton took the first conceptions of his philosophy from the German Cobler's *nonsense*.

CURIOUS SCHOLASTIC DISQUISITIONS.

Amongst the subjects for the disquisitions of the learned, in the eleventh century, were the following ones; Of the substantial
* form

form of Sounds—Of the Effence of Univerfals.

The following question was a favourite topic; and, after having been difcuffed by thoufands of the acutefl logicians, through the courfe of a whole century,

‘ With all the rafh dexterity of wit,’

remained unrefolved—‘ When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about it’s neck, which is held at the other end by a man; whether is the hog carried to market by the *rope*, or by the *man* ?

Menage fays, that the fcholaflic questions were called *Quæftiones Quodlibeticæ*, and they were generally fo ridiculous, that we have retained the word *Quodlibet*, in our vernacular language, to exprefs fomething ridiculously fubtile.

TASTE.

Is it in vain to account for the operations of Taste? Is it an unſubſtantial form? a ſhadow, which may be ſeen, but not grappled? It’s mutations, ſometimes have been wonderful,

wonderful. I am at a loss to account on what principles the present instance took place. Vigneul Marville supplies me with this anecdote—

Brebeuf, when he was young, felt an enthusiastic inclination for the works of Horace. His friend Gautier, on the contrary was infected with a taste for Lucan. This preference frequently occasioned disputes. To terminate these endless controversies, it was agreed that each of them should read the favourite poet of his friend; that they should examine with critical acumen, and decree with candour. The consequences are singular. Gautier read Horace, became enamoured of his verses, and never after quitted them: while Brebeuf was so charmed with Lucan, that he grew intoxicated with the *Pharsalia*; and, in translating this epic, out-lucan'd Lucan himself in his bombastic and tumid verses.

That Gautier should reject Lucan, after a studious perusal of Horace, is not surprising: the wonder is, how Brebeuf could forget so suddenly the graces and the rules of his master, Horace, to give into Lucan's corrupted taste.

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Mr.

Mr. Burke, in his elegant Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, says, that ' what is called *Taste*, in it's most general acceptation, is not a simple idea, but is partly made up of a perception of the primary pleasures of sense; of the secondary pleasures of the imagination; and of the conclusions of the reasoning faculty concerning the various relations of these, and concerning the human passions, manners, and actions. All these are requisite to form *Taste*; and the ground-work of all these is the same in the human mind: for, as the senses are the great originals of all our ideas, and consequently of all our pleasures, if they are not uncertain and arbitrary, the whole ground-work of *Taste* is common to all; and, therefore, there is a sufficient foundation for a conclusive reasoning for these matters.'

In another place he observes—' *Sensibility* and *Judgment*, which are the qualities that compose what is commonly called a *Taste*, vary exceedingly in various people. From a defect in the former of these qualities arises a want of *Taste*: a weakness in the latter constitutes a wrong or a bad one.'

If this account is just, the sensibility and
the

the judgment of Brebeuf, of which the one was so lively, and the other so vigorous, when in his youthful days he was attached to Horace, must have undergone a total change when he became studiously fond of Lucan. Yet this is not to be conceived: for it is possible to enlarge and to strengthen our judgment; but, surely, not to eradicate a correct one; at least, when a man is in the vigour of life and health.

Bayle says, in the preface to his Republic of Letters, 'TASTES differ so much, even among the wits, and even among those who pass for the most intelligent connoisseurs, that one should not be surprized, nor be vexed, not to have the approbation of all who are good judges.'

It was in a cloudy hour that *Gray* gave so harsh a decision on the enchanting *Eloisa* of *Rousseau*. Instead of contemplating the fine illusions of the imagination, and the poetic richness of the style, he only examined it on the inferior merit of *plot* and *incident*.

Men of a corrected taste frequently err, by not observing the temper of their mind at the moment of their examination of a production

duction of Taste. By contemplating a statue in *one* point of view, we become insensible to those beautiful exertions, which perhaps the sculptor may have given on *the other side*. Voltaire defines a good Taste to be the perfection of good sense, and the habit of quick decision in a mind well formed; a habit which exercised in topics of literature, may afterwards be applied to other and higher purposes.

IMITATORS.

THERE are some writers, and in general they will be found to be pedants, who imagine they can supply by the labours of industry the deficiencies of nature. It is recorded of Paulus Manutius, that he frequently spent a month in writing a single letter. He affected to imitate Cicero. The consequences are, that he has attained to something of the elegance of his style; but he is still destitute of the native graces of a flowing and unaffected composition.

Laurent le Brun, a Jesuit, was a most singular

gular instance of such an unhappy imitation. He was a Latin poet, and his subjects were religious. He formed a most extravagant project; he attempted to become a *Virgil* and an *Ovid*, by merely imitating the titles of their works. His *Christian Virgil* consists, like the Pagan *Virgil*, of *Eclogues*, *Georgics*, and of an *Epic* of twelve books, with this difference, that devotional subjects are substituted for fabulous ones. His *Christian Ovid* is in the same taste; every thing wears a new face. The *Epistles* are pious ones; the *Fasti* are the six days of the Creation; the *Elegies* are the Lamentations of Jeremiah; a poem on the *Love of God* is substituted for the *Art of Love*; and the history of some *Conversions* supplies the place of the *Metamorphoses*!

May not such writers be said to create beautiful forms, without the power of bestowing on them animation?

CICERO.

‘I SHOULD,’ says Menage, ‘have received a great pleasure to have conversed with

Cicero, had I lived in his time. He must have been a man very agreeable in conversation, since even Cæsar carefully collected his *Bon Mots*. Cicero has boasted of the great actions he has done for his country, because there is no vanity in exulting in the performance of our duties; but he has not boasted that he was the most eloquent orator of his age, though he certainly was; because nothing is more disgusting than to exult in our intellectual powers.'

I must confess myself no admirer of the witticisms of Cicero; for, in general, they are but meagre puns, such as these—he said to a Senator who was the son of a taylor, '*Rem acu tetigisti.*' To the son of a cook, '*Ego quoque tibi jure savebo.*' To understand this, we must recollect that the Latin was pronounced differently in the days of Cicero than it is at present. Thus, they pronounced *coco* and *quoque* like *co-ke*, which alludes to the Latin word *cocus*, cook.

THERE is something original, and very just, in Montaigne's censure of this great man. I transcribe it from Cotton's translation;

tion : a translator who has not ill expressed the peculiarities of his author.

‘ As to *Cicero*, I am of the common opinion, that (learning excepted) he had no great natural parts. He was a good citizen, of an affable nature, as all fat, heavy men, such as he was, usually are ; but given to ease, and had a mighty share of vanity and ambition. Neither do I know how to excuse him for thinking his poetry fit to be published. ’Tis no great imperfection to make ill verses ; but it is an imperfection not to be able to judge how unworthy his verses were of the glory of his name. For what concerns his eloquence, that is totally out of comparison, and I believe it will never be equalled.’

PREFACES.

A PREFACE being the porch, or the entrance, to a book, should be perfectly beautiful. It is the elegance of a porch which announces the splendor of an edifice. I have observed, that ordinary readers skip

over these little elaborate compositions. Our fair ladies consider them as so many pages lost, which might better be employed in the addition of a picturesque scene, or a tender letter to their novels. For my part, I always gather amusement from a Preface, be it awkwardly or skilfully written; for dullness, or impertinence, may raise a laugh for a page or two, though they become insufferable throughout a whole volume. A preface is frequently a superior composition to the work itself; for, long before the days of Johnson, it has been a custom with many authors to solicit for this department of their work the ornamental contribution of a man of genius. A good Preface is as essential to put the reader into good humour, as a good Prologue is to a Play, to soothe the auditors into candour, and even into partiality. The Italians call the Preface *La falsa del Libro*, ; the sauce of the book. Marville says, that if well seasoned it creates an appetite in the reader to devour the book itself. A preface badly composed, frequently revolts the reader's taste, and prejudices him against the work itself. Good authors are not equally fortunate in these little introductions,

troductions, some can write books but not prefaces; and others prefaces, but not books.

Authors should be careful to date their Prefaces, as these become leading and useful circumstances in literary history.

THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

FREQUENT and violent disputes have arisen on the subject of the preference which is to be given to the Ancients, or the Moderns. With the Battle of Books, by Swift, the reader is well acquainted. The controversy of Perrault and Boileau makes a considerable figure in French Literature; the last of whom, I think, said that the Ancients had been Moderns, but that it was by no means clear the Moderns would become Ancients. Yet, surely, it had been better if these acrid controversies had never disgraced the Republic of Letters. The advice of Sidonius Appollinaris is excellent: he says, that we should read the Ancients with *respect*, and the Moderns without *envy*.

FINE THOUGHTS.

APULEIUS calls those Neck-kerchiefs so glassy fine, (may I so express myself?) which, in veiling, discover the beautiful bosom of a woman, *ventum textilem*; which may be translated, *woven air*. It is an expression beautifully fanciful.

A Greek poet wrote this inscription for a statue of Niobe—

‘The Gods, from living, caused me to become stone.
Praxiteles, from stone, has restored me to life.’

P. Commire, a pleasing writer of Latin verse, has many elegant descriptions interspersed in his fables. He says of the flight of a butterfly,

Florem putares nare per liquidum aethera.

It FLIES, and seems a flower that floats in air!

Voiture, in addressing Cardinal Richelieu, says—How much more affecting is it to hear one’s praises from the mouth of the *People*, than from that of the *Poets*!

Cervantes, with an elevation of sentiment,
observes,

observes, that one of the greatest advantages which princes possess above other men, is that of being attended by servants as great as themselves.

——* *Lususque salesque,*

Sed lectos pelago, quo Venus orta, sales.

This is written by a modern Latin Poet; but is to be found in Plutarch, in his comparison of Aristophanes and Menander; these are his words. ‘In the comedies of Menander there is a natural and divine salt, as if it proceeded from that sea where Venus took her birth.’ This beautiful thought, observes Monnoye, has been employed by seven or eight modern writers.

Seneca, amongst many tortured sentiments and trivial points, has frequently a happy thought. This on *anger* is eminently so—‘I wish,’ he says, ‘that the ferocity of this passion could be spent at it’s first appearance, so that it might injure but *once*: as, in the case of the Bees, whose sting is destroyed for ever at the first puncture its occasions.’

Aristenetus says of a Beauty, that she seemed most beautiful when *dressed*; yet appeared not less beautiful when *undressed*.

Of *two* Beauties he says, 'they yielded to the *Graces* only in *number*.'

Menage has these two terse and pointed lines on the portrait of a lady—

'Ce portrait ressemble à la Belle;
Il est insensible comme elle.'

Which a friend has thus imitated—

'In this portrait, my Fair, thy resemblance I see;
An insensible charmer it is—just like thee!'

A French poet has admirably expressed the instantaneous sympathy of two lovers. A princess is relating to her *confidante* the birth of her passion; and says—

'Et comme un jeune cœur est bientôt enflammé,
Il me vit, il m'aima, je le vis, je l'aimai.'
Soon is the youthful heart by passion mov'd:
He saw, and lov'd me—him I saw, and lov'd.

I recollect a similar passage in a Spanish play of Calderon; but it partakes, I think, too much of what Boileau calls '*Le clinquant*;' for it is well observed, by the same critic, 'that nothing is beautiful which is false.' The passage I allude to runs thus—

'I saw and I loved her so nearly together, that I do not know if I saw her before I loved her, or loved her before I saw her.'

It was said of Petronius, that he was *pura*
impuritas;

impuritas; purely impure. *Pura*, because of his style; *impuritas*, because of his obscenities.

Quam multa! Quam paucis! is a fine expression, which was employed to characterise a concise style pregnant with meaning.

How exquisitely tender does Tasso, in one verse, describe his Olindo! So much love, and so much modesty, however beautiful they may appear in poetry, the less romantic taste of the modern fine lady may not probably admire—

‘Brama affai, poco spera, nulla chiede.’

Which Fairfax has thus given, with his accustomed spirit and fidelity—

————— ‘He, full of bashfulness and truth,
Loved much, hoped little, and desired nought.’

This line is not preserved in the version of Hoole.

It was said of an exquisite portrait, that to judge by the eye it did not want speech; this only could be detected by the ear.

Manca il parlar; di vivo altro non chiedi:

Ne manca questo ancor, S’agli occhi credi.

Perrault has very poetically informed us, that the ancients were ignorant of the circulation of the blood—

‘———Ignor-

‘ — Ignoroit jusqu’aux routes certaines
Du meandre vivant qui coule dans les veines.’

Unknown to them what devious course maintains
The live meander flowing in their veins.

An Italian poet makes a lover, who has
survived his mistress, thus sweetly express
himself—

‘ Piango la sua morte, e la mia vita.’

Much I deplore her death, and much my life.

It has been usual for poets to say, that
rivers flow to convey their tributary streams
to the sea. This figure, being a mark of
subjection, proved offensive to the patriotic
Tasso; and he has ingeniously said of the
River *Po*, because of it’s rapidity—

‘ Pare

Che porti guerra, e non tributo al mare.’

See rapid *Po* to Ocean’s empire bring
A war, and not a tribute, from his spring!

I would distinguish these pastoral verses
for their elegant simplicity: they display—
at least, in the original—that amiable, light,
and artless style, which should characterise
this enchanting, though neglected, branch
of poetry—

‘ Avec l’email de nos prairies,
Quand on le fait bien faconner
On peut aussi-bien couronner,
Qu’avec l’or et les pierreries ’

Th

Th' enamell'd flowers our meads disclose,
If the skill'd shepherd graceful frame,
A crown more precious can compose
Than the bright diamond's costlier flame.

The ensuing translation is by a friend, in which the original thought is almost literally preserved, and the structure of the verse scrupulously adhered to. Alternate rhimes, in our language, will certainly be preferred by a correct English ear—

With flowers th' enamell'd meads unfold,
By skilful hands in chaplets bound,
As nobly may desert be crown'd,
As with rich gems, and burnish'd gold.

EARLY PRINTING.

WHEN first the Art of Printing was discovered, they only made use of one side of a page: they had not yet found out the expedient of impressing the other. When their editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the first letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank space, that it might be painted or illuminated, at the option of the purchaser. Several ancient

cient volumes of these early times have been found, where these letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them painted.

When the Art of Printing was first established, it was the glory of the learned to be correctors of the press to the eminent printers. Physicians, lawyers, and bishops themselves, occupied this department. The printers then added frequently to their names those of the correctors of the press; and editions were then valued according to the abilities of the corrector.

Robert Stephens, one of the early printers, surpassed in correctness those who exercised the same profession. His *Treasure of the Latin Tongue* is still a valuable work. It is said, that, to render his editions immaculate, he hung up the proofs in public places, and generously recompensed those who were so fortunate as to detect any typographical errors:

Plantin, though a learned man, is more famous as a printer. His printing-office claims our admiration: it was one of the wonders of Europe. This grand building was the chief ornament of the city of Antwerp. Magnificent in its structure, it presented

sented to the spectator an infinite number of presses, characters of all figures and all sizes, matrixes to cast letters, and all other printing materials; which Baillet assures us amounted to immense sums.

In Italy, the three Manutii were more solicitous of correctness and illustrations, than of the beauty of their printing. It was the character of the scholar, not of the printer, of which they were ambitious.

So valuable an union of learning and printing did not, unfortunately, last. The printers of the seventeenth century became less charmed with glory than with gain. Their correctors, and their letters, evinced as little delicacy of choice.

In the productions of early printing, may be distinguished the various splendid editions they made of *Primers*, or *Prayer-books*. They were embellished with cuts finished in a most elegant taste: many of them were *ludicrous*, and several were *obscene*. In one of them an angel is represented crowning the Virgin Mary, and God the Father himself assisting at the ceremony. Sometimes St. Michael is seen overcoming Satan; and sometimes St. Anthony appears attacked by

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various

various devils of most hideous forms. *The Prymer of Salisbury*, 1531, is full of cuts: at the bottom of the title page there is the following remarkable prayer—

God be in my Bede,
 And in my Understandynge,
 God be in my Eyen,
 And in my Lokynge.
 God be in my Mouthe,
 And in my Spekyng.
 God be in my Herte,
 And in my thinkinge.
 God be at myn ende,
 And at my de;artyng.

ERRATA.

BESIDES the ordinary errors, or *errata*, which happen in printing a work, there are others which are purposely committed, that the *errata* may contain what is not permitted to appear in the body of the work.

Thus, for instance, wherever the Inquisition has any power, particularly at Rome, observes Menage, it is not allowed to employ the word *fatum*, or *fata*, in any book.

An author, desirous of using the latter word,

word, adroitly invented this scheme: he had printed in his book *facta*; and, in the *errata*, he put, for *facta*, read *fata*.

Scarron has done nearly the same thing, but on another occasion. He had composed some verses, at the head of which he placed this dedication—*A Guillemette, Chienne de ma Soeur*; but, having a quarrel with his sister, he maliciously put into the *errata*, instead of *Chienne de ma Soeur*, read *ma Chienne de Socur*.

Lully at the close of a bad prologue said, the word *fin du prologue* was an *erratum*, it should have been *fi du prologue*.

In a book, there was printed *le docteur Morel*. A wag put into the *errata*, for *le docteur Morel*, read *le docteur Morel*. This *Morel* was certainly not the first *docteur* who was not *docteur*.

When a fanatic published a mystical work full of unintelligible raptures, and which he entitled, *Les Delices de L'Esprit*, a wit said he should print in his *errata*, for *Delices* read *Delires*.

In the year 1561, there was printed a work, entitled, *The Anatomy of the Mass*. It is a thin octavo, of 172 pages, and it is

accompanied by an *Errata* of 15 pages ! The editor, a pious Monk, informs us, that a very serious reason induced him to undertake this task : for it is, says he, to forestal the *artifices of Satan*. He supposes that the Devil, to ruin the fruit of this work, employed two very malicious frauds : the first before it was printed ; by drenching the manuscript in a kennel, and thus having reduced it to a most pitiable state, rendered it in several parts illegible : the second, in obliging the printers to commit such numerous blunders ; never yet equalled in so small a work. To combat this double machination of Satan, he was obliged carefully to re-peruse the work, and to form this singular list of the blunders of the printers, who were under the influence of the Devil. All this he relates in an advertisement prefixed to the *Errata*.

There was a most dreadful controversy, which arose between two famous scholars from a very laughable *Erratum*, occasioned by the blunder of the printer ; and which seemed to threaten very serious consequences to one of the parties. Flavigny wrote two letters, criticising rather freely a polyglot

glot Bible, edited by Abraham Ecchellenfis. As this learned editor had sometimes censured the labours of a professor who was the friend of Flavigny, this latter applied to him the third and fifth verses of the seventh chapter of Saint Matthew.

These verses he printed in Latin. Ver. 3. *Quid vides festucam in OCULO fratris tui, et trabem in OCULO tuo non vides.* Ver. 5. *Ejice primum trabem de OCULO tuo, et tunc videbis ejicere festucam de OCULO fratris tui.* Ecchellenfis being compelled to answer, began with accusing Flavigny of an enormous crime committed in this passage: not only of attempting to correct the sacred text of the Evangelist, but with daring to reject a word, and to supply its place by one, which was not less *impious* than *obscene*! This crime he exaggerates with all the virulence of an angry declaimer. But it is too long to transcribe. There are swelling phrases, and a most dreadful accusation. His morals are attacked, and Flavigny sees all his reputation overturned by an accusation which the other seems positive is just. And yet all this terrible reproach is only founded on an *Erratum*! The whole

evil arose from the printer having negligently suffered the *first letter* of the word *Oculo* to have dropped from the form, when he happened to touch a line with his finger which did not stand straight ! He published another letter to do away the imputation of *Ecchellenfis* ; but it is said, that thirty years afterwards his rage against the negligent printer was not extinguished : indeed, certain wits were always reminding him of it.

A blunder in printing, observes a very acute critic, gives an author of sensibility and taste, more uneasiness than four letters full of panegyric can give him pleasure.

ON THE NOTES VARIORUM.

THE *Notes Variorum* were, originally, only a compilation of notes drawn from those numerous critics who had laboured on the best authors, or had explained them in other works. The first collections were very indifferent, their selectors possessing no powers of discrimination. Frequently, they
have

have chosen the worst : they bring no proofs from the authors whom they have abridged ; and they are continually maiming their ideas. To make their collections bulky, they have written as much on the clear as on the obscure passages, and have swelled them with very frivolous digressions.

The later editions of the *Notes Variorum* have been made by more able compilers. As they are so much the more preferable to the preceding ones, the public has received them with favour ; and scholars have been glad to have compleat collections of the most valued criticisms, to consult them at their need.

ON THE EDITIONS OF THE CLASSICS, IN
USUM DELPHINI.

THE Scholiasts, or the Interpreters of the Dauphin, *in usum Serenissimi Delphini*, were undertaken under the conduct of Messieurs De Montausieur, Bossuet, and Huet. To a correct text, they have added a clear and concise paraphrase of the text, with

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notes.

notes. The dissimilarity of the genius, and the peculiar characters, of all these authors, have been one great cause that they have not all been treated with the same ability, and with equal felicity : but still, it must be allowed, they form the most beautiful body in literature that the public has ever been gratified with.

Another critic presents us with a more satisfactory account of this celebrated edition of the Classics. The greater part of these interpreters have but indifferently executed their employment : they have followed, in their text, the inferior editions, instead of making use of the best ; and they have left in the notes those same faults which were so much censured in the Dutch editions, with the *Notes Variorum*. There is, however, one thing valuable in the Paris editions—a Verbal Index, by which any passage may be found on recoilecting a few words. However, it must be confessed, the munificent patronage of a great monarch has not produced adequate effects. The project was excellent, but the performance was bad.

I cannot conclude this article without observing what benefits the student derives
from

from *Verbal Indexes*. He not only saves a great expence of time, which is squandered in the examination for passages; but he may more easily trace the imitations of others, when they happen to catch the words of the original. I have received such services from Newton's edition of Milton, which is enriched with a Verbal Index, that I cannot recollect them without gratitude. If a Verbal Index was formed to Johnson's edition of the Poets, it would *then* become invaluable; and I am sure there are *porters* enough in literature, *unemployed*, who desire nothing better than to bear this burthen on their shoulders.

PATRONS.

AUTHORS have too frequently received ill treatment even from those to whom they dedicated their works.

Theodosius Gaza had no other recompence for having inscribed to Sixtus the Fourth his Translation of the book of Aristotle on the Nature of Animals, than the

the price of the binding, which this charitable father of the church munificently bestowed upon him.

Theocritus fills his Idylliums with loud complaints of the neglect of his patrons; and Tasso was as little successful in his Dedications.

Ariosto, in presenting his Orlando Furioso to the Cardinal d'Este, was gratified with the bitter sarcasm of—'*Dove diavolo avete pigliato tante coglionerie?*' Where the devil have you found all this nonsense?

When the French Historian, Duplex, whose pen was indeed fertile, presented his book to the Duke d'Epernon, this Mecenas, turning to the Pope's Nuncio, who was present, very coarsely exclaimed—'*Cadedis! ce Monsieur a un flux enragé, il chie un livre toutes les lunes!*'

It was Thomson, I believe, the amiable author of the Seasons, who, having extravagantly praised a person of rank, afterwards appearing to be undeserving of any eulogiums, very properly employed his pen in a solemn recantation of his error. This is a very different behaviour from that of Duplex, who always spoke highly of Queen
Margaret

Margaret of France, for a little place he held in her household; but after her death, and when his place was extinct, he spoke of her with all the freedom of satire. Such is too often the character of men of letters, who only dare to reveal the truth when they have no interest to conceal it.

Poor Mickle, to whom we are indebted for so beautiful a version of Camoen's *Lusiad*, having dedicated this work, the continued labour of five years, to a certain lord, had the mortification to find, by the discovery of a friend, that he had kept it in his possession three weeks before he could collect sufficient intellectual desire to cut open the first pages!

'Every man believes,' writes Dr. Johnson, in a letter to Baretti, 'that mistresses are unfaithful, and patrons are capricious. But he excepts his own mistress, and his own patron.'

Bayle has preserved an anecdote which may be inserted here with sufficient propriety, and may serve to shew in what manner a Patron is sometimes obtained. Benferade attached himself to Cardinal Mazarine; but his friendship produced nothing but civility.

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The Poet every day indulged his easy and charming vein of amorous and panegyric poetry, while all the world read and admired his verses. One evening the cardinal, in conversation with the king, mentioned his mode of life when he resided at the papal court. He said he loved the sciences; but that his chief occupation was the belles lettres, and composing little pieces of poetry; and that he was then in the court of Rome what Benferade was now in that of France. Some hours afterwards the friends of the poet related to him the conversation of the cardinal. He heard, and quitted them abruptly. He ran to the apartment of his Eminence, and knocked with all his force, that he might be certain of being heard. The cardinal had just gone to bed. It was in vain that he was informed of this circumstance; he persisted to enter; and as he continued making a most terrible disturbance, they were compelled to open the door. He ran to his Eminence, fell upon his knees, almost pulled off the sheets of his bed in rapture, implored a thousand pardons for thus disturbing him, but such was his joy in what he had just heard, (which he repeated) that he

he could not refrain from immediately giving vent to his gratitude and his pride, to have been compared with his Eminence for his poetical talents. He said, that had the door not been immediately opened, he should have expired. It is true, he was not rich, but he should now die contented. The Cardinal was pleased with his *ardour*, and probably never suspected his *flattery*. He assured him of his protection; and six days afterwards rewarded him with a handsome pension!

On the Cardinal Richelieu, another of his patrons, he gratefully made this Epitaph—

Cy gift, ouy gift par la mort bleu
Le Cardinal de Richelieu,
Et ce qui cause mon ennuy
Ma PENSION avec lui.

Here lies, egad, 'tis very true,
The illustrious Cardinal Richelieu;
My grief is genuine—void of whim;
Alas! my *pension* lies with him.

POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, AND ARTISTS,
MADE BY ACCIDENT.

ACCIDENT has frequently occasioned the most eminent geniuses to display their powers. Father Mallebranche will serve for an example. Having compleated his studies in philosophy, and theology, without any other intention than devoting himself to some religious order, he little expected to become of such celebrity as his works have made him. Loitering, in an idle hour, in the shop of a bookseller, in turning over a parcel of books, *L'Homme de Descartes* fell into his hands. Having dipt into some parts, he was induced to peruse the whole. It was this circumstance that produced those profound contemplations which gave birth to so many beautiful compositions in Physics, Metaphysics, and Morality, which have made him pass for the Plato of his age.

Cowley became a poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spenser's *Fairy Queen*; and, by a continual

continual study of Poetry, he became so enchanted of the Muse, that he grew irrecoverably a Poet.

We owe to the deformities of Pope's person the inimitable beauties of his elaborate verse.

Dr. Johnson informs us, that the late great Painter of the present age, had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's Treatise.

Helvetius furnishes me with the following additional instances.

M. Vaucanson displayed an uncommon genius for Mechanics. His taste was first determined by this accident; he, when very young, frequently attended his mother to the residence of her confessor; and while she wept with repentance, he wept with weariness! In this state of disagreeable vacation he was struck with the uniform motion of the pendulum of the clock in the hall. His curiosity was roused; he approached the clock case, and studied it's mechanism; what he could not discover, he guessed at. He then projected a similar machine; and gradually his genius produced a clock. Encouraged by this first success,

success, he proceeded in his various attempts; and the genius which thus could form a clock, in time formed a fluting automaton.

It was a chance of the same kind which inspired our great Milton to write his Epics. Milton, '*fallen on evil days*,' was happy to be enabled to retire; and it was in the leisure of retreat and disgrace he executed the poem which he had projected in his youth; and which has enabled our nation to boast of a work which is rivalled by none, if we except the Italians.

'If Shakespear's imprudence had not obliged him to quit his wool trade, and his town; if he had not engaged with a company of actors, and at length, disgusted with being an indifferent performer, he had not turned author; the prudent woollseller had never been the celebrated poet.'

'Accident determined the taste of Moliere for the stage. His grandfather loved the theatre, and frequently carried him there. The young man lived in dissipation: the father observing it, asked, in anger, if his son was to be made an actor. 'Would to God,' replied the grandfather, 'he was as
2 good

good an actor as Montrose.' The words struck young Moliere; he took a disgust to his tapestry trade; and it is to this circumstance France owes her greatest Comic writer.'

'Corneille loved; he made verses for his mistress, became a Poet, composed *Melite*, and afterwards his other celebrated pieces. The discreet Corneille had remained a lawyer.'

'Thus it is, that the devotion of a mother, the death of Cromwell, deer-stealing, the exclamation of an old man, and the beauty of a woman, have given five illustrious characters to Europe.'

'I should never have done, (this great man concludes) if I would enumerate all the writers celebrated for their talents, and who owed those talents to similar incidents.'

It is also well known, that we owe the labours of the immortal Newton to a very trivial accident. 'When, in his younger days, he was a student at Cambridge, he had retired during the time of the plague into the country. As he was reading under an apple-tree, one of the fruit fell, and struck him a smart blow on the head, When he observ-

ed the smallness of the apple, he was surprized at the force of the stroke. This led him to consider the accelerating motion of falling bodies; from whence he deduced the principles of gravity, and laid the foundation of his philosophy.

Granger observes on Ignatius Loyola, that he was a Spanish gentleman, who was dangerously wounded at the siege of Pampluna. Having heated his imagination by reading the Lives of the Saints, which were brought to him in his illness, instead of a romance, he conceived a strong ambition to be the founder of a religious order. This is well known by the appellation of the society of Jesus, or the Jesuits.

J. J. Rousseau found his eccentric powers first awakened by the advertisement of the singular annual subject which the Academy of Dijon proposed for that year, in which he wrote his celebrated Declamation against the Arts and Sciences. It was this circumstance which determined his future literary efforts.

La Fontaine, at the age of 22, had not taken any profession, or devoted himself to any pursuit. Having accidentally heard some

verses of Malherbe, he felt an impression, which gave an eternal tincture to his future life. He immediately bought a Malherbe, and was so exquisitely delighted with this Poet, that after passing the nights in treasuring his verses in his memory, he would run in the day-time to the woods; and there concealing himself, he would recite his verses to the surrounding Dryads.

Our celebrated Astronomer, Flamsteed; was an Astrologer by accident. He was taken from school on account of his illness. In the narrative of his life he says, that Sacrobosco's Book de Sphaera, having been lent to him, he was so pleased with it, that he immediately began a course of Astronomic studies. Mr. Pennant, in his life; tells us, that his first propensity to Natural History, was the pleasure he received from an accidental perusal of Willoughby's work on birds.

INEQUALITIES OF GENIUS.

WE observe frequently singular Inequalities in the labours of Genius; and particularly in those which admit great enthusiasm,

as in Poetry, in Painting, and in Music. But, surely, this is not difficult to be accounted for! Faultless *mediocrity* Industry can preserve in one continued degree; but *excellence* is only to be attained, by human faculties, by starts.

Our Poets who possess the greatest Genius, with, perhaps, the least Industry, have at the same time the most splendid and the worst passages of poetry. Shakespeare and Dryden are at once the greatest and the least of our Poets.

The imitative powers of Pope, who possessed more Industry than Genius—though his Genius was *nearly* equal to that of the greatest Poets—has contrived to render every line faultless: yet it may be said of Pope, that his greatest fault consists in having none.

Carrache sarcastically said of Tintoret—*Ho veduto il Tintoretto hora eguale a Titi-
ano, hora minore del Tintoretto*—‘I have
seen Tintoret now—equal to Titian, and
now less than Tintoret.’

Trublet very justly observes—The more
there are *beauties*, and *great beauties*, in a
work, I am the less surprized to find *faults*,
and *great faults*. When you say of a work
—that

—that it has many faults; that *decides* nothing: and I do not know *by this*, whether it is execrable, or excellent. You tell me of another—that it *is* ~~perfect~~ any faults; if your account be *just*, it is certain the work cannot be excellent.

CONCEPTION AND EXPRESSION.

THERE are men who have just thoughts on every subject; but it is not perceived, because their expressions are feeble. They conceive well, but they produce badly.

Erasmus acutely observed—alluding to what then much occupied his mind—that one might be apt to swear that they *had* been taught, in the Confessional Cell, *all* they had learnt; so scrupulous are they of disclosing what they know. Others, again, conceive ill, and produce well; for they express with elegance, frequently, what they do not know.

It was observed of one pleader, that he *knew* more than he *said*; and of another, *that* he *said* more than he *knew*.

BOOKS OF LOVE AND DEVOTION.

THE agreeable Menage has this acute observation on the writings of Love and Religion.—‘Books of Devotion, and those of Love, are alike bought. The only difference I find is, that there are more who read books of Love, than buy them; and there are more who buy books of Devotion, than read them.’

GEOGRAPHICAL DICTION.

THERE are many Sciences, says Menage, on which we cannot, indeed, write in a florid or elegant diction—such as Geography, Music, Algebra, Geometry, &c. Cicero, who had been intreated by Atticus to write on Geography, excused himself; and observed, that it's scenes were more adapted to please the eye, than susceptible of the rich ornaments of a polished style. However,

ever, in these kinds of science, we must supply, by some little words of *erudition*, the absence of the flowers of elegant diction.

Thus if we are to notice some inconsiderable place; for instance; *Woodstock*, in adding that it was the residence of *Chaucer*, the parent of our poetry, this kind of erudition pleases even more than all the flowery ornaments of rhetoric.

SAINTS CARRYING THEIR HEADS IN
THEIR HANDS.

ILLITERATE persons have imagined, that the representation of a Saint in this manner, was meant to shew a miracle of this kind. But we must do justice to these Saints, by wiping away the obloquy of endeavouring to impose on us this supernatural action.

It was the custom of the Painters, when they drew Saints who had suffered decapitation, to *place their heads in their hands*, to mark the species of martyrdom they suffered; and the headless trunk, at the same time, would have had a very repulsive effect.

It is said, that when a Lord, in the rebellion of 1745, was committed to prison, on suspicion of corresponding with the Pretender, he caused himself to be painted in the character of St. Denis carrying his head in his hand.

LEGENDS.

THE origin of so many fables and intolerable absurdities, which have been entitled *Legends*, arises from this circumstance—

Before any colleges were established in the monasteries where the schools were held, the professors in rhetoric frequently gave their scholars the life of some saint for a trial of their talent at *amplification*. The students, being constantly at a loss to furnish out their pages, invented these wonderful adventures. The good fathers of that age, whose simplicity was not inferior to their devotion, were so delighted with these flowers of rhetoric, that they were induced to make a collection of these miraculous compositions; not imagining that, at
some

some distant period of time, they would become matters of faith. Yet, when James de Voraigue, (Vicar-general of the Jacobins) Peter Nadal, and Peter Ribadeneira, wrote the Lives of the Saints, they sought for their materials in the libraries of the monasteries; and, awakening from the dust these manuscripts of amplification, imagined they made an invaluable present to the world, by laying before them these bulky absurdities. The people received them with all imaginable simplicity; and, in the last century, it was dangerous for a man to dare even to suspect the reality of these pious fictions. We are indebted to Tillemont, to Fleury, Baillet, Launoi, and Bollandus, for having cleared much of this rubbish; and, rejecting what was false, by an enlightened criticism, have made that probable, which before was doubtful.

‘What has been called *The Golden Legend*, which is the compilation of the above Voraigue,’ observes Patin, ‘is a book replete with the most ridiculous and silly histories imaginable.’ Melchior Canus, who was a learned Dominican, greatly disapproves of this legend; and has said, that
‘it

‘it is a narrative at once unworthy of the Saints, and every honest Christian. I do not know why it should be called *golden*, composed as it is by a man who had a mouth of *iron*, and a heart of *lead*.’

Bayle says, that Canus justly observed, that the lives of the ancient philosophers were composed with more judgment than those of the saints of Christianity. When the world began to be more critical in their reading, the Monks gave another turn to their narratives: not so many absurdities were committed; but there remains sufficient still to bear abundant pruning.

It will, probably, be agreeable to the reader, to inspect a specimen of these legends. To gratify his curiosity, I have selected the following; and, that he may not complain of the tedious length of this article, it shall not be given to him in the heavy style of James de Voraigue, or of myself, but embellished by the luminous diction of Mr. Gibbon—

‘Among the insipid legends of Ecclesiastical History, I am tempted to distinguish the memorable fable of *The Seven Sleepers*; whose imaginary date corresponds with the
reign

reign of the younger Theodosius, and the conquest of Africa by the Vandals. When the Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a spacious cavern, on the side of an adjacent mountain; where they were doomed to perish by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance should be firmly secured with a pile of stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which was miraculously prolonged, without injuring the powers of life, during a period of one hundred and eighty-seven years. At the end of that time, the slaves of Adolius, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had descended, removed the stones, to supply materials for some rustic edifice. The light of the sun darted into the cavern; and the Seven Sleepers were permitted to awake. After a slumber, as they thought, of a few hours, they were pressed by the calls of hunger; and resolved that Jamblichus, one of their number, should secretly return to the city, to purchase bread for the use of his companions. The youth—if we may still employ that appellation—could no longer recognize the once familiar aspect
of

of his native country; and his surprize was increased by the appearance of a large cross, triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Ephesus. His singular dress and obsolete language confounded the baker, to whom he offered an ancient medal of Decius, as the current coin of the empire; and Jamblichus, on the suspicion of a secret treasure, was dragged before the judge. Their mutual enquiries produced the amazing discovery, that two centuries were almost elapsed since Jamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a Pagan tyrant. The bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrates, the people, and, it is said, the Emperor Theodosius himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers; who bestowed their benediction, related their story, and at the same instant peaceably expired.

‘This popular tale,’ Mr. Gibbon adds, ‘Mahomet learned when he drove his camels to the fairs of Syria; and he has introduced it, as a *divine revelation*, into the Koran.’—The same story has been adopted and adorned by the nations, from Bengal

to Africa, who profess the Mahometan religion.

ARABIC PROVERBS.

There are persons who set out vigorously, but soon flag, and go back; like a star which promises rain, and immediately leaves the sky clear. This poetical thought Schultens interprets of such as make large promises, and even design to execute them, but fall short, for want of constancy and resolution.

Every one living is cut down by Death: happy the man who is mowed down green! This beautiful sentiment requires no illustration.

Why are you displeased at the words of one who advises with sincerity; since such a person mends your torn cloaths? Here it is observed, that *mending what is torn*, is applied, in a figurative sense, to the ill condition of the mind.

The cure of a proud man is performed by driving out his buzzing fly, and taking Satan out of his nostrils. Here Schultens remarks, that

that the noisy boastings of the haughty man are beautifully represented by the troublesome and insignificant buzzing of a large fly.

The dam of the roaring BEAST is not very prolific ; but the dam of the barking BEAST produces many whelps. By the *roaring Beast*, is here meant the *Lion* ; by the *barking Beast*, the *Dog*. The sense of the proverb is—That persons of great and elevated accomplishments are but few ; those of a contrary character, very numerous.

THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH.

- THE present criticism is drawn from the Abbé Longuerue.

He, of all the Fathers of the ancient Christians who best have composed in Latin, is *Sulpicius Severus*, particularly in his History.

- *Lactantius* has many splendid passages scattered in his works.

St. Augustine, who had studied Cicero very attentively, has not, however, taken him

him for his model in his writings; or rather, could never approach him in any degree.

St. Jerome has sometimes passages which may be read with pleasure; but he is strangely unequal.

St. Ambrose has endeavoured to imitate Cicero; but there is a wide difference betwixt them.

Saints are sometimes Plagiarists.—It is a strong trait in the character of the piety of Pope Gregory the Seventh, that he caused the greater part of the most finished compositions of the ancients to be destroyed; doubtless, because the authors of them were Pagans. It was this Pope who burnt the works of Varro, the learned Roman, that *Saint Augustine* should not be accused of plagiarism; for this Saint owes to the labours of Varro his books of *The City of God*.

The learned authors of the Literary History of France observe, Vol. IX. p. 406, that *Saint Ambrose* has made *very free use* of the writings of Didymus. It will be allowed, at least, that *their* criticism is fair. They are liberal writers; but as Benedictines, they will, as much as they can, veil the nakedness

ness of the Fathers of the Church. That *Saints* should condescend to imitate the compositions of profane authors, is rather wonderful ; nor less wonderful is it that they should attempt, with all the rage of mere human envy, to conceal their depredations in a way, that, in any other person than a *Saint*, we could not sufficiently reprobate.

SEVERE CRITICISM.

AN unmerciful Critic observes, that there are few books to which an Author can prefix *his name*, without trespassing upon his veracity : for there is not one work which is the labour of a single person.

When a Poet was reproached for his *Plagiarisms*, (which he probably called *Classical Imitations*) he defended himself in this manner.—That a painter was not less a painter, nor an architect less an architect, because the one purchased his *colours*, and the other his *building materials*. ‘It is all pouring out of one bottle into another,’ exclaimed Sterne;—who himself stole this thought,
with

with others, from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. The *original Sterne* is himself frequently a Plagiarist; but the plagiarisms of a man of genius cease to be such. He is not a little indebted to Gallic authors.

An ingenious writer justly enough observes, that *the ancients had stolen all his best thoughts from him.*

Another exclaims — *Pereant, qui ante, nos nostra dixerunt!* Perish those, who, before us, have said, what we say!

All is said, (writes La Bruyere) and we come too late; since it is more than seven thousand years that so many men have reflected. We only *glean* after the Ancients, and the most skilful of the Moderns.

D'Ablancourt was an admirable translator; his versions were free, and masterly. He who reads the copy, has the pleasure of tasting the original. This lively and elegant writer, confined himself to translation, though he possessed talents which would have distinguished him as an original author. To one who asked him, why he, who wrote so well, should prefer to be a Translator rather than an Author? he answered—'That the greater part of modern works were only repetitions

of the ancients; and that, to be serviceable to his country, it was better to translate good books, than to make new ones, which in general convey no new information.' This criticism of D'Ablancourt is not less *just* than *severe*.

THE BELLES LETTRES.

It seems to be the fate of the Belles Lettres, an ingenious French writer observes, that they break out in all their splendour during some ages, and then are again doomed to decline into total neglect.

Athens long preserved a correct taste in Eloquence, in Philosophy, and in Poetry. At the same time the Fine Arts flourished in all their beauty; but a frightful barbarism soon succeeded the refinement and the science of this ingenious nation.

The Romans, having vanquished the Greeks, awakened the Muses from their lethargy; and the Augustan age was for Italy what that of Pericles had been for Greece. The decline of that empire soon occasioned
that

that of the Belles Lettres ; and the invasions of those people who dismembered the Roman Empire threw all again into barbarism and ignorance. Charlemagne attempted to revive the sciences : he rewarded the learned ; and he established schools in the principal cities of the empire. It was his command, that a number of volumes should be transcribed, to be dispersed throughout the kingdom.

Our illustrious Alfred began the same reformation in England. Engaged as he was in one continued war with the Danes, nothing could disturb the designs he had formed for the restoration of letters. He laments the ignorance of the times with all the indignation of the philosopher, and the resentment of a patriot prince.

The attempts of these great monarchs availed little : the clash of arms taught a melancholy silence to the Muses. Since those times, as the monarchical government became more firmly established, the Belles Lettres insensibly revived.

But it was chiefly under the pontificate of Leo the Tenth, that munificent patron of literature, that they sprung up in all

their richest luxuriance. Assisted by the art of printing, which had been discovered some time before, they made those immense progresses, and formed those heroes of literature, who so forcibly claim our warmest admiration.

ON TEACHING THE CLASSICS.

THOSE, says Marville, who undertake the instruction of youth, and who read the ancients with their scholars, should point out to their observation the characteristic *trait* of each of these authors. This manner of teaching might inspire them to emulate these perfect models of composition.

Xenophon, for instance, and Quintilian, are excellent to form the education of young scholars.

Plato will fill the mind with great notions, and elevate them into a contemplation of the sublimest metaphysics.

Aristotle will instruct them acutely to analyse the principles of composition, and to decide on the beauties of the works of imagination.

Cicero

Cicero will shew them how to speak and to write with grace : Seneca to philosophise.

The elder Pliny opens the mind to a great diversity of knowledge. *Æsop* and *Phædrus*, in an amusing way, will form their manners.

Epictetus, and the Emperor *Antoninus*, will afford them advice and counsels in every station of human life.

Plutarch offers the noblest examples of antiquity, and furnishes excellent matter for attic conversations.

Homer displays man in every possible situation, and paints him always great.

Virgil inculcates piety towards the gods, and filial tenderness towards our parents.

In *Sallust*, the portraits of the great may be contemplated ; in *Plautus* and *Terence*, those of individuals ; in *Horace*, and the Younger *Pliny*, the delicate eulogiums which may be administered to kings.

But, before these great models are offered to the study of our youth, as they claim a maturity of judgment, let them first be initiated by some elementary works.

NOBLEMEN TURNED CRITICS.

I OFFER to the contemplation of those unfortunate mortals, who are necessitated to undergo the criticisms of *Lords*, this pair of anecdotes—

A cardinal having caused a statue to be made at Rome, by the great *Angelo*, when it was finished came to inspect it; and having, for some time, sagaciously considered it, poring now on the face, then on the arms, the knees, the form of the leg, and, at length, on the foot itself; the statue being of such perfect beauty, he found himself at a loss to display his powers of criticism, but by lavishing his praise. But he recollected, that only to praise, might appear as if there had been an obtuseness in the keenness of his criticism. He trembled to find a fault, but a fault must be found. At length, he ventured to mutter something concerning the nose; it might, he thought, be something more Grecian. *Angelo* differed from his Grace, but he said
he

he would attempt to gratify his taste. He took up his chissel, and concealed some marble-dust in his hand; and, feigning to retouch the part, he adroitly let fall some of the dust he held concealed. The cardinal observing it as it fell, transported at the idea of his critical acumen, exclaimed—‘ Ah, *Angelo!* you have now given to it an inimitable grace!’

When *Pope* was first introduced to read his *Iliad* to Lord Halifax, the noble Critic did not venture to be dissatisfied with so perfect a composition: but, like the cardinal, this passage, and that word, this turn, and that expression, formed the broken cant of his criticisms. The honest Poet was stung with vexation; for, in general, the parts at which his lordship hesitated, were those of which he was most satisfied. As he returned home with Sir Samuel Garth, he revealed to him the anxiety of his mind. ‘ Oh,’ replied Garth, laughing, ‘ you are not so well acquainted with his lordship as myself; he must criticise. At your next visit, read to him those very passages as they now stand; tell him that you have recollected his criticisms; and I’ll warrant you of

his approbation of them. This is what I have done a hundred times myself.' *Pope* made use of this stratagem: it took, like the marble-dust of *Angelo*; and my lord, like the cardinal, exclaimed—' Dear *Pope*, they are now inimitable !'

THE ART OF CRITICISM.

AN eminent French writer has thus very ingeniously traced the origin of Criticism.

The Art of Criticism is by no means a modern invention; but it must be confessed, that in the last age alone it hath reached it's present degree of perfection.

According to Dion Chrysostom, *Aristotle* is the inventor of Criticism, it is, at least, certain that it appeared about his time.

Aristarchus, who flourished at Samos, about one hundred and fifty years before the Christian Æra, wrote nine books of Corrections of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and spread a general alarm amongst the race of Authors; inasmuch that, to the present day, a *Critic*, and an *Aristarchus*, are synonymous words.

As

As the Sciences were, for a long time, neglected, Criticism shared the same fate. There were, however, even in the most barbarous ages, a few learned men who cultivated it. At the restoration of Letters, Criticism, by the efforts of many celebrated scholars, sprung up with new vigour. But two important events contributed equally to the revival of Letters and of Criticism: the taking of Constantinople, by the Turks, which occasioned several of the learned to retire into Italy and France; and the invention of Printing, which was discovered about that time.

As soon as this admirable Art was made public, they applied themselves to publishing excellent editions of all the good authors, according to the most correct manuscripts. They were indefatigable in their researches for the most ancient copies, and they collated them with the modern ones, by the strictest rules of Criticism.

Some formed *Dictionaries* and *Grammars* of different languages; and some *Commentaries*, for illustrating the text. Others composed *Treatises* on Fabulous History, on the Religion, Government, and the Military

litary Operations of the Ancients. They dwelt on the minutest particulars which concerned their Manners, their Apparel, their Repasts, their Amusements, &c. In a word, they neglected nothing which, after so wide an interval, might throw new lights on what remained of the Grecian and the Roman Compositions.

The learned of the sixteenth century made new efforts, not only to clear the uncultivated lands of the Republic of Letters, which had remained unexplored by their predecessors, but also to improve those they had inherited. They prided themselves in the freest discussions; they rumaged every library, to bring to light unnoticed manuscripts; they compared them together: they arranged those historical facts which were necessary to restore the texts, and to fix the dates; and they were careful, above all things, not to decide on the sense of a passage without a mature examination, and a laborious collation.

Yet, after the immense labours of Justus Lipsius, the Scaligers, Turnebus, Budæus, Erasmus, and so many other learned men, Criticism still remained imperfect; and it is
only

only in the last age that it attained to the height which it has now reached.

This perfection of Criticism is owing to the establishment of ACADEMIES, particularly those of the French and the Belles Lettres Academies. In their labours may be found those numerous and judicious remarks, which had escaped the penetration of the first scholars in Europe.

I cannot quit this article without observing, that it is much to the dishonour of the national character, no Academy, dedicated to the BELLES LETTRES, has ever been established. To raise such an ACADEMY, is a glory still reserved for an Augustan Monarch.

Louis XIV, has all his foibles forgiven by posterity, when they contemplate the munificent patronage he bestowed on Men of Letters. The splendours of Royalty, and the trophies of Ambition, may elevate the voice of Adulation; but they expire with the Hero and the Monarch. The beneficial influence of Literature is felt through successive ages; and they, indeed, are the Benefactors of mankind, who bestow on posterity
their

their most refined pleasures, and their most useful speculations.

Voltaire, indeed, confesses, that the great characters of the Literary Republic were formed without the aid of Academies. For what then, he asks, are they necessary?—To preserve and nourish, he says, the fire which great geniuses have kindled.

IMPOSITIONS OF AUTHORS.

THERE have been some Authors who have practised singular Impositions on the public. Varillas, the French historian, enjoyed for some time a great reputation in his own country for his historic compositions. When they became more known, the scholars of other countries destroyed the reputation he had unjustly acquired. ‘His continual professions of sincerity prejudiced many in his favour, and made him pass for a writer who had penetrated into the inmost recesses of the cabinet: but the public were at length undeceived, and were convinced
that

that the historical anecdotes, which Varillas put off for authentic facts, had no foundation, being wholly his own inventing !— though he endeavoured to make them pass for realities, by affected citations of titles, instructions, letters, memoirs, and relations, all of them imaginary !

Melchisedec Thevenot, librarian to the French king, was never out of Europe ; yet he has composed some folio volumes of his ‘ Voyages and Travels,’ by information and memoirs, which he collected from those who had travelled. ‘ Travels,’ observes the compiler of the Biographical Dictionary, ‘ related at second-hand, can never be of any great authority or moment.’ Assuredly not ; but they may be pregnant with errors of all kinds.

Gemelli Carreri, a Neapolitan gentleman, who, for many years, never quitted his chamber, being confined by a tedious indisposition, amused himself with writing a voyage round the world ; giving characters of men, and descriptions of countries, as if he had really visited them. Du Halde, who has written so voluminous an account of China, compiled it from the Memoirs of the
Mission-

Missionaries, and never travelled ten leagues from Paris in his life ; though he appears, by his writings, to be very familiar with the Chinese scenery.

This is an excellent observation of an anonymous author:—'*Writers* who never visited foreign countries, and *Travellers* who have run through immense regions with fleeting pace, have given us long accounts of various countries and people ; evidently collected from the idle reports and absurd traditions of the ignorant vulgar, from whom only they could have received those relations which we see accumulated with such undiscerning credulity.'

When the Abbé Fleury began to write his Ecclesiastical History, he had never made any studies in Chronology or Historic Criticism. He studied every day for what he was to write ; and when he wrote the history of one year, he was ignorant of what passed the following one. It is thus his History (observes Longerue) is very meagre.

Gregorio Leti is an historian of much the same stamp as Varillas. He wrote with great facility, and hunger generally quickened

ened his pen. He took every thing too lightly ; yet his works are rather esteemed for many curious anecdotes of English history which are to be found in them, and which are not met with elsewhere. But his great aim was always to make a book, so that he swells his volumes with a thousand idle digressions ; and, with a view of amusing his readers, intersperses many low and ridiculous stories ; and gives to illustrious characters all the repartees and good things he collected from old novel writers.

Most of our old translations from the Greek and Latin Authors, were taken from French versions.

Some Authors have practised the singular imposition of publishing a variety of titles of works, as if ready for the press, but of which nothing but the titles have been written. Paschal, historiographer to France, forged such titles, that his pension for writing on the History of France might be continued. When he died, all his historical works did not exceed six pages !

A living author assures me, that when a *certain historian* was employed on his history, he pointed out to him a collection of manu-

manuscripts, which would have afforded him ample and *new* materials for his work ; but he answered, in all the pride of a *modern author*—‘ *I have too much to write, to be enabled to read.*’ It is thus, that in the present day *Novels* are written like *Histories*, and *Histories* like *Novels*.

THE PORT ROYAL SOCIETY.

EVERY lover of Letters must have heard of the Port Royal Society, many have benefited by the labours of these learned men ; but, perhaps, few have attended to their origin, and to their dissolution.

The Society of the *Port Royal des Champs*—that was the original title—took this name from a valley about six leagues from Paris.

In the year 1637, *Le Maître*, a celebrated Advocate, renounced the bar, and resigned the honour of being *Conseiller d’Etat*, which his uncommon merit had obtained him, though then only twenty-eight years of age. His brother, *De Sericourt*, who had followed the military profession, quitted it at the

same time. Both consecrating themselves to the service of God, they retired into a little house near *the Port Royal* of Paris. Their brothers, *De Sacy*, *De St. Elme*, and *De Valmont*, joined them. Arnauld, one of their most illustrious associates, was induced to enter into the Jansenian Controversy. It was then they had to encounter the powerful persecution of the Jesuits. They were constrained to remove themselves from that spot, and they then fixed their residence at *Port Royal des Champs*. There again the Court disturbed them, after a residence of little more than two months; but, about a year afterwards, they again returned.

With these illustrious Recluses many persons of distinguished merit now retired: and it was this community which has been since called *the Society of Port Royal*.

Here were no rules, no vows, no constitution, and no cells formed. Prayer and study were their only occupations. They applied themselves to the education of young men, and initiated the rising generation into science, and into virtue.

It was here *Racine* received his edu-
 VOL. I. L tion;

tion; and, on his death-bed, desired to be buried in the cemetery of the Port Royal, at the feet of M. Hamon. An amiable instance, this, of the Poet's sensibility!

Anne de Bourbon, a princess of the blood-royal, erected a house near the Port Royal, and was, during her life, the powerful patroness of these solitary and religious men: but her death happening in 1679, gave the fatal stroke which dispersed them for ever.

The envy and the fears of the Jesuits, and their rancour against *Arnauld*, who with such ability had exposed their designs, occasioned the destruction of the Port Royal Society.

These were men (De Juvigny writes in his Discourse on the Progress of Literature in France) whom the love of retirement united, to cultivate Literature in Peace, in the midst of solitude and piety. They formed a society of learned men, amongst whom a fine taste for Letters and sound Philosophy reigned. Alike occupied on the holy as well as on the profane writers, they edified while they enlightened the world. It was by their writings the French language

guage was fixed. It is by the example of these Solitaries, we may observe how retirement is favourable to penetrate into the sanctuary of the Muses; and that it is by meditating in silence on the Oracles of Taste, we may attain to imitate, and even to equal them.

An interesting anecdote is related of Arnould on the occasion of the dissolution of this society. The dispersion of these great men, and their young scholars, was lamented by every one but their enemies. Many persons of the highest rank participated in their sorrows. The excellent Arnould, in that moment, was as closely pursued as if he had been an highwayman. A pleasing anecdote is related of the Duchess of Longueville, who was the great patroness of Jansenism. When Arnould lay concealed in an obscure lodging, he fell ill: a physician was called; and, in the course of their conversation, Arnould asked what was new at Paris?—‘Nothing very interesting,’ replied the doctor; ‘only it is said that Mr. Arnould is committed to prison.’—‘Oh, as for that news,’ replied the philosopher, too

L 2 quickly,

quickly, ‘ I don’t believe it ; for I am Arnauld himself ? ’ The doctor, astonished, pointed out his imprudence—‘ Fortunately, he added, ‘ I am a man of honour.’ He went to inform the duchess, his patroness, who, alarmed, immediately had him conveyed to her palace. She there gave him an apartment ; concealed him in her chamber, and persisted to attend him herself.—‘ Ask,’ she said, ‘ what you want of the servant, but it shall be myself who shall bring it to you.’

How caustic was the retort courteous which Arnauld gave the Jesuits—‘ I do not fear,’ said he, ‘ your *pen*, but your *pen knife*.’

THE PROGRESS OF OLD AGE IN NEW STUDIES.

SOCRATES learnt to play on musical instruments in his old age : Cato, at eighty, thought proper to learn Greek ; and Plutarch, almost as late in life, Latin.

Theophrastus began his admirable work
on

on the Characters of Men at the extreme age of ninety. He only terminated his literary labours by his death.

Peter Ronfard one of the fathers of French Poetry, applied himself late to study; but by the acuteness of his genius, and continual application, he rivalled those poetic models which he admired.

One John Gelida, a Spaniard, commenced the studies of polite literature at forty.

Henry Spelman, having neglected the Sciences in his youth, cultivated them at fifty years of age, and produced good fruit.

Fairfax, after having been General of the parliamentary forces, retired to Oxford to take his degrees in law.

Colbert, the famous French minister, almost at sixty, returned to his Latin and law studies.

Tellier, the Chancellor of France, learnt logic, merely for an amusement, to dispute with his grand-children.

Dryden's most pleasing productions were written in his old age. Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. But on this head, the Marquis de Saint Aulaire may be

regarded as a prodigy: at the age of seventy he began to court the Muses, and they crowned him with their sweetest flowers. His verses are full of fire, of delicacy, and sweetness. Voltaire says, that Anacreon, less old, produced less charming compositions.

Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, were the composition of his latest years: they were begun in his fifty-fourth year and finished in his sixty-first, : it is on these works his fame is established, at least they are those which are most adapted to attract all classes of poetical readers.

The celebrated Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he began his studies in polite Literature. He has, however, excelled many whose whole life has been devoted to this branch of letters. Such is the privilege of genius.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the extraordinary age of 115, wrote the *Memoirs* of his time. This singular exertion is noticed by Voltaire, who quotes the work; which must be curious, were it only for having been written by such a person.

Koornhert began at forty to learn the
Latin

Latin and Greek languages, of which he became a master. See Bayle.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of the Law so late, answered, that indeed he began it late, but should therefore master it the sooner.

Dryden's complete works form the largest body of Poetry from the pen of one writer in the English language; yet he gave no public testimony of poetical abilities till his 27th year. In his 63th year he proposed to translate the whole Ilias.

Michael Angelo preserved his creative genius even in extreme old age; for he worked almost to his last day; and he reached his 90th year.

SPANISH POETRY.

PERE BOUHOURS observes, that the Spanish poets display an extravagant imagination, which is by no means destitute of wit; but which evinces little taste or judgment.

L 4

Their

Their verses are much in the style of our Cowley—trivial Points, monstrous Metaphors, and forced Conceits. A true poetical taste is not pleased with such wild chimeras, but requires the fine touches of Nature and Passion.

Lopes de Vega, in describing an afflicted Shepherdess, in one of his pastorals, who is represented weeping near the sea-side, says—‘ That the Sea joyfully advances to gather her tears; and that, having enclosed them in shells, it converts them into pearls.’

‘ Y el mar como imbidioso
A tierra por las lagrimas salia,
Y alegre de cogerlas

Las guarda en conchas, y convierte en perlas.’

Gongora, whom the Spaniards so greatly admire, and whom they distinguish, amongst their poets, by the epithet of *The wonderful*, is full of these points and conceits.

He imagines that a nightingale, who enchantingly varied her notes, and sung in different manners, had a hundred thousand other nightingales in her breast, which alternately sung through her throat—

‘ Con

‘ Con diferencia tal, con gracia tanta,
 A quel ruyfenor llora, que sospecho
 Que tiene otros cien mil dentro del pecho,
 Que alterna su dolor por su garganta.’

Of a young and beautiful lady he says,
 that she has but a few *years* of life, but
 many *ages* of beauty.

Muchos siglos de hermosura
 En pocos anos de edad.

This thought, as Bouhours justly observes, is false. Many ages of beauty does not present a fine idea: this can only signify a superannuated beauty; one whose charms must be effaced by time. A face of two or three ages old could have but few charms.

He calls the *Girafole*, which he imagines (though a botanist tells me falsely) lasts longer than the generality of flowers, ‘ *Methusalen de las floras* ;’ because Methusalem lived to a greater age than the other Patriarchs.

In one of his Odes, he gives to the River of Madrid the title of the *Duke of Streams*, and the *Viscount of Rivers*—

‘ Mança-

‘ Mançanares, Mançanares,
Os que en todo el aguatisino,
Eftois *Duque* de Arroyos,
Y *Visconde* de los Rios.’

He did not venture to call it a *Spanish Grandee*, for, in fact, it is but a shallow and dirty stream; and, as Quevedo informs us — ‘ *The Mançanares* is reduced, during the summer-season, to the melancholy condition of the wicked Rich Man, who asks for water in the depths of hell.’

Concerning this River a pleasant witticism is recorded. A Spaniard passing it, one day, when it was perfectly dry, and observing that the superb bridge, which Philip the Second had built over it, served to very little purpose, archly remarked — ‘ That it would be proper that the bridge should be sold, to purchase water.’ *Es menester, vender la puente por comprar agua.*

SAINT EVREMOND.

THE portrait of St. Evremond, delineated by his own hand, will not be unacceptable to many readers.

A French

A French critic has observed of this writer, that he had great wit, and frequently has written well ; but there is a strange inequality throughout his works.

The comparisons which he has formed betwixt some of the illustrious Ancients, are excellent ; the Criticisms which he has given on several authors are valuable ; but, in the greater part of his works, he sinks to mediocrity. His poetry is insipid, and not the composition of genius, but study. His prosaic style is too full of points: the Antithesis was his favourite figure, and he is continually employing it.

This last censure, I am fearful, may reach the present character which he has given of himself: but still it is ingenious, and offers a lively picture to the imagination—

‘ I am a Philosopher, as far removed from superstition as from impiety ; a Voluptuary, who has not less abhorrence for debauchery than inclination for pleasure ; a Man, who has never known want or abundance. I occupy that station of life, which is despised by those who possess every thing; envied by those who have nothing, and only relished by those who make their felicity to consist
in

in the exercise of their reason. Young, I hated dissipation; convinced that a man must possess wealth to provide for the comforts of a long life: old, I disliked æconomy; as I believed that we need not greatly dread want, when we have but a short time to be miserable. I am satisfied with what Nature has done for me; nor do I repine at Fortune. I do not seek in men what they have of evil, that I may censure; I only find out what they have ridiculous, that I may be amused. I feel a pleasure in detecting their follies; I should feel a greater in communicating my discoveries, did not my prudence restrain me. Life is too short, according to my ideas, to read all kinds of books, and to load our memory with an infinite number of things, at the cost of our judgment. I do not attach myself to the sentiments of scientific men, to acquire Science; but to the most rational, that I may strengthen my reason. Sometimes, I seek for the more delicate minds, that my taste may imbibe their delicacy; sometimes, for the gayer, that I may enrich my genius with their gaiety: and, although I constantly read, I make it less my occupation than my pleasure.

pleasure. In Religion, and in Friendship, I have only to paint myself such as I am—in friendship, more tender than a philosopher; and, in religion, as constant, and as sincere, as a Youth who has more simplicity than experience. My Piety is composed more of justice and charity, than of penitence. I rest my confidence on God, and hope every thing from His benevolence. In the bosom of Providence I find my repose, and my felicity.

MEN OF GENIUS DEFICIENT IN CON-
VERSATION.

THE Student, who may, perhaps, shine a luminary of Learning and of Genius, in the pages of his volume, is found, not rarely, to lie obscured beneath a thick cloud in colloquial discourse.

It is the Superficial Mind that reflects little, but speaks fluently, that appears to the vulgar (who are better judges of the quantity than of the quality of words) a constellation of abilities.

If you love the Man of Letters, seek him
in

in the privacies of his study; or, if he be a Man of Virtue, take him to your bosom. It is in the hour of confidence and tranquillity, his Genius may elicit a ray of intelligence, more fervid than the labours of polished composition.

The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of our Shakespear, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the Hero, had nothing in his exterior manners that indicated his genius: on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid, that it never failed of wearying his auditors. Nature, who had lavished on him the extraordinary gifts of Genius, had forgotten, or rather disdained, to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even *speak*, correctly, that language, of which he was such a master.

When his friends represented to him, in the trite cant of the vulgar, how much more he might please, by not disclaiming to correct these trivial errors, he would smile, and say—*‘I am not the less Peter Corneille!’*
The deficiencies of Addison, in conversation, are well known. He preserved a rigid silence amongst strangers; but, if he was
silent,

silent, it was the silence of meditation. He probably, at that moment, laboured more in his reflections, than had he been in his study. It was this silence that enlightened a whole nation diurnally.

The vulgar may *talk*; but it is for Genius to *observe*.

The ‘prating Mandeville,’ pert, frothy, and empty, in his Misanthropic Compositions, compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to ‘a silent Parson in a tye-wig.’ It is no shame for an *Addison* to receive the censures of a *Mandeville*: he has only to blush when he calls down those of a *Pope*.

Virgil, we are told, was very heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine (says *La Bruyere*) appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen: but when he wrote, he was the model of Poetry. All is lightness, elegance, fine natural sentiments, and delicacy of expression, throughout his works.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer, (in speaking concerning *La Fontaine*) to be

a man of wit, or a fool; but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was of so timid a disposition, that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the whetstone, which will not cut, but enables other things to do this: for his productions served as models to other orators.

Dryden says of himself, ‘ my conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavour to break jests in company, or make repartees.’

VIDA.

WHAT a consolation must it be for an aged parent to see his child, by the efforts of his own merits, attain, from the humblest obscurity, to distinguished eminence! What a transport must it yield to the man of sensibility to return to the obscure dwelling of his

his parent, and to embrace him, adorned with public honours ! Poor *Vida* was deprived of this satisfaction ; but he is placed higher in our esteem by the present anecdote, than even by that classic composition, which rivals the Art of Poetry of his great master.

Jerome Vida, after having long served two Popès, had at length attained to the Episcopacy. Arrayed in the robes of his new dignity, he prepared to visit his aged parents, and felicitated himself with the raptures which the old couple would feel, in embracing their son as their Bishop. When he arrived at their village, he learnt, that it was but a few days since they were no more ! His sensibilities were exquisitely pained. The Muse, elegantly querulous, dictated some Elegiac Verse ; and, in the sweetest pathos, deplored the Death and the Disappointment of his parents.

METAPHORS:

CARDINAL PERRON has a very judicious criticism on *Metaphors*. Cicero compares
 Vol. I. M them

them to Virgins, who should not too familiarly shew themselves, and who must appear without affectation. We frequently meet with many that are not only vicious, but disgusting, and have nothing of that by which Cicero is desirous they should be distinguished.

Is it possible that some authors are ignorant that *Style* is meant to delight? And, if they write vicious and disgusting *Metaphors*, should they even convey to the reader their meaning, they must offend?—Such as those which a fanatical Preacher employed, when he called on the Lord to wipe his lips with the *napkin* of his love; and when he talked of the *lamp* of love; and the *candle* of divine grace.

Du Bartas, who was a famous poet in *his* day, calls the Sun, *the Lord of Candles*—the Winds, *the Possillions of Æolus*—Thunder, *the Drum of the gods*. These wretched metaphors arose from that total want of taste, which both the poet and his age evinced. Notwithstanding these vicious thoughts, I have read some fine verses in his *Weeks*.

All the lay preachers in Cromwell's time abounded with such metaphors: the titles
of

of their works are sufficient proofs. One Saltmarsh published a book, entitled—*The Smoke in the Temple*; and this was immediately answered by a congenial genius, with—*A Flaming Fire in Zion!*

Bishop Latimer preached, in the year 1527, a sermon, in which he says—‘Now, ye have heard what is meant by this *first card*, and how ye ought to *play*: I purpose again to *deal* unto you another *card* of the same *suit*; for they be of so nigh affinity, that one cannot be *well played* without the other.’

About the middle of the seventeenth century, a country minister—Fuller informs us—imitated these ridiculous allusions of Latimer; but the congregation, now somewhat more refined than in the good bishop’s time, could not refrain from immoderate peals of laughter.

Perron observes, that in employing *Metaphors*, we must not descend from the *general* to the *particular*: we may be allowed to say—the *flames* of love, but not the *candle*, the *lamp*, and the *wick* of love. Saint Anselm exclaims—‘*Draw* me, O Lord! that

M 2

I may

I may *run* after thee ; fasten me with the *cords* of thy Love !' The *Metaphor* is a little similitude, or an abridgment of a similitude—it must pass quick ; we must not dwell upon it ; when it is too far continued, it is vicious, and degenerates into an *Enigma*.

Pere Bouhours also observes, that Metaphors must not be continued too far, and that when they are thus overstrained, they become trifling and frigid. These two instances will explain what is here meant—

An Italian, on his return from Poland, said, that the persons of that country were as white as their snows ; but, that they were even colder than they were white ; and that frequently, from their conversations, he caught a *cold*.

Costar says, that the Lectures of Malherbe were satiating and cloying to a degree—so as to destroy the *appetite* of those who heard them, and to save them the expence of a *dinner*.

Of the first it is to be observed, that *Cold*, as a figure, is an established Metaphor ; but that from this cold we are likely to catch one, is what passes the just limits of the Metaphor ;

taphor; as well as those lectures, which cloyed till they occasioned a loss of appetite, and saved the expence of a dinner.

It was saying enough, that they were satiating and disagreeable, without adding the rest, which goes to such an extreme, and which is not likely. This, however, must be understood, when the author speaks in a serious style: for, if he means to employ such Metaphors jocularly, they would then not shock us; because, when we laugh, we may be allowed great latitude; and, according to Aristotle and Quintilian, whenever we joke, the falsest thoughts have, in some measure, a true sense.

To illustrate this criticism. Let us try these two thoughts; which, however carried far, have great merit, when we reflect on the manner in which they must be understood.

An ancient satirist says, that if we wish to temper an overheated bath, we have only to beg a certain rhetorician to enter; because he was remarkable for frigidity in his discourses. A modern satirist declares, he was lately frozen at reading a certain

Elegy of a miserable poetaster ; and that the polar frosts do not, by many degrees, approach it.

GIBBON.

A FRIEND observes, that he had remarked, in reading Gibbon, two matters, in which he has been grossly mistaken. One was, the Standard of our English Coin, when he compares it, in a note, with that of some Foreign Coin he had to estimate. The other point was, when, in speaking of a religious sect who used to fast on certain days, he adds—‘ They probably derived this custom from that of the Jews fasting on their sabbath.’ This is a flagrant error ; since it has always been their custom, rather to indulge in festal enjoyments on that day. It is, with them, a rule to observe no Fast on the Sabbath, though it might be the anniversary of the most remarkable event. The day of Expiation is the only Fast permitted to be kept on the Seventh day.

The

The passages here alluded to have not yet been discovered. I insert this slight criticism, merely for the information respecting the Jews.

ABELARD:

ALTHOUGH Abelard, an author so famous for his writings, and his amours with Eloisa, or rather Heloise, is ranked not among the Orthodox, but the Heretics, because he ventured to publish opinions concerning the Trinity, which were in those times thought too subtle and too bold; yet it is probably owing to his superior genius that he appeared so culpable in the eyes of his enemies. The cabal formed against him disturbed the earlier part of his life with a thousand persecutions; till at length they persuaded Bernard, his old *friend*, but who had now turned *saint*, that poor Abelard was what their malice described him to be. Bernard, enflamed against him, condemned, unheard, the unfortunate scholar. But it is remarkable, that the book which

was burnt as unorthodox, and as the composition of Abelard, was in fact written by Peter Lombard, Bishop of Paris; a work which has since been *canonized* in the Sorbonne, and on which is founded the scholastic theology. We may add also, that because Abelard, in the warmth of honest indignation, had reproved the Monks of St. Denis, in France, and St. Gildas de Ruys, in Bretagne, for the horrid incontinence of their lives, they joined his enemies, and assisted to embitter the life of this ingenious scholar; who, perhaps, was guilty of no other crime than that of feeling too sensibly an attachment to one who not only possessed the enchanting attractions of the softer sex, but, what indeed is very unusual, a congeniality of disposition, and an enthusiasm of imagination.

‘ Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well ?’

It appears by a letter of Peter de Cluny to Eloisa, which Marville says, is amongst those of Abelard’s, that she had solicited for his absolution; this Abbot gave it to her. It runs thus, Ego Petrus cluniacensis Abbas, qui Petrum Abælardum in monachum cluni-

cluniasensem recepi, & corpus ejus furting delatum Heloissæ abbatissæ & monialio Paracleti concessi, auctoritate omnipotentis Dei & omnium sanctorum absolvo eum pro officio ab omnibus peccatis suis.

In an ancient Chronicle of Tours, it is given as a fact, that when they deposed the body of the Abbess Eloisa in the tomb of her lover Peter Abelard, who had been there interred twenty years; this faithful husband raised his arms, stretched them, and closely embraced his beloved Eloisa. It is probable that this poetic fiction was invented to sanctify, by a miracle, the frailties of their youthful days. This is not wonderful; but it is strange, that Andrew Du Chesne, who has been honoured with the title of the Father of French History, and who, indeed, was a writer whose learning was equal to his great industry, relates this anecdote. And though it is only an absurd fable of the ancient chroniclers, he not only gives it as an incident well authenticated, but also maintains it's possibility, by various other examples; but which, unfortunately, are taken from similar authorities.

Bayle

Bayle tells us, that *billets doux* and *amorous verses* are two powerful machines to employ in the assaults of Love; particularly when the passionate songs that the poetical lover composes are sung by himself. This secret was well known to the elegant Abelard. Abelard (says Bayle) so touched the sensible heart of Eloisa, and infused such fire into her frame, by employing his *fine pen* and his *fine voice*, that the poor woman never recovered from the attack. She herself informs us, that he displayed two qualities, which are rarely found in philosophers, and by which he could instantly win the affections of the female;—he *wrote* well, and he *sung* well. He composed *love-verses* so beautiful, and *songs* so agreeable, as well for the *words* as the *airs*, that all the world got them by heart, and the name of his mistress was spread from province to province.

What a gratification to the enthusiastic, the amorous, the vain Eloisa!

ARISTOTLE

ARISTOTLE AND PLATO.

OF all men of letters who have appeared, perhaps there never was one on whom so much praise and so much censure have been lavished as on Aristotle: but he had this advantage, of which some of the most eminent scholars have been deprived, that he enjoyed during his life a splendid reputation. Philip of Macedon must have felt a strong conviction of his merit, when he wrote to him in these terms, on the occasion of the birth of Alexander:—‘ I receive from the gods, this day, a son ; but I thank them not so much for the favour of his birth, as his having come into the world in a time when you can have the care of his education ; and that, through you, he will be rendered worthy of being my son.’

Diogenes Laertius describes the person of the Stagyrite, by informing us, that his eyes were little, and his legs lank ; that he stammered, and was fond of a magnificent dress, and wore costly rings. He had a mistress whom

whom he loved passionately, and for whom he frequently acted inconsistent with the philosophic character: a thing as common with philosophers as with other men.

Aristotle had studied under the divine Plato: but the disciple and the master could not possibly agree in their doctrines; they were of opposite tastes and talents. Plato was the chief of the Academic sect, and Aristotle of the Peripatetic. Plato, says the author of *Querelles Litteraires*, (a work which is supposed to have received many finishing strokes from the hand of Voltaire) was simple, modest, frugal, and of austere manners; a good friend, and a zealous citizen; but a very bad politician: a lover indeed of benevolence, and desirous of diffusing it amongst men, but knowing little of them; as chimerical in his ideas as Rousseau, or our Sir Thomas Moore in his Utopia.

Aristotle had nothing of the austerity of the philosopher: he was open, pleasant, and even charming in his conversation; fiery and volatile in his pleasures; magnificent in his dress. They describe him as fierce, disdainful, and sarcastic. He joined to a taste for profound erudition, that of an
x elegant

elegant dissipation. His passion for luxury occasioned him such expences, when he was young, that he consumed all his property.

Rapin has sketched an ingenious parallel of these two celebrated philosophers. The works of this critic are now so little read, that the reader will not be displeased to find it here.

The genius of Plato is more polished, and that of Aristotle more vast and profound. Plato has a lively and abundant imagination; fertile in invention, in ideas, in expressions, and in figures; displaying a thousand different turns, a thousand new colours, all agreeable to their subject: but, after all, it is nothing more than imagination. Aristotle is hard and dry in all he says; but what he says is all reason, though it is expressed drily: his diction, pure as it is, has something uncommonly austere; and his obscurities, natural or affected, disgust and fatigue his readers. Plato is equally delicate in his thoughts and in his expressions. Aristotle, though he may be more natural, has not any delicacy: his style is simple and even, but close and nervous; that of Plato is grand and elevated, but
loose

loose and diffuse. Plato always says more than he should say: Aristotle never says enough, and leaves the reader always to think more than he says. The one surprises the mind, and charms it by a flowery and sparkling character: the other illuminates and instructs it, by a just and solid method. Plato communicates something of genius, by the fecundity of his own; and Aristotle something of judgment and reason, by that impression of good sense which appears in all he says. In a word, Plato frequently only thinks to express himself well; and Aristotle only thinks, to think justly.'

An interesting anecdote is related of these philosophers.—Aristotle became the rival of Plato: Literary disputes long subsisted betwixt them. The disciple ridiculed his master, and the master treated contemptuously his disciple. To make his superiority manifest, Aristotle wished for a regular disputation before an audience, where erudition and reason might prevail. But this satisfaction was denied.

Plato was always surrounded by his scholars, who took a lively interest in his glory. Three of these he taught to rival Aristotle;
and

and it became their mutual interest to depreciate his merits. Unfortunately, one day, Plato found himself in his school without these three favourite scholars. Aristotle flies to him: a crowd gathers, and enters with him. The idol whose oracles they wished to overturn was presented to them. He was then (says the Abbé Iraïld) a respectable old man; the weight of whose years had enfeebled his memory. The combat was not long. Some sophisms made rapidly, embarrassed Plato. He saw himself surrounded by the inevitable traps of the subtlest logic; and he only answered by these words, which reproached his ancient scholar — ‘He has kicked against us, as a colt against its mother.’

Soon after this humiliating adventure, he ceased to give public lectures. Aristotle remained master in the field of battle. He quickly raised a school, and devoted himself to render it the most famous one in Greece. But the three favourite scholars of Plato, zealous to avenge the cause of their master, and to make amends for their imprudence in having quitted him, armed themselves against the usurper. Xenocrates, the

the most ardent of the three, attacked Aristotle; confounded the logician, and re-established Plato in all his rights. Since that time the Academic and Peripatetic sects, animated by the spirits of their several chiefs, avowed an eternal hatred for each other.

MARTIN LUTHER AND CALVIN.

To oppose the Church of Rome in their idea of Prayers addressed to the Saints, *Luther denied the immortality of the soul*. He said it expired with the body, but that God revived both. So that, according to his opinion, no one could enter into the visible presence of God till this operation had taken place. The Romish Church holding a contrary opinion, he treated as impious what it inculcates concerning the immortality of the soul. These are dreadful shifts for men who pretend to act by an impulse of the Divinity!

Calvin was originally named *Cauvin*. His stipend, as minister at Geneva, was as miserable

ferable as the income of a Welch curate. He was subject to *eleven* different maladies, which, continually afflicting him, irritated his dispositions. He had, indeed, so much acerbity in his temper, that he became unsupportable to those who were near him. It was this that occasioned many Germans to say—‘that they preferred being in hell with Beza, to being in paradise with Calvin.’ Every day he taught theology, preached, and held various conferences; yet, in spite of all his occupations, he contrived to leave behind him, as an author, nine ponderous folios! He died at Geneva, in 1594, aged fifty-five. He was a learned man; but he has caused a world of woe. He strove ambitiously to overturn every thing. He was cruel and vindictive: he occasioned the persecution of Michael Servetus, who was so cruelly put to death in the name of a Christian Religion, and by the hands of men who profess Evangelical gentleness; and all this for a difference about the Trinity!

TERTULLIAN.

TERTULLIAN, a father of the Primitive Church, was an African. He is a most terrible author, and does not yield easily to the hand of the translator. He is all nerves; his pen pierces like a graver: his style would appear shocking to the present race of readers.

With him *Discipline* means the Rights of Religion; *Faith*, it's Theory; and *God* and *Discipline*, mean God and his Worship. He calls the Christians *Little Fish*, because they are regenerated in the waters of Baptism: those who are baptized, *Candidatos Baptismi*; alluding to the White Robes the baptized wore till the succeeding Sunday, which was therefore called the White Sunday. This is surely burlesquing the rites of baptism. In this style are all his works composed; and there have been many writers on Sacred topics who greatly admire these flourishes of his pen. We may approve of their religious zeal, but not of
their

their taste in composition. Balzac, who pretends to be his admirer, gives a very ingenious reason for it: he says—‘ It must be confessed that his style is obscure; but that, like the richest ebony, through it’s excess of darkness, it is bright.’ An idle conceit, like this, offers but a weak apology for the defects of a writer.

Lactantius censures him for his inelegance and harshness.

Malebranche says, that—² his manner of writing dazzles the understanding; and that, like certain authors whose imaginations are vivid, he persuades us without the aid of reason. But he was a visionary, and destitute of judgment. His fire, his raptures, and his enthusiasm, upon the most trivial subjects, plainly indicate a disordered imagination. What hyperboles! What figures!’

Salmasius, the acuteſt commentator of the moderns, when he undertook to examine his writings, declared, that certainly no one ever ſhall underſtand him.

Yet this is one of the fathers who eſta- bliſhed Chriſtianity; and I am pained to ob- ſerve, that a candid criticiſm on ſo *bad a*

writer will be looked upon as committing an impiety towards Christianity, by certain zealots of religion, who seem in their notions to be at least some centuries remote from the enlightened spirit of this age. But let it be considered, that I presume not to decide on matters of religious faith, but only on those which concern the four-and-twenty letters of the Alphabet. Besides, we have so many other instances in men of all religions, who have proved very *good saints*, though they have been otherwise singularly *illiterate*. *Inspiration* has nothing to do with *Knowledge*. The *Bible* has little relation with the *Cyclopædia*. Had *Whitefield* and *Wesley* applied themselves to *Literature*, (so very mean were their abilities) we should not have heard of their names. But devoting themselves to *Inspiration*, they have been followed by thousands of the *Canaille*.

MADE-

MADEMOISELLE DE SCUDERY.

Bien heureux SCUDERY, dont la fertile plume
Peut tous les mois sans peine enfanter un volume.

IT is Boileau who has written the above couplet on the Scuderies, the brother and sister, both famous in their day for composing Romances, which they sometimes extended to ten or twelve volumes. It was the favourite literature of that period, as much as the *Novels* of the present times; or, to be more correct, of the present hour. Our nobility not infrequently condescended to translate these voluminous compositions.

The diminutive size of our modern novels is undoubtedly an improvement; but, in resembling the size of *Primers*, it were to be wished that their contents had also resembled their inoffensive page. Our great grandmothers were incommoded with overgrown folios; and, instead of finishing the eventful history of two lovers at one or two sittings, it was sometimes six months, includ-

ing *Sundays*, before they could get quit of their Cleliases, their Cyrus's, and Parthenissas.

Mademoiselle Scudery, *Menage* informs us, had composed *ninety volumes*! the materials of which were entirely drawn from her own fertile invention. She had even finished another Romance; but which she would not give the public, whose taste, she saw, no more relished these kinds of works.

‘What a pleasing description,’ he elsewhere observes, ‘has Mademoiselle Scudery made, in her *Cyrus*, of the Little Court at Rambouillet! There are a thousand things in the Romances of this learned lady that render them inestimable. She has drawn from the ancients their happiest passages, and has even improved upon them. Like the prince in the fable, whatever she touches becomes gold. We may read her works with great profit, if we possess a correct taste, and wish to gather instruction. Those who censure their *length*, only shew the littleness of their judgment; as if Homer and Virgil were to be despised, because many of their books are filled with episodes and incidents that necessarily retard the conclusion.

sion. It does not require much penetration to observe, that *Cyrus* and *Clelia* are species of the *Epic* poem. The *Epic* must embrace a number of events to suspend the course of the narrative; which only taking in a part of the life of the hero, would terminate too soon to discover the skill of the poet. Without this artifice, the charm of uniting the greater part of the Episodes to the principal subject of the Romance would be lost. Mademoiselle de Scudery has so well treated them, and so aptly introduced a variety of beautiful passages, that nothing in this kind is comparable to her productions. If we except some expressions, and certain turns, which have become somewhat obsolete, all the rest will last for ever, and outlive the criticisms they have undergone.

Menage has here certainly uttered a false prophecy. Few know her Romances but by their names: and this *critique* must be allowed to be given rather in the spirit of friendship than of true criticism.

I shall add to this article the sentiments of a modern French writer, who has displayed great ingenuity in his strictures.

‘The misfortune of her having written too abundantly has occasioned an unjust contempt. We confess there are many heavy and tedious passages in her voluminous Romances; but if we consider that, in the Clelia and the Artamene, are to be found inimitable delicate touches, and many splendid parts which would do honour to some of our living writers, we must acknowledge that the great defects of all her works arise from her not writing in an age when taste had reached the acmé of cultivation which it now has. Such is her erudition, that the French place her next to the celebrated Madame Dacier. Her works, containing many secret intrigues of the court and city, her readers relished, on their early publication, more keenly than we can at present.’

Her Artamenes, or the great Cyrus, and principally her Clelia, are representations of what then passed at the court of France. The *Map of the Kingdom of Tendernefs* in Clelia, appeared, at the time, to be the effect of the happiest invention. This celebrated *map* is an allegory which distinguishes the different kinds of tendernefs, which are reduced to esteem, gratitude, and inclination.

tion. It is thus the map represents three rivers, which have these three names, and on which are situated three towns, called Tendernefs: Tendernefs on *Inclination*; Tendernefs on *Esteem*; and Tendernefs on *Gratitude*. *Pleasing Attentions*, or *Petit Soins*, is a *village* very beautifully situated. Mademoiselle De Scudery was extremely vain of this little allegorical map; and had a terrible controversy with another writer about it's originality.

Some things similar are invented, I think, by Mrs. Barbauld; and a Scale of Health by Dr. Lettsom. Their ingenuity has given a value to these literary amusements.

THE SCALIGERS.

THE Man of Letters must confess—reluctantly, perhaps—that the literature which stores the head with so many ingenious reflections, and so much admirable intelligence, may at the same time have little or no influence over the virtues of the heart. The same vices, and the same follies, disgrace

grace the literate and the illiterate. Who possessed a profounder knowledge of the Grecian learning, or was a more erudite critic, than *Burman*? Yet this man lived unobservant of every ordinary decency and moral duty. Who displayed more acuteness of mind, and a wider circle of literature, than the celebrated *Scaligers*? Yet, from the anecdotes and characters I collect of them, let the reader contemplate the *men*.

The two Scaligers, father and son, were two prodigies of learning and of vanity, Scioppius has tore the mask of that principality with which the father had adorned himself; for the elder Scaliger maintained, that he was descended from the *La Scalas*, princes of Verona.

Abbé Iraïld, the anonymous author of a curious work, entitled 'Literary Quarrels,' (in which may be frequently traced the bold and lively touch of his patron, Voltaire) affords me some materials for an account of this singular controversy,

Joseph Scaliger inherited from his father, with an ardent love for study, the most ridiculous vanity, with a most caustic and most unsufferable humour. His writings
are

are a mass of useful materials, and gross invectives against all those who would not acknowledge him to be the phoenix of authors. Intoxicated with the absurd panegyrics of his friends, he imagined that Nature had exhausted herself to produce him. He was a literary despot. He gloried in being conversant with thirteen languages, that is to say, he knew none. To the fury of his criticism living and dead authors were alike sacrificed.

He gave, in 1594, a work under the title of 'A Letter from Joseph Scaliger, on the Antiquity and Splendour of the Scaligerian Race.' Whatever Pride in all its delirium could imagine of extravagant and chimerical in genealogy, is collected in this writing. The author attempts to prove that his family descended from the ancient princes of Verona. The life of his father is the most curious morsel. Julius is represented as the greatest warrior of the age, because, in his youth, it happened he was reduced to serve as a common soldier in Italy; as the most skilful physician in Europe, because he had served in an apothecary's shop; as a better Latinist than Erasmus, and superior

in every thing to Cardan, because he had been the avowed enemy of both. This monument, thus hastily reared to the glory of all the past and future Scaligers, appeared to Scioppius, who himself had some ridiculous pretensions of a similar nature, as an outrage to his own ideal family.

He immediately refuted the Letter from one end to the other: he even counted the lies it contains, and he very accurately tells us they amount to 499. He says, and he is now credited, that he was originally named Jules Burden; that he was born in the shop of a gilder; had passed some part of his life with a surgeon; and then became a cordelier. The elevation of his mind made him aspire to honours greater than these: he threw off his frock, and took the degree of Doctor in Physic at Paris. In this character he appeared at Venice, and in Piedmont. He there attached himself to a prelate of the noble House of Roverea, and followed him to Agen, of which his patron was made bishop. He married the daughter of an apothecary. Such were the parents of Joseph Scaliger; who, finding this chimerical principality in his family, passed himself for a

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prince ; and, to render the impositions of his father more credible, he added many of his own.

What an humiliation for Scaliger, to be attacked in so sensible a part. He directly sent forth a furious libel against his adversary : it is entitled ‘ The Life, and the Parents, of Gaspard Scioppius.’ Never were blots in an escutcheon blacker. His father was pictured as a man that had assumed a variety of shapes, but always of the meanest and roguish class : the good lady his mother was infamous ; and he pursues, without mercy, his daughters, his sons, and his grand-children.

Scioppius (says the Abbé) crushed him in a volume, which will hardly find it’s equal for foul abuse. It was written with such asperity, that (Baillet says) Scioppius was more to be dreaded than the hangman. This blow the dethroned Scaliger could never recover ; and, as Menage observes of this work, he died of the chagrin he felt on the occasion of Scioppius’s book being published, entitled *Scaliger Hypobolymæus*.

‘ Yet we may,’ observes Huet, ‘ say, with Lipsius, that if the two Scaligers were not actually

actually princes, they richly merited a principality, for the beauty of their genius and the extent of their erudition; but we can offer no apology for their ridiculous and singular haughtiness.

‘When a friend was delineating his character, the father wrote to him in these terms —“ Endeavour to collect whatever is most beautiful in the pages of Mafiniffa, of Xenophon, and of Plato, and you may then form a portrait which, however, will resemble me but imperfectly.”

Yet this man possessed little delicacy of taste, as he evinces by the false judgments he passes on Homer and Musæus; and, above all, by those unformed and rude poems with which he has dishonoured Parnassus. Menage says, that the collection of Scaliger’s poems, which forms a thick octavo volume, will hardly find it’s equal for bad composition, considering them as the productions of a man of letters. Of a great number of epigrams, there are but four or five which are in the least tolerable.

Huet thinks that his son composed those letters which pass under his name; and, as he is an exquisite judge of style, we should credit

credit his opinion. But, though his poetry is so destitute of spirit or grace, his prose, it must be allowed, is excellent: nothing can be more noble, higher polished, or more happily turned.

The son possessed a finer taste: his style is more flowing and easy, and yet is not the less noble. His writings, like those of the father, breathe singular haughtiness and malignity. The Scaligerana will convince us that he was incapable of thinking or speaking favourably of any person. Although he has reflected honour on his age by the extensiveness of his learning, we must confess that he has not seldom fallen into gross errors, even on those subjects to which he had most applied. As for instance, Chronology, which was his favourite study; and although he imagined that he stretched the sceptre over the realms of Criticism, no one has treated this topic with less felicity. It was the reform of the Calendar then pending at Rome which engaged him in this study. He wished to shew the world that he was more capable than all those who had been employed. If the success of this labour had depended on the extent and variety

ty of erudition, he had eminently surpassed all those who had applied to this task ; but he was their inferior in the solidity of his judgment, in the exactness of his arguments, and the profundity of his speculations, When he fondly believed that he had found the Quadrature of the Circle, he was corrected, and turned into ridicule, by an obscure schoolmaster ; who, having clearly pointed out the paralogism which deceived him, made his cyclometrics vanish at his touch.

‘ Scaliger, the father, was,’ says Patin, ‘ an illustrious impostor. He had never been at any war, nor at any court of the Emperor Maximilian, as he pretended. He passed the first thirty years of his life in one continued study. Afterwards, he threw off his Monk’s frock, and palmed on all Europe the singular imposition of his being a descendant of the princes of Verona, who bore the name of Scaliger.’

Julius Scaliger had this peculiarity in his manner of composition: he wrote with such accuracy, that his manuscript and the printed copy always corresponded page for page, and line for line. This may appear trifling
infor-

information; but I am persuaded that a habit of correctness in the lesser parts of composition assists the higher.

I am pleased to find long after this was written, that the great Milton was very anxious for the correctness of his punctuation, and all other minutæ of the press. So were Bayle, Balzac, Savage, Armstrong, and many other eminent writers.

George Psalmanazar, well known in the literary world, exceeded in powers of deception any of the great impostors of learning. His *Island of Formosa* was an illusion eminently bold, and maintained with as much felicity as erudition; and vast must have been that erudition which could, on scientific principles, form a language and its grammar.

DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

THE maxims of this noble author are in the hands of every one. To those who chuse to derive every motive and every action from the solitary principle of *self-love*,

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they are inestimable. They form one continued satire on human nature; but they are not reconcilable to the feelings of him who trembles with the sensibilities of genius, or passes through life with the firm integrity of virtue.

The character of this author is thus given by Segrais—'The Duke de la Rochefoucault had not studied; but he was endowed with a wonderful degree of discernment, and knew the world perfectly well. It was this that afforded him opportunities of making reflections, and reducing into maxims those discoveries which he had made in the heart of man, of which he displayed an admirable knowledge.'

Chesterfield, our English Rochefoucault, we are also informed, possessed an admirable knowledge of the heart of man; and he, too, has drawn a similar picture of human nature. These are two *noble authors*, whose chief studies seem to have been made in *courts*. May it not be possible, allowing these authors not to have written a sentence of apocrypha, that the fault lies not so much in *human nature* as in the *nobility* themselves?

MAT-

MATTHEW PARIS.

A FRENCH critic has given this just and lively criticism on our historian—

‘ Matthew Paris, an English Monk, is a good historian, if we except his Visions, and his Apparitions, with which his work is crowded. This is his worst side. But in those times, when they wrote history, it was as essential to recount a number of miracles, as it is in the present day to reject them, unless they are introduced to raise a laugh.

‘ Matthew Paris is, however, sincere, and frank ; and, without labouring at delineating the portraits of his heroes, he presents us with all the ideas which are necessary to be given. And this is more pleasing to me, than that vile affectation of continually drawing elaborate portraits; the great number of which disgust, and render the veracity of the author frequently suspected.’

Will not this last censure fall heavy on the *characters* which Smollet has given us at the conclusion of every reign of our mon-

narchs? Does not the author more frequently delineate the image of Imagination, than that of historic Truth?

THE NUMERAL FIGURES.

THE Numeral Figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, which we now employ, began to be made use of, in Europe, for the first time, in 1240, in the Alphonsean Tables, made by the order of Alphonso, son of Ferdinand, King of Castile; who employed, for this purpose, Isaac Hazan, a Jew singer, of the Synagogue of Toledo; and Abel Ragel, an Arabian. The Arabs took them from the Indians, in 900. The other Eastern nations received them through the means of the Spaniards, in a short time after their invasions. The first Greek who made use of them, was Plenudes, in a work dedicated to Michael Paleologus, in 1270; so that the Greeks had them not from the Arabs, but the Latins.

These cyphers, in the indexes of French books, are frequently called *Arabic cyphers*,

to distinguish them from *Roman numerals*. Dr. Wallis is of opinion, that they became generally used in England about the year 1130. This account is disputable.

THE ARABIC CHRONICLE.

THE Arabic Chronicle of Jerusalem is only valuable from the time of Mahomet. For such is the stupid superstition of the Arabs, that they pride themselves on being ignorant of whatever has passed before the mission of their Prophet. The most curious information it contains, is concerning the Croisades. The Abbé de Longerue has translated several parts. He who would be versed in the history of the Croisades, should attend to this chronicle. It seems to have been written with impartiality. It renders justice to the Christian heroes, and particularly dwells on the gallant actions of the Count de Saint Gilles.

What seems worthy of observation, *our* historians chiefly write concerning *Godfrey de Bouillon*; only the learned know that the

Count *de Saint Gilles* acted there so important a character. The stories of the *Saracens* are just the reverse: they speak little concerning Godfrey, and eminently distinguish Saint Gilles.

Tasso has given into the more vulgar accounts, by making the former so eminent, at the cost of the other heroes, in his *Jerusalem Delivered*. It was thus that Virgil transformed, by his magical power, the chaste Dido into a lover; and Homer, the meretricious Penelope into a moaning matron. It is not requisite for poets to be historians; but I wish that historians would not be so frequently poets.

PRIOR'S HANS CARVEL.

THE story of the Ring of Hans Carvel which Fontaine has so prettily set off, and Prior has with such gaiety and freedom related, is yet of very ancient standing; but it has proved so much a favourite, that a number of authors have employed it. Menage

nage says, that Poggius, who died in 1459, has the merit of it's invention.

Rabelais, who has given it in his peculiar manner, changed it's original name of Philolphus, to that of Hans Carvel.

This tale will also be found in the eleventh of the One Hundred New Novels collected in 1461.

Ariosto has borrowed it, at the end of his fifth Satire ; but, by his pleasant manner of relating it, we must confess it is fairly appropriated.

An anonymous writer, who published a Collection of Novels, at Lyons, in 1555, has also employed it in his eleventh Novel.

Cellio Melespini has it again in page 288 of the Second Part of his Two Hundred Novels, printed at Venice in 1609.

Fontaine, and an anonymous writer who has composed it in Latin Anacreontic verses, have considered it to be a subject worthy of their pens ; and, at length, our Prior has given it to us in his best manner : so that I may venture to predict that, after Ariosto, La Fontaine, and Prior, he who again attempts it in the politer languages, will partake the dishonourable fate of Icarus.

Voltaire, in one of his Literary Miscellanies, has a curious Essay, to shew that most of our best modern stories and plots originally belonged to the Eastern Nations. The *Amphitruon* of Moliere, was an imitation of Plautus, who had borrowed it from the Greeks, who had taken it from the Indians. It is given by Dow in his *History of Hindostan*.—The *Ephesian Matron*, versified by La Fontaine, was borrowed from the Italians; it is to be found in Petronius, and Petronius had it from the Greeks. But where (says he) did the Greeks find it? In the Arabian Tales. And from whence did the Arabian Fabulists borrow it? From the Chinese. And indeed it is to be found in Du Halde, who collected it from the Versions of the Jesuits.

If we were thus nicely to investigate the *genealogy* of our best modern stories, we should often discover their *illegitimate* birth.

THE ATHENIAN TRIBUNAL FOR DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.

THE Athenians established a Tribunal, composed of five judges, to give their verdict on the merits of Compositions destined for the Theatre, and to decide if they deserved a public representation. The Romans had a similar tribunal.

To give an instance of the critical severity of these judges—They even arraigned at their bar *Euripides*, to make his defence for having permitted one of his dramatic characters impiously to say—‘ That he had made a vow with his tongue to the gods, but not with the intention of performing it.’ *Euripides* defended himself, by supplicating the critics patiently to wait till the conclusion of the piece, when they would see that character broken on the wheel.

If such a Tribunal of Criticism was established at London, it would render the stage more instructive than it is at present; we might probably have fewer wretched operas;

ras; such vapours of wit, and dregs of the imagination, would be purged away from the purity of dramatic composition.

THE FLORENCE PROFESSOR.

AT Florence they have established a Professor, chosen from amongst the most eminent of the Della Crusca Academicians, who professes publicly the Italian language. It was thus, also, the Romans established a similar Student, who dedicated his life to the profession of their language.

I cannot but wish that an *Academy*, or at least a *Professorship*, were founded in England, for the preservation of our language: they might censure any faulty innovations which appeared in the style of those compositions which were likely to become extensive in their circulation. They might detect the tinsel of Della Crusca, the Gallicisms of Gibbon, and the Scotticisms of Blair, on their earliest publication. They would compel our authors to be more vigilant;

lant; and we might thus be enabled to leave our heirs the rich inheritance of a classical style, who, in their gratitude, would recompense our labours, by delivering it down to posterity uncontaminated.

Swift, and other good judges of the purity of the English language, have testified their desire for such an establishment; and, although I have not forgotten the sentiments of Johnson on this occasion, I cannot but oppose them. Had there been such an *Academy*, or *Professorship*, founded in the days the *Rambler* was published, posterity would have read as many protests against the pedantic Latinity of his English as there are papers in that work. He seems to have been sensible, though somewhat late, of his error; for his biographical style is, indeed, a classical standard of the English language. It was *then* he most cordially praised the Addisonian periods. Akenfide has committed the same violations in *verse* which Johnson has in *prose*.

THE STUDENT IN THE METROPOLIS.

A MAN of Letters, who is more intent on the acquisitions of literature than on the plots of politics, or the speculations of commerce, will find a deeper solitude in a populous metropolis than if he had retreated to the seclusion of the country. The Student, as he does not flatter the malevolent passions of men, will not be much incommoded with their presence. A letter which *Descartes* wrote to Balzac—who, incapable as he found his great soul to bend to the servilities of the courtier, was preparing to retire from court—will illustrate these sentiments with great force and vivacity. *Descartes* then resided in the commercial city of Amsterdam; and thus writes to Balzac—

‘ You wish to retire; and your intention is to seek the solitude of the Chartreux, or, possibly, some of the most beautiful provinces of France and Italy. I would rather advise you, if you wish to observe mankind,
and

and at the same time to be plunged into the deepest solitude, to join me in Amsterdam. I prefer this situation to that even of your delicious villa, where I spent so great a part of the last year: for, however agreeable a country-house may be, a thousand little conveniences are wanted, which can only be found in a city. One is not alone so frequently in the country as one could wish: a number of impertinent visitors are continually besieging you. Here, as all the world, except myself, is occupied in commerce, it depends merely on myself to live unknown to the world. I walk, every day, amongst immense ranks of people, with as much tranquillity as you do in your green alleys. The men I meet with make the same impression on my mind as would the trees of your forests, or the flocks of sheep grazing on your common. The busy hum, too, of these merchants, does not disturb one more than the purling of your brooks. If sometimes I amuse myself in contemplating their anxious motions, I receive the same pleasure which you do in observing those men who cultivate your land; for I reflect, that the end of all their labours

labours is to embellish the city which I inhabit, and to anticipate all my wants. If you see with delight the fruits of your orchards, which promise you such rich crops, do you think I feel less in observing so many fleets, that convey to me the productions of either India? What spot on earth could you find, which, like this, can so interest your vanity, and gratify your taste?

GUY PATIN.

GUY PATIN was an author who made much noise in his time: but, like many others of this kind, posterity, more temperate, as less interested in the scandal of the day, will not allow pertness to be *wit*, and multifarious anecdote, *learning*. We, as Englishmen, must peculiarly feel our indignation kindle at the strictures which I shall notice; and which, garbage, as they are, have been hashed up by D'Argens, Voltaire, and many a French literary *Guifinier*.

The work, for which he gained so much unmerited applause, consists of three vo-

lumes of letters, which were written to his friends in a familiar style, replete with the anecdotes of the day—a kind of newspaper, rather than an epistolary correspondence; and, like a newspaper, since time has commented on it's text, it will be found that the greater part of these anecdotes is false and malicious. They were read, however, with great avidity: but this criticism of Menage will be found to be just—

‘The Letters of Guy Patin are replete with falsehoods. Mr. Bigot and I have detected some in every page. He was not careful in what he wrote, and he took every thing as it came.’

‘These Letters,’ says Voltaire, ‘were read eagerly, because they contained anecdotes of such things as every body likes, and satires which are liked still more. They shew what uncertain guides in history those writers are, who inconsiderately set down the news of the day. Such accounts are frequently false, or perverted by the malice of mankind.’

Bayle, in criticising them, observes—‘It is proper the reader should know all the witty sayings and stories he relates are not true.’

true. There are some places, wherein he shews a *terrible malice*, and a *prodigious boldness*, in giving a criminal turn to every thing.'

This language is indeed forcible; it is certainly just. The reader may judge by the extract I now make out of the Patiniana, page 17. It was written when Salmasius finished his Defence of King Charles, which was so nervously answered by Milton.

'The book of Mr. Salmasius, written for the defence of the King of England, is now printed at Leyden, in French, and in Latin. This apology for a king, who has been beheaded by his people, is a delicate subject, and will not please every body. The *English*, who are the *worst*, the *most* cruel, and the *most* perfidious of people, pretend that they are countenanced by their religion, and the political law; but *Religio non fert Parricidas, Ecclesia nescit Sanguinem*. The most refined politics do not go so far as to *dare* to punish kings, like other malefactors, by the hand of the common hangman. The grandfather of this monarch was strangled by the Puritans of Scotland. His grandmother, Mary Stuart, was

beheaded in England, in the year 1587, by the command of Queen Elizabeth. I, who *naturally* hate the English, cannot but shudder with horror when I think of this nation.'

I shall say nothing on this extraordinary passage; but only remark that, though all this passed so near the times in which Patin lived, he has committed, in this short extract, a gross historical blunder, as Mr. James Petit Andrews has detected; to whose labours I take this opportunity of acknowledging myself indebted for much pleasurable information.

It has been a custom to echo amongst the Gallic writers, that the English nation are of the race

'—of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi——'

The very executions of our malefactors at Tyburn have been urged as a proof. Hear Voltaire—

'There have been sanguinary times in all nations; but, amongst the *English*, more illustrious men have been brought to the block than *in all Europe* besides. It was

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the character of this nation to commit legal murders. The gates of London have been infected with human heads fixed to the walls.'

D'Argens, in his *Philosophical Visions*, has given the character of the English nation, under the name of the Libertines, in the second Vision. The passage is too long to be quoted; but the power of his pencil seems not inferior to that of the lively Voltaire's in drawing our portrait with a vermillion hue. 'Monsters!' as Shakespeare says,

'—— whose heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders!'——

He says, that a civil war is our delight, and the beheading a monarch our amusement. This hardly deserves the name of wit; it is certainly destitute of truth. I have, not infrequently, thought that these lively and facetious writers (for surely they did not mean to be *serious*) are ignorant of their own history: no improbable circumstance with those who probably have *written* nearly as many books as they have *read*. I maintain, that *France* has known more sanguinary

guinary periods than England; and that *more* of their kings than of our own have come to an untimely end. Let us recollect the assassinations of Henry the Third and Fourth; the reigns of Henry the Second and Charles the Fourth; Louis the Thirteenth and Fourteenth; and let all the efforts of all the *Patins* produce a massacre in *England* so dreadful as that of St. Bartholomew in *France*!

THE TALMUD AND GEMARA.

THE *Talmud* is a collection of Jewish Traditions, which had been orally preserved. It comprizes the *Mishna*, which is the text; and the *Gemara*, it's commentary. It is a compleat system of the barbarous learning of the Jews. They have persuaded themselves, that these traditional explications are of a Divine origin: for they tell us, that the Pentateuch was written out by their legislator before his death; that the number of copies was thirteen, one for each tribe, and the remaining one was deposited in the

Ark. That the Oral Law 'was what Moses continually taught, in his Sanhedrim, to the Elders, and the rest of the people;' the mode of which, honest David Levi informs us, was thus—

'As soon as *Moses* was returned to his tent from receiving the words of God, he called *Aaron* thither unto him, and first delivered unto him the *Text*, which was to be the Written Law; and after that, the interpretation of it, which was the *Oral Law*, in the same order as he received *both* from God in the Mount. Then Aaron arising, and seating himself at the right-hand of Moses, Eleazar, and Ithamar, his sons went in the next; and being taught both these Laws at the feet of the Prophet, in the same manner as Aaron had been, they also arose and seated themselves; and then the Seventy Elders, who constituted the Sanhedrim, or Great Senate of the nation; and then entered all such of the people as were desirous of knowing the word of God.'

He then informs us that Moses, Aaron, his sons, and the Elders, made the same repetition before they withdrew—'So that the people having heard *both* these Laws repeated

ed to them four times, they all had it thereby firmly fixed in their memories ; but the interpretation thereof was to be delivered down, *only by word of mouth*, to the succeeding generations,' for which no reason is alledged.

It appears afterwards, that at the end of the 40th year of their flight from Egypt, the memory of the people became treacherous, and Moses was constrained to repeat, occasionally, this same *Oral Law* ; which (if it is not profane to say) had been much better *written*, as the Pentateuch was.

This history of the Talmud some may be inclined to suppose apocryphal. It appears that the Talmud was compiled by certain Jewish doctors, who were solicited for this purpose by their nation, that they might have something to oppose to their Christian adversaries. These doctors were descendants of the Ten Tribes of Israel, who were led into captivity by king Salmanazar, father of Sennacherib, in the reign of King Hosea. This book is a mixture of the Syriac, the Hebrew, and the vulgar Hebrew, which was the language spoken in the schools of the Rabbins, and which differs as

much from the other, as the Latin of Bartolinus from that of Cicero. This work contains nothing that is valuable, but a very heavy load of pious absurdities, of insipid stories, and palpable contradictions. The only apology that has been made for these extravagancies and idle fictions, is, that after the completion of the Talmud, those who succeeded in the schools are distinguished by the name of *Opinionists*, and not by that of *Doctors*; and that no Jew is compelled to receive them as matters of faith, although we are informed that this work originated (as we have already observed) from the Divinity itself.

Chevreau, in his History of the World, affords us a satisfactory account of the contents of this work. I shall give an abstract of his Analysis.

There are two Talmuds; the Jerusalem and the Babylonian. The last is the most esteemed, because it is the most bulky. It contains the oral traditions from the time of Moses, to Rabbi Jehuda Hakkodosh, an industrious young man, called the Prince of the Rabbins, because he most carefully collected their Reveries. This work is divided
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into six parts, of which every one which is entitled *Order*, is formed of *Treatises*: every *Treatise* is divided into *Chapters*, and every *Chapter* into *Mishnas*, or *Aphorisms*. In the *first* part, is discussed whatever relates to *Seeds*, *Fruits*, and *Trees*. In the *second*, *Feasts*. In the *third*, *Women*, their Duties, their *Disorders*, *Marriages*, *Divorces*, *Contracts*, and *Nuptials*. In the *fourth*, are treated the *Damages* or *Losses* sustained by *Beasts* or *Men*; of *Things found*; *Deposits*; *Usuries*; *Rents*; *Farms*; *Partnerships* in *Commerce*; *Inheritance*; *Sales* and *Purchases*; *Oaths*; *Witnesses*; *Arrests*; *Idolatry*; and here are named those by whom the *Oral Law* was received and preserved. In the *fifth* part, are noticed what regard *Sacrifices* and *holy things*: and the *sixth* treats on *Purifications*; *Vessels*; *Furniture*; *Cloaths*; *Houses*; *Leprosy*; *Baths*, and numerous other articles. All this forms the *MISHNA*.

This account from Chevreau is very accurate. I have compared it with the ampler analysis of David Levi. I refer the reader to a publication of the last writer, which has for title, ‘A succinct Account of the Rites and Ceremonies of the Jews, &c. By David

Levi.' This work is the only satisfactory one in our language, though very inferior to Leo de Modena. If allowance is made for the author's inexperience in literature, his integrity will be found highly commendable; and an honest man is superior to a fine writer. But why insist on the *divine origin* of the Talmud?

The GEMARA, that is, the *Accomplishment* or *Perfection*, contains the DISPUTES and the OPINIONS of the RABBINS on the oral traditions. Their last decisions. Elucidating absurdities by other absurdities! Chevreau writes, that the Jews have such veneration for this ridiculous compilement, that they compare the holy writings to *water*; the Talmud to *wine*; the text of Moses to *pepper*; the Talmud to *aromatics*. They also tell us, that of the twelve hours of which the day is composed, *God* employs nine to study the Talmud, and only three to read the written Law!

As the reader may be curious to know one of these Rabbinical Reveries, I have compiled some notices which they have given concerning *Adam*.

Adam's *body* was made of the earth of Babylon,

Babylon, his *head* of the land of Israel, his *other members* of other parts of the world, R. Meir thought he was compact of the earth gathered out of the whole earth; as it is written—*Thine eyes did see my substance.* Now it is elsewhere written—*The eyes of the Lord are over all the earth.* R. Aha expressly marks the twelve hours in which his various parts were formed. His stature was from one end of the world to the other; and it was for his transgression that the Creator, laying his hand in anger on him, lessened him; for before, (says R. Eleazer) ‘with his hand he reached the firmament.’ R. Jehuda thinks his sin was heresy; but R. Isaac thinks (as my author expresses it) that, ‘it was nourishing his foreskin.’

They farther inform us, that he was an Hermaphrodite, having both sexes, and a double body: the female parts joined at the shoulders and back parts to the male; their countenances turned from each other. And this they prove by Moses saying—‘*So God created man in his image, male and female created he them, and he called their name ADAM.*’ Adam, being solitary, cut himself in two, (a hint this to the Managers for their
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pantomimes) and found himself fitted for procreation. Leo Hebræus thus reconciles the fable of Plato's *Androgynus* with the narration of Moses, from which he thinks it is borrowed. Plato relates, that Jupiter, in the first forming of mankind, made them such *androgini*, with two bodies, of two sexes joined in the breast, which he divided for their pride, the navel still remaining as a *scar* of the wound then made.

This article may be sufficient to satiate the reader with a perusal of the Talmud. *Obe, jam satis est!* For his farther satisfaction, I refer him to *Basnage's Histoire des Juifs*, tome IV. p. 1323.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

THE present anecdote concerning Cardinal Richelieu, may serve to teach the man of letters how he deals out Criticisms to the *Great*, when they ask his opinion of manuscripts, be they in verse or prose.

The cardinal placed in a gallery of his palace the portraits of several illustrious
 8 men,

men. Among them was Blaise de Montluc, Marechal of France. He was desirous of composing the inscriptions which were to be placed round the portraits. That which he intended for Montluc was conceived in these terms: *Multa fecit, Plura scripsit, Vir tamen, Magnus fuit*. He shewed it without mentioning the author to Bourbon, the Royal Professor in Greek, and asked his opinion concerning it. Having read it, he expressed his dislike in warm terms, and thought it was Latin much in the style of the Breviary; and, if it had concluded with an *Allelujab*, it would serve for an *Anthem* to the *Magnificat*. The cardinal agreed with the severity of his strictures; and even acknowledged the discernment of the professor; 'for,' he said, 'it is really written by a priest.' But, however he might approve of Bourbon's critical powers, he punished without mercy his ingenuity. The pension his majesty had bestowed on him was withheld the next year.

The cardinal was one of those ambitious men, who foolishly aspire to excel in whatever a true Genius is most excellent; and, because he saw himself constantly disappointed,

pointed, he envied, with all the venom of rancour, those talents which are so frequently *all* that men of genius possess.

Here are two interesting anecdotes—He was jealous of Balzac, because his reputation became so splendid: he even offered the elder Heinsius ten thousand crowns to write a Criticism which should ridicule his elaborate compositions. This Heinsius refused, because Salmasius threatened to revenge Balzac on his *Herodes Infanticida*.

He attempted to rival the reputation of Corneille's Cid, by opposing to it one of the most ridiculous productions that was ever exhibited in the theatre. It was an allegorical tragedy, in which the *minister* had congregated the four quarters of the world. A great deal of political matter was thrown together, divided into scenes and acts. When he first sent it anonymously to the French Academy, it was reprobated. He then tore it in rage, and scattered it about his study. Towards evening, like another Medea lamenting over the members of her own children, he and his secretary passed the night in uniting the scattered limbs. He then ventured to avow himself; and, having

having pretended to correct this incorrigible tragedy, the submissive Academy retracted their censures—but the Public pronounced it's melancholy fate, on it's first representation. This was the tragedy which was intended to thwart Corneille's *Cid*. Enraged at it's success, Richelieu even commanded the Academy to publish an abusive *Critique* of it, which is well known in French literature. Boileau, on this occasion, has these two well turned verses—

‘ En vain contre le *Cid*, un Ministre se liguë;
Tout Paris, pour *Chimene*, a les yeux de *Rodrigue*.’

T’ oppose the *Cid*, in vain the Statesman tries;
All Paris, for *Chimene*, has *Rodrigue*’s eyes.’

It is said, that it is owing to the ill success of this tragedy that custom is derived, which the French have, of securing a number of friends to applaud their pieces at their first representations. In the *Recherches sur le Theatre*, p. 142, I find the following droll anecdote concerning this droll tragedy.

The minister, after the ill success of his tragedy, retired, unaccompanied, the same evening, to his country-house at Ruel. He
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then sent for his favourite Desmarests, who was at supper with his friend Petit. Desmarests conjecturing that the interview would be stormy, begged his friend to accompany him.

Well! said the cardinal, as soon as he saw them, the French will never possess a taste for what is excellent: they seem not to have relished my tragedy. My lord, answered Petit, it is not the fault of the piece, which is so admirable, but that of the *players*. Did not your Eminence perceive, that not only they knew not their parts, but that they were all *drunk*? Really, replied the cardinal, something pleased, I observed they acted it dreadfully ill.

- When Desmarests and Petit returned to Paris, they did not fail going to the players, to plan a *new mode* of performance, which was to *secure* a number of spectators; so that at the second representation bursts of applause were frequently heard!

- Richelieu had another singular vanity of closely imitating Cardinal Ximenes. Pliny was not a more servile imitator of Cicero. Marville tells us, that, like Ximenes, he placed himself at the head of an army; like
him,

him, he degraded princes and nobles; and like him, rendered himself formidable to all Europe. And because Ximenes had established schools of Theology, Richelieu undertook likewise to raise again the schools of the Sorbonne. And, to conclude, as Ximenes had written several theological treatises, our cardinal was also desirous of leaving posterity various polemical works.

Cardinal Richelieu had certainly an uncommon genius for politics. Many instances might be given. I shall notice two. Sir William Temple observes, that he instituted the French Academy to give employment to the *wits*, and to hinder them from inspecting too narrowly into his politics, and his administration. It is believed that the Marechal de Grammont lost an important battle by the orders of the cardinal, that, in this critical conjuncture of affairs, his majesty (who was inclined to dismiss him) could not then absolutely do without him.

These anecdotes will serve to shew, to what a degree of self-opinion Vanity may level a great man. He who would attempt to display universal excellence, will probably

bly be disappointed ; it is certain he will be impelled to practise meannesses, and to act follies, which, if he has the least sensibility, must occasion him many a pang, and many a blush.

THE PLINIES.

PLINY was by much too bold to advance, in his Natural History, lib. 7. cap. 35. that the soul is not immortal. This is a dreadful sentiment to be disseminated throughout a state ; for, if this principle is established, the good will no more hope for a recompence of their miseries, nor the bad dread a punishment for their crimes.

To deny the immortality of the soul (as Mr. Monnoye observes) was not, in the days of Pliny, so bold an opinion as it would be now. It was then allowed to follow the opinions of Epicurus, who believed in the mortality of the soul; and Lucretius, in his celebrated poem, establishes this doctrine. Seneca, stoic as he was, anticipates, in several

veral passages of his works, the sentiment and even the expressions of Pliny.

Pliny was certainly a man of irreproachable character: but the truth is, that, like most of the Romans, he aspired to glory, by shewing that he could be an honest man without the hope of any future reward. The sentiment is noble, but let it be confined to the narrow circle of speculative philosophy.

Pliny, to express at the same time the invention and the malice of men, says, in writing on *Arrows*, that they have given wings to iron, and taught it to fly like a bird—had he even added, like a ravenous vulture, perhaps it might have heightened this poetical image. Had he lived when gunpowder, fire-arms, and bombs, were invented, what metaphors could the philosopher have found to equal his indignation! Aristotle and Milton have satirized this diabolical machinery, when they gave them to be employed by the demons.

The elder Pliny, who was so intimately acquainted with the human heart, says, on the subject of *Crystal Vases*, that their fragility enhances their price; and that it is the

boast of Luxury to make use of things that may, at the slightest blow, entirely perish.

The Younger Pliny has given (a French wit observes) so exact a description of his house, that it looks as if he wished to dispose of it. Men of taste are fond of perpetuating those scenes which their lives have been passed in embellishing.

This writer has given us this admirable sentiment—That He is a good man, and of strict morals, who pardons every one, as if he himself committed faults every day; and yet, who endeavours to abstain from them, as if he pardoned no one.

Pliny the younger was a servile imitator of Cicero, (whom indeed he adored) even in the minutest occurrences of life. This we may trace throughout his elegant epistles. In the thirty-third letter of the seventh book he intreats Tacitus, his friend, to notice him in his history. This favour he had before asked, in the sixteenth letter of the sixth book. A similar mode of proceeding was practised by Cicero. This great orator, in one of his letters, had the excessive vanity of writing to Luceius, to direct him in *what manner* he should mention him: and
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he begs him, that, in his annals, he would reserve an *entire volume* for his consulship ! Whatever may be the *vanity* of the *moderns*, they appear to have more art than the *ancients* in disguising it.

INNOVATION.

To an ingenious friend I am indebted for the present, and two subsequent articles.

The following short extract from a French writer, about the year 1500, may serve to shew, that the cry against *Innovation* is not peculiar to the clergy of the present day, even against the opinions of the most moderate amongst their own body.

Such persons were the brave bishops of the *Lionnois*, who assembled a Synod to reform the regulations of Saint Anthony in that province. The Monks of that place were distinguished by the title of the *Hogs of Saint Anthony* : they afflicted themselves with the pains of making *eight repasts* in one

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day,

day, to shew the weakness of Human Nature!

There were some Jesuits, and some young bishops, who made fine harangues, and long ones too to demonstrate that *such constitutions* admit of change, *habita ratione temporum*: that what our *ancestors* had done with a good intention, was, at this day, ridiculous. But to all these *reasons* the *sub-prior* of Saint Anthony only replied, snoring, with this grave and remarkable sentence—*Let us keep ourselves, in our time, from novelties.*

The contest was renewed with vigour on the other side: but the *sub-prior*, with his triple chin, persisted in the same argument; stammering out—*Let us keep—let us keep—keep ourselves—&c.*

However silly this reply of our well-fed prior may seem, it is the same which has now the force to resist all the salutary reforms which Reason and Good-sense so loudly call for in Institutions, not only rendered *obsolete* by Time, but defective and unjust in their *original* principles. It is the same grave and unmeaning exclamation, which, from the mouth of a *senator*, obstructs an
equal

equal representation ; and, from that of an *archbishop*, a revival of articles, which few can believe, though so many are bound to profess.

Mudge, a writer of different principles from the communicator of this article, has described the evils of anarchy, in a sermon on that subject, by the following admirable figure—when *Innovation* becomes *Anarchy*, the similitude is just. ‘Every man projected and reformed, and did what was right in his own eyes. No image can better express such a condition, than that of a *dead animal in a state of putrefaction* ; when instead of *one noble creature*, as it was when life held it together, there are *ten thousand little nauseous reptiles* growing out of it, *every one crawling in a path of it's own.*’

ON THE CUSTOM OF SALUTING AFTER
SNEEZING.

SOME Catholics—says Father Feyjoo—have attributed the origin of this custom to the ordinance of a pope—Saint Gregory—

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who

who is said to have instituted a short prayer to be used on such occasions, at a time when a pestilence raged; the crisis of which was attended by *sneezing*, and, in most cases, followed by *death*.

The Rabbins have a tale, that, before Jacob, men never sneezed but *once*, and then immediately *died*: but that that Patriarch obtained the revocation of this law; the memory of which was ordered to be preserved in *all nations*, by a command of every prince to his subjects to employ some salutary exclamation after the act of sneezing.

These accounts are, probably, alike fabulous; the pious fictions of pious men; both because—continues Feyjoo—the enquiries of Aristotle concerning this strange circumstance, and the allusions to it in Apuleius, Petronius, Pliny, and others, prove it to have existed many ages prior to Saint Gregory; and it is related, in a Memoir of the French Academy of Sciences, to have been found practised in the New World, on the first discovery of America. This is not only said to be a fact, but some writers also give us an amusing account of the ceremonies which

which attend the *sneezing* of a King of Monomotapa—Those who are near his person, when this happens, salute him in so loud a tone, that those who are in the antichamber hear it, and join in the acclamation. Those who are in the adjoining apartments do the same, until the noise reaches the street, and becomes propagated throughout the city: so that, at each sneeze of his majesty, results a most horrid cry from the salutations of many thousands of his vassals.

That a custom, so universally prevalent, should have no plausible reason to support it, is rather curious.

To this may be added, the ridiculous reason given by Aristotle why we *sneeze twice*, once after another. It is, he says, because we have *two nostrils*! This is, as Menage observes, as ill imagined, as when he takes *comets* for *exhalations*.

‘BONAVENTURE DE PERIERS.’

A HAPPY art in the relation of a story, is, doubtless, a very agreeable talent—it has

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obtained La Fontaine all the applause his charming *naïveté* deserves.

‘*Bonaventure de Periers, Varlet de Chambre de la Royne de Navarre,*’ of whom the French have a little Volume of Tales, in prose, is, in my opinion, not inferior to him in the facility and sportiveness of his vein. His style is now, in many places, obsolete; neither could we, frequently, discover his sense, without the aid of his ingenious commentators; particularly M. de la Monnoye; from whose edition, in three volumes, I have extracted the following short anecdote, not as the best specimen of our scarce author, but as it introduces a novel etymology of a word in great use.

‘A student at law, who studied at Poitiers, had tolerably improved himself in cases of equity; not that he was overburthened with learning, but his chief deficiency was a want of assurance and confidence to display his knowledge. His father passing by Poitiers, recommended him to read aloud, and to render his memory more prompt by a continued exercise. To obey the injunctions of his father, he determined

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to read at the *Ministry*. In order to obtain a certain assurance, he went every day into a garden, which was a very secret spot, being at a distance from any house, and where there grew a great number of fine large cabbages. Thus, for a long time, as he pursued his studies, he went to repeat his lesson to these cabbages, addressing them by the title of *Gentlemen*; and dealing out his sentences, as if they had composed an audience of scholars at a lecture. After having prepared himself thus for a fortnight or three weeks, he began to think it was high time to take the *chair*; imagining that he should be able to harangue the scholars, as well as he had before done his cabbages. He comes forward, he begins his oration—but, before he had said a dozen words, he remained dumb, and became so confused, that he knew not where he was: so that all he could bring out was—*Domini, Ego bene video quod non estis caules*: that is to say—for there are some who will have every thing in plain English—*Gentlemen, I now clearly see you are not cabbages*. In the garden, he could conceive the *cabbages* to be *scholars*; but,

but, in the *chair*, he could not conceive the *scholars* to be *cabbages*.

The hall of the School of Equity, at Poitiers, where the institutes were read, was called *La Ministerie*. On which head, Florimond de Remond, (book vii. ch. 11.) speaking of Albert Babinot, one of the first disciples of Calvin, after having said he was called 'The *good man*,' adds, that, because he had been a Student of the Institutes at this Ministerie of Poitiers, Calvin, and others, stiled him *Mr. Minister*; from whence, afterwards, *Calvin* took occasion to give the name of MINISTERS to the pastors of his church.

DE THOU.

DE THOU is the *Livy* of the French nation. I will not dwell on the purity and the elegance of his style, his deep penetration into the mysteries of the cabinets of princes, nor on his accuracy, his impartiality, and, in a word, his historic excellence. I refer the
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the reader, for a character of this historian, to a paper in the *Essays* of the ingenious Mr. Knox. I offer only a *trait* of his eloquence; which, at once, shews the *man* was not less amiable than the *historian* was admirable.

‘How much,’ exclaims Bourbon, ‘does the perusal of the History of the President De Thou make a reader wish, if he is possessed of a feeling heart, fervidly to wish, to meet in his friend a soul like his! He preserved inviolable the ties of friendship. Attentive to fill the duties which it exacts, he did not only render all the services he could to his friends, but he sought every occasion to distinguish them by praise; and he did this with such an effusion of tender sentiment, and ingenuous ardour, that Envy herself could not take offence at the eulogiums of a rival. After having filled a page with the praises of Pierre Pithou, he closes his eulogium by adding, that he would say more—if he was not his friend!’

THE MONK TURNED AUTHOR.

THE prior of one of the most celebrated Convents in Paris had reiteratedly intreated Varillas, the historian, to examine a work composed by one of his Monks; and of which—not being himself addicted to letters—he wished to be governed by his opinion. Varillas at length yielded to the entreaties of the prior; and, to regale the critic, they laid on two tables, for his inspection, Seven enormous Volumes in Folio!!

This rather disheartened our reviewer: but greater was his astonishment, when, having opened the first volume, he found it's title to be, *Summa Dei-paræ*; and, as Saint Thomas had made a *Sum*, or System of Theology, so our Monk had formed a *Sum* of the *Virgin*! He immediately comprehended the design of our good father, who had laboured on this work full Thirty Years, and who boasted he had treated *Three Thousand* Questions concerning the Virgin; of which, he flattered himself, not a single one had

had ever yet been imagined by any one but himself!

Perhaps, a more extraordinary design was never known. Varillas, pressed to give his judgment on this work, advised the prior, with great prudence and good-nature, to amuse the honest old Monk with the hope of printing these Seven Folios, but always to start some new difficulties; for it would be inhuman to give so deep a chagrin to a man who had reached his 74th year, as to inform him of the nature of his favourite occupations; and that, after his death, he should throw the volumes into the fire.

GROTIUS.

THE Life of Grotius has been written by De Burigny.

The following anecdotes I select, because they appear interesting, and form a biographic sketch, which instructs the mind. They shew the singular felicity of a man of letters having a father who promoted his studies; and in what manner a student can pass his
hours

hours in the closest imprisonment. The gate of the prison has sometimes been the porch of fame.

Grotius was born with the happiest dispositions: he was studious from his infancy. He received from Nature, says De Burigny, a profound genius, a solid judgment, and a wonderful memory. He was so fortunate as to find in his father, a pious and able Mentor, who at once formed his genius and his heart. The young Grotius, in imitation of Horace, has celebrated in verse his gratitude for so good a father.

One of the most interesting circumstances in the life of this great man, and which most strongly marks the power of his genius, and the fortitude of his courage, is displayed in the manner in which he employed his time during his imprisonment. It does honour to religion and to science: it eminently proves the consolations which are reserved for the philosopher. When another is condemned to exile and captivity, if he lives, he despairs: the man of letters counts those very days as the sweetest hours of his life.

De Burigny informs us, that when he was a prisoner at the Hague, he laboured on a
Latin

Latin essay, on the means of terminating religious disputes, which cause so many infelicities in the State, in the Church, and in families; when he was carried to Louvestein, he resumed his law studies, which other employments had interrupted. He gave a portion of his time to moral philosophy, which engaged him to translate the maxims of the ancient poets, collected by Stobæus, and the fragments of Menander and Philemon. Every Sunday was devoted to read the Scriptures, and to write his Commentaries on the New Testament. In the course of this work he fell ill, but as soon as he recovered his health, he composed his Treatise, in Dutch verse, on the Truth of the Christian Religion. Sacred and profane authors occupied him alternately. His only mode of refreshing his mind, was to pass from one work to another. He sent to Vossius his Observations on the Tragedies of Seneca. He wrote several other works; particularly a little Catechism; in verse, for his daughter Cornelia: and, to conclude, he gathered materials to form his Apology. Add to these various labours, an extensive correspondence he held with the learned,

and his friends ; and, it is observed, his letters were so many treatises. Although his talents produced thus abundantly, his confinement was not more than two years. We may well exclaim here, in rather a trite expression, that his soul was not imprisoned.

Perhaps the most sincere eulogium, and the most grateful to this illustrious scholar, was that which he received at the hour of his death.

When this great man was travelling to Holland, he was suddenly struck by the hand of Death, at the village of Rostock. The parish minister, who was called in his last moments, ignorant who the dying man was, began to go over the trite and ordinary things said on those occasions. Grotius, who saw there was no time to lose in frivolous exhortations, as he found himself almost at the last gasp, turned to him, and told him, that he needed not those exhortations ; and he concluded by saying, *Sum Grotius?*— I am Grotius. *Tu magnus ille Grotius?*— ‘ What ! are you the great Grotius ? ’ interrogated the minister. What an eulogium !

ON THE ADJECTIVE 'PRETTY.'

'A YOUNG man,' says a critic, 'told me, the other day, that the *Verses* of Mr. Gray, were "pretty." They are more than "pretty," I answered him: you are like him, who having, for the first time in his life, seen the Sea, should exclaim—it was a *pretty* thing! It was thus also a puny officer, in talking of the Duke of Marlborough, said, after the battle of Ramillies, he was a *pretty* man. The father of the young officer, who was present, turned to him, with an austerity in his countenance he was little accustomed to wear—"And you are a pretty fool, *thus* to characterize the *greatest* man in England." The sterling weight of words is not always known to our juvenile critics.

ASTROLOGY.

A BELIEF in *Judicial Astrology* I conceive now to exist only in the lower classes of the

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people,

people, who may be said to have no belief at all; for the sentiments of those who are incapable of *reflection*, can hardly be said to amount to a *belief*. But a faith in this ridiculous system, in our country, is of very late existence.

When Charles the First was confined, Lilly, the astrologer, was consulted for what hour would be most favourable to effect his escape.

A story, which strongly proves how greatly Charles the Second was bigotted to Judicial Astrology, and whose mind was certainly not unenlightened, is recorded in Burnet's History of his Own Times.

Dryden cast the nativities of his sons; and, what is remarkable, his prediction relating to his son Charles took place. This incident is of so late a date, one might hope it would have been cleared up: but, if it is a fact, we must allow it affords a rational exultation to it's irrational adepts.

It has been known, or at least confidently reported of several, famous for their astrologic skill, that they have suffered a voluntary death, merely to verify their own predictions. This is related of *Cardan*, an

D:

Burton, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. It may appear an improbable circumstance: but who can draw the limit round the extravagance of a false zeal in any cause whatever?

It is curious to observe the shifts to which astrologers are put, when their predictions are not verified. It was thus great *winds* were predicted, by a famous adept, about the year 1586. No unusual storms, however, happened. Bodin, to save the reputation of the Art, applied it, as a *figure*, to some *revolutions* in the *State*; and of which there were instances enough at that moment.

The most singular astrological book, perhaps, is the *Life of Lilly*, the astrologer, written by himself. It was reprinted, being scarce, by Thomas Davies, 1774. I shall just observe of this egregious astronomer, that there is in this work, so much artless narrative, and at the same time so much palpable imposture, that it is difficult to know when he is speaking what he really believes to be the truth. It is well worthy our observation, that in a sketch of the state of astrology in his day, those adepts whose

R 2 characters

characters he has drawn, were the lowest miscreants of the town. Most of them had taken the air in the pillory, and others had conjured themselves up to the gallows. This seems a true statement of facts. But the same author informs us, that in his various conferences with *angels*, their voice resembled that of the *Irish*!

The work is curious for the anecdotes of the times it contains. The amours of Lilly with his mistress are characteristic. He was a very artful man, by his own accounts; and admirably managed matters which required deception and invention.

Astrology flourished in the time of the Civil Wars. The royalists and the rebels had their *astrologers*, as well as their *soldiers*; and I have no doubt the predictions of the former had a great influence over the latter.

Mr. Taylor, the Platonist, who is a friend to astrologers, has favoured me with the following version, translated from a fragment of an ancient Greek poet, preserved by Gronovius, in his edition of the *Apotelesmatica* of Manethon. Mr. Taylor observes, that it is singular that Gronovius should not have known that this fragment

is to be found in the printed Eclogues of Stobæus.

The writer gives an account of the influence of the planets on man.

Thro' heaven's bright path, with energy divine,
SEVEN widely-wandering stars, eternal shine;
The pleasant SUN; the MOON, fair lamp of night,
And SATURN sad, whom tears and woes delight,
VENUS, whose arts connubial love inspire,
And boisterous MARS, the friend of discord dire,
The powerful HERMES, decked with graceful wings,
And genial JOVE, from whom great Nature springs.
From these, revolving through the azure round,
A mighty INFLUENCE on our race is found.
Hence SATURN, HERMES, JOVE in MAN, are seen,
The SUN, MOON, MARS, and VENUS, Beauty's
Queen.

For by the Fate's inviolable law,
From an ætherial spirit, these we draw.
Thus Sleep, Tears, Laughter, Birth, Rage, Speech,
Desire,

These wandering Stars in human souls inspire.
For TEARS are SATURN, much afflicted power!
Our BIRTH is JOVE, who guards the natal hour.
Fair VENUS kindles soft DESIRE's alarms,
Our SLEEP's the MOON, our RAGE the GOD OF
ARMS;

Our SPEECH is HERMES, and with LAUGHTER gay
Accords the nature of the GOD OF DAY;
Since thro' the splendour of the solar light
Our reasoning powers are ravish'd with delight.

ALCHYMY.

IT was but the other day I read an advertisement in a newspaper, from one who pretends to have made great discoveries in the Hermetic Art. With the assistance of '*a little money*', he could '*positively*' assure the lover of this science, that he would repay him '*a thousand-fold!*' This science, if it merits to be distinguished by the name, is most certainly an imposition; which, striking on the feeblest part of the human mind, has so frequently been successful in carrying on it's delusions.

As late as the days of Mrs. Manly, the authoress of the *Atalantis*, is there on record a most singular delusion of Alchymy. The recollection whether it was herself, or another person, on whom it was practised
has

has now escaped me. From the circumstances, it is very probable the sage was not less deceived than his patroness.

It appears, that an infatuated lover of this delusive art met with one who pretended to have the power of transmuting lead to gold. This hermetic philosopher required only the materials, and time, to perform his golden operations. He was taken to the country residence of his patroness: a long laboratory was built; and, that his labours might not be impeded by any disturbance, no one was permitted to enter into it. His door was contrived to turn round on a spring; so that, unseen, and unseeing, his meals were conveyed to him, without distracting the sublime contemplations of the sage.

During a residence of two years, he never condescended to speak but two or three times in the year to his infatuated patroness. When she was admitted into the laboratory, she saw, with pleasing astonishment, stills, immense cauldrons, long flues, and three or four Vulcanian fires blazing at different corners of this magical mine; nor did she behold with less reverence the venerable figure

of the dusty philosopher. Pale and emaciated, with daily operations and nightly vigils, he revealed to her, in unintelligible jargon, his progresses: and, having sometimes condescended to explain the mysteries of the arcana, she beheld, or seemed to behold, streams of fluid, and heaps of solid ore, scattered around the laboratory. Sometimes he required a new still, and sometimes vast quantities of lead. Already this unfortunate lady had expended the half of her fortune, in supplying the demands of the philosopher. She began now to lower her imagination to the standard of reason. Two years had now elapsed, vast quantities of lead had gone in, and nothing but lead had come out. She disclosed her sentiments to the philosopher. He candidly confessed he was himself surprized at his tardy processes; but that now he would exert himself to the utmost, and that he would venture to perform a laborious operation, which hitherto he had hoped not to have been necessitated to employ. His patroness retired, and the golden visions of Expectation resumed all their lustre.

One day, as they sat at dinner, a terrible
shriek,

shriek, and one crack followed by another, loud as the report of cannon, assailed their ears. They hastened to the laboratory: two of the greatest stills had burst; one part of the laboratory was in flames, and the deluded philosopher scorched to death!

An author, who wrote in the year 1704, presents us with the following anecdote, concerning an Alchymical speculation.

‘The late Duke of Buckingham, being over-persuaded by a pack of knaves, who called themselves Chemical Operators, that they had the secret of producing the Philosopher’s Stone, but wanted money to carry on the process; his Grace engaged to assist them with money to carry on the work. and performed his promise at a vast expence. A laboratory was built, utensils provided, and the family filled with the most famous artists in the transmutation of metals—adepts of a superior class, who would concern themselves only about the grand elixir, and a pack of shabby curs, to attend the fires, and do other servile offices; and yet, forsooth, must be also called philosophers.

‘This great charge continued upon the duke for some years; for, whoever was un-
+ paid,

paid, or whatever was neglected, money must be found to bear the charge of the laboratory, and pay the operators; till this chimera, with other extravagancies, had caused the mortgaging and selling many fine manors, lordships, towns, and good farms.

‘ All this time, nothing was produced by these sons of art of any value; for, either the glass broke, or the man was drunk and let out the fire, or some other misfortune, still attended the grand process, at the time assigned for a *je ne sçai quoi* to be produced, that must turn all things to gold. The duke encountering nothing but disappointments, and the operators finding themselves slighted, and money very difficult to be had, the project fell!’

Penotus, who died at ninety-eight years of age, in the hospital of Sierdon, in Switzerland, had spent nearly his whole life in researches after the Philosopher’s Stone; and being, at length, from affluent circumstances reduced to beggary and reason, was accustomed to say—‘ That if he had a mortal enemy, that he durst not encounter openly, he would advise him, above all things, to
give

give himself up to the study and practice of Alchymy.'

Every philosophical mind must be convinced that Alchymy is not an art, which some have fancifully traced to the *remotest times*; it may be rather regarded, when opposed to such a distance of time, as a modern imposture. Cæsar commanded the treatises of Alchymy to be burnt throughout the Roman dominions; and this shews the opinion of one who is not less to be admired as a philosopher than as a monarch.

Mr. Gibbon has this succinct passage relative to Alchymy—'The ancient books of Alchymy, so liberally ascribed to Pythagoras, to Solomon, or to Hermes, were the pious frauds of more recent adepts. The Greeks were inattentive either to the use or the abuse of Chymistry. In that immense Register, where Pliny has deposited the discoveries, the arts, and the errors, of mankind, there is not the least mention of the transmutations of metals; and the persecution of Dioclesian is the first authentic event in the history of Alchymy. The conquest of Egypt, by the Arabs, diffused that vain science over the globe. Congenial to the
avarice

avarice of the human heart, it was studied in China, as in Europe, with equal eagerness and equal success. The darkness of the middle ages ensured a favourable reception to every tale of wonder; and the revival of learning gave new vigour to hope, and suggested more specious arts to deception. Philosophy, with the aid of experience, has at length banished the study of Alchymy; and the present age, however desirous of riches, is content to seek them by the humbler means of commerce and industry.'

'One Thomas Charnock,' Fuller says, 'in pursuance of the Philosopher's Stone, which so many do *touch*, few *catch*, and none *keep*, met a very sad disaster: once when he was on the point of *compleating* the grand operation, his work unhappily fell into the fire!' This is a misfortune which, I observe, has happened to every Alchymist.

Elias Ashmole writes in his diary—'May 13, 1653. My father Backhouse' [an astrologer, who had adopted him for his son—a common practice with these men] 'lying sick in Fleet Street, over-against Saint Dunstan's church, and not knowing whether he should

should live or die, about eleven of the clock, told me, in *syllables*, the true matter of the *Philosopher's Stone*, which he bequeathed to me as a *legacy*.' By this we learn that a miserable wretch *knew* the art of making *gold*, yet always lived a *beggar*. It is certain also, 'Ashmole, with all his *alchymical knowledge*, (and he wrote some bulky tomes on chemistry) never could *make a guinea*, but what he *made* by his Law practice.

The following additional information is curious, and very little known. Henry VI. was so reduced by his extravagancies, that, as Mr. Evelyn observes, in his *Nunismata*, he endeavoured to recruit his empty coffers by *Alchymy*. The *Record* of this singular proposition, contains 'the most solemn and serious account of the feasibility and virtues of the *Philosopher's Stone*, encouraging the search after it, and dispensing with all statutes and prohibitions to the contrary'. This record was very probably communicated (says an ingenious antiquary) by Mr. Selden, to his beloved friend Ben Jonson, when he was writing his comedy of the *Alchymist*.

After

After this patent was published, many promised to answer the king's expectations so effectually (the same writer adds) that the next year, he published *another patent*; wherein he tells his subjects, that the *happy hour* was drawing nigh, and by means of THE STONE, which he should soon be master of, he would pay all the debts of the Nation, in real *gold and silver*. - The persons picked out for his new operators were as remarkable as the patent itself, viz.

Thomas Hervey, an Austin Friar; Robert Glaselay, a preaching Friar; William Atclyffe, the Queen's Physician; Henry Sharp, master of St. Laurence Pontigny College, in London; Thomas Cook, Alderman of London; John Fyld, Fishmonger; John Yonghe, Grocer; Robert Gayton, Grocer; John Sturgeon and John Lambert, Mercers of London.

This patent was likewise granted *Au-
thoritate Parliamenti*.

Prynne, who has given this patent in his *Aurum Reginae*, p. 135, concludes with this sarcastic observation—'A project never so seasonable, and necessary as now!'

This remark will be echoed by certain
politicians

politicians of the present hour. But the singular national delusion here noticed will certainly never be exhibited again in England.

Alchymists were formerly called *Multipliers*; as appears from a statute of Henry IV. repealed in the preceding record. The statute being extremely short, I give it for the reader's satisfaction.

'None from henceforth shall use to multiply gold or silver, or use the craft of multiplication; and if any the same do, he shall incur the pain of Felony.'

SAMUEL PURCHAS.

SAMUEL PURCHAS, of whom mention has been made in a former article, has composed what he calls—'*A Relation of the World, and the Religions observed in all Ages, and Places discovered from the Creation unto this Present.*' The title page is very curious, and very long; but, through a mutilation in my copy, I cannot gratify the reader with the whole. The work is written

ten according to the taste of our Royal Pendant: the graces of diction consist in a play upon words—

‘ Jests for Dutchmen and English Boys.’

COWLEY.

The author, on the most serious subjects, indulges his facetious humour: he finds amplification in metaphysical quibbles, and irresistible arguments in puns. It will be necessary to give some instances: and it may not be unpleasing to extract a few sentences, which must have greatly delighted our First James—

‘ Being, I know not by what natural inclination, addicted to the studie of Historie, I resolved to turn the *pleasures* of my *studies* into *studious paines*, that others might again, by *delightfull studie*, turn *my paines* into *their pleasures*.’—‘ I here bring Religion from *Paradise* to the *Ark*, and thence follow her round the *world*.’

The following Apology of the author is curious and ingenious. It should be recollected, that one part of it's merit consists in it's being prefixed to a Treatise on Geography—

‘ If

‘ If any mislike the *fulnesse* in some places, and the *barrennesse* of words in others, let them consider, we handle a world where are *mountains* and *vallies*, *fertile* habitations, and *sandy* deserts; and others *steps*, whom I follow, hold me sometimes in a *narrower* way, which elsewhere take more libertie.’

In addressing the Clergy, Purchas thus plays off an argument in a pun, which may raise a smile—

‘ I subscribe, with hand and practice, to your *Liturgie*, but not to your *Letargie*.’

The fourth edition of this System of Geography—a stupendous labour for those times, and which, with Hackluyt’s Voyages, gave birth to the numerous ones we now possess—is dedicated to King Charles the First. From this dedication the present extracts may amuse—

‘ Your Majesties goodnesse hath invited this boldnes, in accepting my late voluminous twinnes of pilgrimes,’—he means, his former two volumes. ‘ Your pietie demands *hereditarie* respect. Your royall father, the *King of Learned*, and *Learning’s King*, manifested so much favour to this work, as to make it *ordinarie* of his bed-

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chamber.

chamber. He professed freely, that he had read it *seven times*; and that he had made the *pilgrimes* his nightly 'taske, till God called him by fatall sicknesse to a *better pilgrimage*, and of a more enduring kingdome. Such a testimonie is a *king of testimonies*. Although these times seem more to *favour* artes, (*inter arma silent Musæ*) yet our Muse is not of the softer flock, but more masculine, an armed *Pallas*; not bred in poetickall misterie, but *born* a real historie, containing *actions, factions, and fractions*, of religions and states.'

He concludes with this curious wish—
' May King James be *succeeded*, and *exceeded*, in the *greatnesse* and vertues of *Great Brittain's Great Charles*! Amen.'

Such was the incense which, administered to adulated majesty, was probably found not unpleasing.

A VISIONARY'S BOOK.

I GIVE the singular title of a work, which is looked upon as the most extravagant production that has ever been published.

It

It has given birth to a great number of dissertations concerning it's subject, it's meaning, and it's author. The last alone seems to have been discovered, who confesses he neither knew how to *write* or *read*, but acknowledges himself to have been guided by the inspirations of God and the Angels.

‘ Les Oeuvres de Bernard de Bluet d'Arberes, Comte de Permission, Chevalier des Lignes des XIII Cantons Suisses ; et le dit Comte de Permission vous avertit qu'il ne sçait ny lire ny écrire, et ny'a a jamais appris ; mais par l'inspiration de Dieu et conduite des Anges et pour la bonté et miséricorde de Dieu ; et le tout sera dédié à hault et puissant Henry de Bourbon, Roi de France, grand Empereur Théodore premier fils de l'Eglise, Monarque des Gaules, le premier du Monde, par la grace, bonté, et miséricorde de Dieu, le premier jour de Mai l'an 1600.’

Among the great number of writers who have attempted to discover the sense of the Enigmas, and the foolish and extravagant Visions with which this work is loaded, there have been some who imagined that they perceived many remarkable events,

which were predicted in this book. Others have led their imagination to behold it in another point of view; and there have been even chymists, who have pretended to say, that the great secret of the Philosophical Stone was there concealed under mysterious phrases.

‘ If it is difficult’—says De Bure—‘ to give a just idea of this extravagant work, it is, however, more easy, to inform the reader of it’s rarity. It has been long known amongst the literary *connoisseurs*; and it is certain, that nothing is more difficult than to find a compleat copy. Some curious collectors have endeavoured, by sacrificing a great number of copies, to join it’s separate parts; but they have always found their endeavours frustrated. This mysterious work seems to have a mysterious conclusion.

‘ This rare volume consists—according to the most compleat copy extant—of one hundred and three fugitive and separate pieces, which the author caused, himself, to have printed, and which he distributed, himself, in streets, and houses, to those persons who made him some pecuniary presents, as
he

he himself informs us, by the acknowledgments which he makes in some of his pieces; where he puts not only the name and the quality of those to whom he presented them, but also the sums which he received from each individual.'

The Abbé Ladvocat has given the following succinct account of this man—'He knew the art of gaining his livelihood, by distributing his extravagancies to whoever he found was willing to purchase them. They contain orations, sentences, but more frequently prophecies. Many have ill-spent their time in explaining the mysteries of his work; and, as is usual in these cases, every one found what he sought: but the truth is, they are visions which came from a head less ridiculous than those of the persons who received them with respect, and recompensed them with their money, unless they were guided to act thus by the benevolence of Charity.'

After what has been laid before the reader, will it be believed, that a compleat collection of the Comte de Permission's absurdities would fetch a very high price among a certain class of *Literati*? It happens, how-

ever, that his *leaves*, which resemble in their design those of the Roman *Sybils*, are as difficult to be found. There are men who display a rich fund of *Erudition*, only by studying *Catalogues*; and feel themselves as much enchanted by the *rarity* of an execrable book, as some by the *rarity* of fine writing!

SCRIPTURE EXPRESSIONS DERIVED FROM
CUSTOMS.

IT was an ancient ceremony of the Jews, which yet is religiously observed amongst them, to tear their cloaths in mourning and affliction. Some Orientals still practise this custom, when any thing uncommonly distressful happens. The Jews make use of much ceremony on this occasion—Sometimes, they tear from the top to the bottom; and sometimes, from the bottom to the top. The rent must be of a particular length. When it is done for the loss of parents, it is never sewed; for the loss of other persons, it is sewed at the end of thirty days. This
piece

piece of religious mummary, if it is of no other value, will at least serve to explain a passage, in which Solomon, in his Proverbs, says, that—‘ *There is a time to rend, and a time to sew.*’ Which means, there is a time for affliction, and a time for consolation. Many of the Scripture phrases, that appear unintelligible, are founded on Jewish customs.

Mr. Bruce, in his Travels, observed in a cavalcade, the head-dress of the governors of provinces. A large broad fillet was bound upon their forehead, and tied behind their head. In the middle of this was a HORN, or a conical piece of silver, gilt, much in the shape of our candle extinguishers. This is called *Kirn*, or *Hörn*, and is only worn in reviews, or public rejoicings for victory. This custom, borrowed from the Hebrews, our Traveller conceives, will explain the several allusions made to it in Scripture. ‘ I said unto fools, deal not foolishly; and to the wicked, lift not up the HORN—Lift not up your HORN on high; speak not with a stiff neck—But my HORN shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn—And the HORN of the righteous shall be

exalted with honour.' And thus in many other places throughout the Psalms.

In the 19th Psalm, verse 4. these words: 'In them hath he set a Tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber'—Dr. Jackson has illustrated by;—the Psalmist alluding to the Jewish custom of the bridegroom being conducted from his chamber at midnight with great pomp, and preceded by a great number of torches.

NOAH AND SATURN.

THERE can be no doubt that *Noah* was the Pagan *Saturn*. Noah was a just man in his days; he endeavoured to enlighten the wicked race amongst whom he lived by his counsels, and to instruct them by his example. Thus, according to Aurelius Victor, and Diodorus, Saturn softened the wicked inclinations of men, and endeavoured to bring them back to their ancient purity of manners, by a civilized and regulated life.

Between

Between the Deluge and the birth of Phaleg there was an interval of one hundred years; when, the world not being yet shared out, Noah had a natural right to be the Sovereign of his children. This is the Golden Age the Poets so much celebrate, where every thing was in common.

Moses calls Noah, *Isch-badama*—that is, the Man of the Earth—for Labourer.

The Mythologists, who accommodated their fables to history, observing that the Hebrew word bore two significations, either *Man* or *Husband*, say, that *Rhea*, or the Earth, was the wife of Saturn; and, as the Man of the Earth also relates to Agriculture, they attribute to Saturn the art of cultivating fields, vines, and meadows, representing him with a scythe in his hands.

From the passage in Genesis, where it is said, Noah was intoxicated with the liquor of the vines he had planted, they have said also that Saturn presided over Ebriety. Hence they called that day in the year in which the masters attended their slaves, *The Saturnalian Feast*.

Plato says, in his *Timæus*, that Saturn, Rhea, and their family, were born of the Ocean

Ocean and Thetis ; which corresponds with Noah and his family coming from the waters of the Deluge.

Saturn had, for successors, his three children, Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto ; and Noah shared out the earth to his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. This last, who is Neptune, had for his portion, all the isles and peninsulas of the sea.

Moses says, that God consecrated to himself a church in the family of Shem ; and, as he must have been the greatest enemy of the Idolaters, it is very probable that, hating him, they made him Pluto, who is the god of Hell and the Dead.

Cham, or Ham, had for his portion Africa, Arabia, and Egypt ; which, after his name, was anciently called Chemie, where he was adored, during many ages, under the name of Jupiter Ham, Hammon, &c. And why the Pagans said of Jupiter, that he *cut* those parts of his father Saturn which it is not allowed to name, comes from this passage of the ninth chapter of Genesis being misunderstood—*Quod cum videret Cham pater Canaan, verenda patris sui esse nudata, nunnavit.* This last word is, in the Hebrew,

brew, *vajagged*; and, perhaps, the vowel points not being marked, occasioned them to read *vejagod*, which signifies *cut*.

The whole of this article, which displays much ingenious erudition, is drawn from the *Chevræana*, Vol. I. p. 91.

METEMPSICHOSIS.

IF we seek for the origin of the opinion of the Metempsychosis, or the Transmigration of Souls into other bodies, we must plunge into the remotest antiquity; and even then we shall find it impossible to fix the epoch of its first author. We know that the notion was long extant in Greece before the time of Pythagoras. Herodotus assures us that the Egyptian priests taught it; but he does not inform us about the time it began to be spread. It is very probable it followed the opinion of the Immortality of the Soul. As soon as the first philosophers had established this dogma, they thought they could not maintain this immortality without a transmigration of souls.

• The

The opinion of the Metempsychosis spread in almost every region of the earth; and it continues, even to the present time, in all its force amongst those nations who have not yet embraced Christianity. The people of Arracan, Pegu, Siam, Camboya, Tonquin, Cochinchina, Japan, Java, and Ceylon, are still in that error, which also forms the chief article of the Chinese religion.

TRANSLATION.

THE following observations on *Translation* are offered to our modern *doers into English*. To whom I am indebted, for this article has escaped my recollection.

To render a *Translation* perfect, it is necessary to attend to these rules.—The translator must possess a thorough knowledge of the two languages. He must be exact, not only in giving the thoughts of his author, but even his own words, when they become essential and necessary. He must preserve the spirit and peculiar genius of his author. He must distinguish every character by its
manners

manners and it's nature, by unfolding the sense and the words with suitable phrases and parallel expressions. He must yield beauties by other beauties, and figures by other figures, whenever the idiom of language does not admit of a close version. He must not employ long sentences, unless they serve to render the sense more intelligible, and the diction more elegant. He must attempt a neatness in his manner; and, to effect this, he must know skilfully to contract or enlarge his periods. He must unite the too concise sentences of his author, if his style, like that of Tacitus, be close and abrupt. He must not only sedulously attempt precision and purity of diction, but he must strive also to embellish his version with those graces and images which frequently lie so closely hidden, that nothing but the being familiarly conversant with his author can discover them. And, lastly, he must present us with the sentiments of his author, without a servile attachment to his words or phrases, but rather, according to his spirit and his genius.

A translator is a painter who labours after an original. He must carefully reveal the

traits of his model. He copies, he does not compose. Whenever he trespasses on his limits, he ceases to be a *translator*, and becomes an *author*.

THE ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE Newspapers of the present day, contrasted with their original models, have attained a degree of excellence which is flattering to modern industry to contemplate. While political events are registered with a celerity unknown to our ancestors, the sentiments of liberty are disseminated in the warm impression of the moment. The frivolous pursuits of the age offer an ample field to those who can point with force the keenness of Ridicule. Fashion, however versatile, cannot escape the eye of the satirist; and the follies of the night are chronicled for the sober contemplation of the morning. Literature has been called in to embellish these diurnal pages; and it has given a stability and perfection, of which the evanescent

cent nature of such productions was hardly thought susceptible. It is, however, a melancholy truth, that such excellent purposes have been frustrated by a vile spirit of faction; a spirit that, according to the sensible *Rapin*, will sooner overturn the English Constitution than the united efforts of our most powerful enemies. But such discussions we leave to the sagacious politicians.

We are obliged to the Italians for the idea of Newspapers. It was their *Gazzettas*—perhaps derived from *Gazzera*, a magpie or chatterer—which have given a name to these publications. Menage, indeed, in his *Origini della lingua Italiana*, is of opinion with others, that it comes from a little coin peculiar to the City of Venice, called *Gazzetta*, which was the common price of the newspapers. Besides these etymons, we are obliged to the learned English Reviewer, in his account of Lodge's State Papers for June 1792, for another, not unworthy of that historical acumen, for which the writer, if I am not mistaken, has long and deservedly been celebrated. Mr. Lodge has given the common etymology, but which our ingenious critic thus opposes. He tells us, that
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this etymon has always appeared to him improbable. These are his words—‘It is improbable, that when there was only *this* newspaper published at Venice; and when, therefore, there could be no occasion for discriminating *this* from others, that *this* should be denominated (as it were) the Farthing Paper. It is more improbable that, in these or in any circumstances, this or any paper should be called, not the Farthing Paper, but the *Fartbing* only. It is still more improbable that, as the paper must have had a *name* before it gained a *sale*, the former should be superseded by the latter, and the coin given for it should cover the original name with it’s own. These improbabilities, united together, form a kind of constructive impossibility, we think, against the common etymology of the word Gazette; while there is another, which must occur to every mind, and has been long familiar to our own. In that language, which we know to have been the Italian of past ages, the Latin, *Gaza* would colloquially lengthen in the diminutive into *Gazetta*; and, as applied to a newspaper, would signify

nify a little treasury of news. This etymon is as natural and just, as the other is strange and forced. And in that language, which carries equal Latinity with the Italian in it's constitution, the Spanish, we find *Gazeta* still signifying "Enarratio Nunciorum;" and we see some of the Spanish dictionaries actually deriving it from the Latin *Gaza*, and deriving equally their *Gazatero* and our *Gazatteer*, for a writer of the Gazette, and what is peculiar to themselves.' *Gazetista* for a lover of the Gazette, from the same source.

' Newspapers then took their birth in that principal land of modern politicians, Italy, and under the government of that aristocratical republic, Venice. The first newspaper was a Venetian one, and only monthly: but it was the newspaper of the government only. Other governments afterwards adopted the Venetian plan of a newspaper, with the Venetian name for it; and, from one solitary government Gazette, we see what an inundation of newspapers has burst out upon us in this country.'

Those who first wrote newspapers; were called, by the Italians, *Menanti*; because,

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says Vossius, they intended commonly, by these loose papers, to spread about defamatory reflections, and were therefore prohibited in Italy by Gregory XIII. by a particular bull, under the name of *Menantes*, from the Latin *Minantes*—threatening. Menage, however, derives it from the Italian *Menare*, which signifies—to lead at large, or spread afar.

Periodical papers seem first to have been used by the English, during the civil wars of the usurper Cromwell, to disseminate amongst the people the sentiments of loyalty or rebellion, according as their authors were disposed. Honest *Peter Heylin*, in the preface to his *Cosmography*, mentions, that—‘the affairs of each town, or war, were better presented to the reader in the *Weekly News-books*.’ In their origin they were solely devoted to political purposes: but they soon became a public nuisance, by serving as receptacles of party malice, and echoing to the farthest ends of the kingdom the insolent voice of Faction. They set the minds of men more at variance, enflamed their tempers to a greater fierceness, and gave a keener edge to the sharpness of civil discord.

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It is to be lamented, that such works will always find writers adapted to their scurrilous purposes; but of a vast crowd that issued from the press, though little more than a century has elapsed, they are now not to be found but in a few private collections. They form a race of authors unknown to most readers of these times; the name of their chief, however, has just reached us, but is on the point of disappearing.

Sir *Roger L'Estrange*, who appears to have greatly surpassed his rivals, and to have been esteemed as the most perfect model of political writing, merits little praise. The temper of the man was factious and brutal, and the compositions of the author very indifferent. In his multifarious productions, and meagre translations, we discover nothing that indicates one amiable sentiment, to compensate for a barbarous diction, and a heavy load of political trash. His attempts at wit are clumsy exertions; the awkward efforts of a German who labours on a delicate toy. When he assumes the gravity of the sage, he seems more fortunate in extorting a laugh; burlesquing the most solemn

reflections by quaint and uncouth expression.

In the reign of Queen *Anne*—not unjustly characterized by being distinguished as the Augustan Age of English Literature—Periodical Prints, that till then had only served political purposes, began to rank higher in the estimation of the public. Some had already attempted to introduce literary subjects, and other topics of a more general speculation. But we see nothing that has escaped the waste of time, till Sir *Richard Steele* formed the plan of his *Tatler*. He designed it to embrace the three provinces, of Manners, of Letters, and of Politics. He knew that this was an invaluable improvement; and, doubtless, he thought, that if the last portion could be omitted, it would still have made it more perfect. But violent and sudden reformation is seldom to be used; and the public were to be conducted insensibly into so new and different a track from that to which they had been hitherto accustomed. Hence politics were admitted into his paper. But it remained for the chaster genius of *Addison* to banish
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this disagreeable topic from his elegant pages. The writer in *Polite Letters* felt himself degraded, by sinking into the dull narrator of political events. It is from this time that Newspapers and periodical Literature became distinct works.

PHYSIOGNOMY AND PALMISTRY.

EVERY one seems not a little to have studied *Lavater*; so that—if the expression does not offend—most men are ashamed to shew their faces. Perhaps it is not generally known that an ancient Greek author has written on *Physiognomy*. This work is translated into Latin by the Count Charles de Montecuculli, enriched with very learned annotations.

One Walfon assured George Wheeler, who published his *Travels into Dalmatia, Greece, and the Levant*—a very curious work—that he had purchased a chest-full of very scarce Arabic books; amongst which was a *Treatise on Chiromancy*, more curious than that of John Baptiste Porta; in

which the author shews, that the *lines* in the hand are *letters*, of which he presents the reader with an *alphabet*.

The following curious physiological definition of **PHYSIOGNOMY** is extracted from a publication by Dr. Gwither, of the year 1604—

‘Soft wax cannot receive more various and numerous impressions than are imprinted on a man’s face by *objects* moving his affections: and not only the *objects* themselves have this power, but also the very *images* or *ideas*; that is to say, any thing that puts the animal spirits into the same motion that the *object* present did, will have the same effect with the object. To prove the first, let one observe a man’s face looking on a pitiful object, then a ridiculous, then a strange, then on a terrible or dangerous object, and so forth. For the second, that *ideas* have the same effect with the *object*, dreams confirm too often.

‘The manner I conceive to be thus—The animal spirits, moved in the sentory by an object, continue their motion to the brain; whence the motion is propagated to this or that particular part of the body, as is most suitable

suitable to the design of it's creation ; having first made an alteration in the *face* by it's nerves, especially by the *pathetic* and *oculorum motorii* actuating it's many muscles, as the dial-plate to that stupendous piece of clock-work, which shews what is to be expected next from the striking part. Not that I think the motion of the spirits in the sensory continued by the impression of the object all the way, as from a finger to the foot : I know it too weak, though the tenseness of the nerves favours it. But I conceive it done in the medulla of the brain, where is the common stock of spirits ; as in an organ, whose pipes being uncovered, the air rushes into them ; but the keys, let go, are stopped again. Now, if by repeated acts, or frequent entertaining of the ideas of a favourite idea of a passion or vice, which natural temperament has hurried one to, or custom dragged, the *face* is so often put into that posture which attends such acts, that the animal spirits find such latent passages into it's nerves, that it is sometimes unalterably set : as the *Indian* Religious are, by long continuing in strange postures in their *Pagods*. But, most commonly, such

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a habit

a habit is contracted, that it falls insensibly into that posture, when some present object does not obliterate that more natural impression by a new, or dissimulation hide it.

‘Hence it is that we see great *drinkers* with *eyes* generally set towards the nose, the adducent muscles being often employed to let them see their loved liquor in the glass at the time of drinking; which were, therefore, called *bibitory*. *Lascivious persons* are remarkable for the *Oculorum Mobilis Petulantia*, as Petronius calls it. From this also we may solve the *Quaker’s* expecting face, waiting the pretended Spirit; and the melancholy face of the *Sectaries*; the *studious* face of men of great application of mind; revengeful and *bloody* men, like executioners in the act: and though silence, in a sort, may awhile pass for wisdom, yet, sooner or later, Saint Martin peeps through the disguise, to undo all. A *changeable face* I have observed to shew a *changeable mind*. But I would by no means have what has been said understood as without exception: for I doubt not but sometimes there are found men with great and virtuous souls under very unpromising outsidings.’

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CHARACTERS DESCRIBED BY MUSICAL
NOTES.

THE present communication is made by an ingenious young friend. It is an extract from a volume of 'Philosophical Transactions and Collections,' published at the end of the year 1700. 'The curious conjectures it contains, being perfectly novel to me,'—my friend observes—'may, perhaps, be so to you and many others.'

The idea of describing characters under the names of Musical Instruments, has been already displayed. The two most pleasing papers which embellish the *Tatler*, are written by Addison. He there dwells on this idea with uncommon success. It has been applauded for its *originality*; and, in the general preface to that work, those Papers are distinguished for their felicity of imagination. Let it, however, be recollected, that the following Paper was published in the year 1700, and the two Numbers of Addison in the year 1710. It is probable that
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this inimitable writer borrowed his ideas from this work.

‘A conjecture at dispositions from the modulations of the voice.’

‘Sitting in some company, and having been, but a little before, musical, I chanced to take notice, that, in ordinary discourse, *words* were spoken in perfect *notes*; and that some of the company used *eighths*, some *fifths*, some *thirds*; and that his discourse which was most pleasing, his *words*, as to their tone, consisted most of *concord*s, and were of *discord*s of such as made up harmony. The same person was the most affable, pleasant, and best-natured in the company. This suggests a reason why many discourses, which one *bears* with much pleasure, when they come to be *read*, scarce seem the same things.’

‘From this difference of MUSIC in SPEECH, we may conjecture that of TEMPER. We know the Doric mood sounds gravity and sobriety; the Lydian, buxomness and freedom; the Æolic, sweet stillness and quiet composure; the Phrygian, jollity and youthful levity; the Ionic is a stiller of storms and disturbances arising from passion. And why

why may not we reasonably suppose, that those whose speech naturally runs into the notes peculiar to any of these moods, are likewise, in nature, hereunto congenerous? *C Fa ut*, may shew me to be of an ordinary capacity, though good disposition. *G Sol re ut*, to be peevish and effeminate. *Flats*, a manly or melancholic sadness. He who hath a voice which will, in some measure, agree with all *cliffs*, to be of good parts, and fit for variety of employments, yet somewhat of an inconstant nature. Likewise from the *TIMES*: so *semi-briefs*, may speak a temper dull and phlegmatic; *minums*, grave and serious; *crotchets*, a prompt wit; *quavers*, vehemency of passion, and scolds use them. *Semi-brief-rest*, may denote one either stupid, or fuller of thoughts than he can utter; *minum-rest*, one that deliberates; *crotchet-rest*, one in a passion. So that, from the natural use of *MOOD*, *NOTE*, and *TIME*, we may collect *DISPOSITIONS*.'

LITERARY COMPOSITION.

IN a little Tract, printed in 1681, is to be found some curious literary information. The ingenious author attempts to mark out the most profitable way of reading and writing books. He first informs us of various voluminous writers; of some, so infected with the *cacochætes scribendi*, that they have composed from six to seven thousand volumes! He then notices vast libraries; such as that of Ptolemy, King of Egypt, which was said to contain four hundred thousand; or, as others write, seven hundred thousand volumes: and also that of the younger Theodosius, at Constantinople, containing ten myriads of books.

He reflects that, since the invention of printing, an author can publish as much in *one day* as he has composed in *one year*. He laments, that these multifarious volumes may prove prejudicial to the student; that such a continued novelty of matter will render

der his knowledge less clear and digested than before this invention took place: though he is willing to allow that this evil originates rather from the ill use made of books, than from their number.

He complains—a complaint, I fear, which must ever exist—that the press is continually pouring forth trivial, crude, and useless performances: yet he observes—‘If men would take care that ill books be not written, and that good books be not ill written, but that in their composition a due regard be always had to *prudence*, *solidity*, *perspicuity*, and *brevity*, there would be no cause left for us to complain of the too great number of books.’

By the idea of *prudence*, he would have us understand, that an author should never rashly or inconsiderately apply himself to composition: let him learn well what he purposes to teach to others. The greatest scholars have always taken time to make their compositions approach perfection. Isocrates spent ten, or, as some will have it, fifteen years in polishing one panegyric. Dion Cassius employed twelve years in writing his History, and ten years in preparing his

his Memoirs. Virgil employed seven years to finish his *Bucolics*; and, after a labour of eleven years, pronounced his *Æneid* imperfect. Jacobus Sannazarius wrote three books *de Partu Virginis*, and dedicated twenty years to this labour. Diodorus Siculus was thirty years in composing his History. Hence he advises writers to reflect on the reply of Zeuxis to one who boasted of a more fluent hand in painting—*Diu pingo, quia eternitati pingo*—‘I paint but a line every day; but I paint for posterity.’

In works of importance, he would have us be studious of what he calls *solidity*. He means, that our arguments should be forcibly urged, and skilfully applied; that every thing we write tend to shew that we feel ourselves the conviction of what we would convince our reader; that nothing be feeble, doubtful, or frivolous; that truth be firm, clear, and as indisputable as possible. ‘Not,’ as he candidly remarks, ‘that this *solidity* can be every where observed alike, it being above the infirmity of man so to do; but men should be very wary not to flatter themselves that others will believe their bare say-so’s.’

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By *perspicuity*, he requires that the style serves like a mirror to the mind of the author; so that the sense may be lucidly presented to the reader. As for those authors who are pleased to throw over their compositions an affected obscurity, he shrewdly remarks, that they might gratify their humour and the world much better by remaining silent.

Lastly, he would not have *perspicuity* so far indulged as to neglect *brevity*. 'For, as obscurity makes a book useless; so, if drawn out in length, it becomes tedious.' To observe this *brevity*, he advises the writer not to give into wild digressions, but always 'to keep close to his main subject;' to reject, as much as possible, trite sentiments and familiar arguments; to be sparing of an idle amplification of words; and, in controversy, not so much to combat his adversaries by number as by weight of argument.

To close this slight review, which, I hope, will not be found useless, he exhorts the ingenuous youth not to delight in a multiplicity of authors; to be select in his choice, and then studiously to unite himself to those

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authors whom he finds most congenial to his own dispositions. An excellent rule this! And, to conclude with a verse from the Earl of Roscommon—

‘To chuse an Author as he would a Friend.’

For the benefit of young authors, I will add the advice of a veteran on Publication—

Menage observes, that the works which are most *generally* liked, give a more extensive reputation than the most excellent ones, which are only relished by a few connoisseurs. The dishes at a feast should rather be seasoned to the taste of the guests than to that of the cooks, however able they may be : for, as Martial says—

——— ‘ Nam Cœnæ fercula Nostræ
Malim Convivis, quam placuisse Cocis.’

To give a work which may be crowned with the approbation of the public, it must be read *three times*: the first, perfectly to understand it; the second, to criticise it; and the third, to correct it.

It is justly observed by Bayle, that *correction* is by no means practicable by some authors.

authors. This he illustrates by what he relates of Ovid. When he was in exile, his compositions were only repetitions of what he had before said; and said, too, with more spirit. He confesses both negligence and idleness in the corrections of his works. The defect we notice was not unknown to him; but the vivacity which animated his first productions, failing him when he revised his poems, he found correction too laborious, and he abandoned it. But this is only an excuse. 'It is certain,' observes our acute critic, '*that some authors cannot correct.* They compose with pleasure, and with ardour; and it is thus they exhaust all their force: they fly but with one wing when they review their works; the first fire does not return; there is in their imagination a certain calm which hinders their pen from making any progress. Their mind is like a boat, which only advances by the strength of oars.'

We may apply to Literary Composition the saying of an ancient philosopher. He observed, that a little thing gave perfection, although perfection was not a little thing.

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Malherbe,

Malherbe, the father of French poetry, wrote little. He worked with prodigious slowness; and employed himself more in perfecting, than in forming works. His Muse is compared to a fine woman in the pains of delivery. He exulted in this slowness; and was accustomed to say, that, after having finished a poem of one hundred verses, or a discourse of ten pages, he should repose for ten years. Gray entertained the same notion: and it is hard to say if it arose from the sterility of their genius, or the chastity of their judgment.

Of Pope's continual corrections, and critical rasures, the reader has been informed. The celebrated Madame Dacier never could satisfy herself when she translated Homer: she was continually retouching the version, even in it's happiest passages. There were several parts which she translated in six or seven manners; and she frequently noted in the margin—*I have not yet done it.*

Nicole, in his preface to Paschal's Provincial Letters, informs us, that when Paschal became warm in the controversy, he applied himself with an incredible labour and care
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to their composition. He was frequently for twenty days occupied on a single letter. He recommenced some above seven and eight times, that he might carry them to the perfection in which they now are. Voltaire says, 'it is one of the best books ever published in France.'

Pellisson says, on the Quintus Curtius of Vaugolas, which occupied him 30 years, that he had seen the sheets, and that generally every period was translated in the margin five or six several ways, almost all of them very good. Chapelain and Conrart, who took the pains to review this work critically, were many times perplexed in their choice of passages, and what Pellisson considered as remarkable, generally that which had been first composed, was that which they liked best. The shortest Letters of Balzac and Voiture, were the labour of a fortnight.

D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, asked Richelet, who was intimately acquainted with D'Ablancourt, (another very celebrated translator) how often this ingenious writer retouched his works before he gave them to the public. *Six times*, answered Richelet. And I, replied D'Andilly, re-

wrote *ten times* my history of Josephus. I chastised the style with care, and could never please myself.

Some authors spare no trouble or expence to improve their works. Cardinal Perron frequently printed his works twice before he ventured to publish them: the first, to distribute them amongst his friends, that they might make their observations; the second, to give them to the public in a more perfect state.

On blotting and correcting, Churchill said — ‘*It was like cutting away one’s own flesh.*’

VIRGIL.

HAS not Virgil violated the immutable laws of common sense, which exist in full force in all ages, and in all countries, by his strange miracles, which, Marville says, are not less insupportable than those which the ancient chroniclers relate of their saints? Among these, we may observe, is that of transforming into the Leaves of a Tree, of which Polydore is the Root, the Lances
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with which Polymnestor had pierced him in the third book of the *Æneid*; in making the Branch of a Tree produce a Golden Bough, in the sixth; and in metamorphosing into Sea Nymphs, in the eleventh book, the Ships of *Æneas*, which were set on fire. A critic has said, that these fictions are not miraculous, but ridiculous, and only serve to blemish so beautiful a composition!

We must also condemn, in Virgil, that cruel Piety by which he has distinguished *Æneas*, in causing him to immolate eight persons on the funeral-pile of Pallas. The example of Homer, which he has here followed, cannot excuse a barbarity which shocks our feelings. This cruel action was characteristic of the furious Achilles in the circumstance of the death of Patroclus, but should not have been performed by the pious *Æneas*. Besides, Virgil, who had more judgment than Homer, and who lived in a more polished age, is less excusable in having made his Hero commit so barbarous an action.

In the fourth book of the *Æneid*, we are compelled to animadvert on another fault,

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where

which pains our sensibility. In that book, where the poet expresses so well the madness of a despairing lover, Æneas appears by much too cold; and his excuses are, indeed, not very ingenious for his desertion of Dido—in a word, not a little unfeeling. To all the reproaches of the passionate and tender queen, he has only to oppose the orders of Jupiter, and the severity of his fate. He cannot doubt of the extreme violence of her passion; and he must necessarily know to what an excess a woman of her fervid spirit, who pretended to be united to him as his wife, would carry it: yet he *sleeps*, in the most perfect tranquillity, in his vessel, till Mercury awakens him.

Some of his adventures seem copies of each other. Sinon and Acheminedes present themselves to the Trojans on two very different occasions, but in nearly a similar manner. The one in his second book, and the other in the third, say the same things. The descriptions of the tempests too frequently resemble each other; and they begin two or three times by the same verses. This beautiful verse—

‘ *Obstupui,*

^a *Obstupui, steteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæsit*’.

is too often repeated. There are also *contradictions* ; which, probably, he would have corrected, had he lived.

He relates, in the fifth book, the circumstances of the death of Palinurus in one manner ; and Palinurus himself, in the sixth, relates it differently. In one, it is the god of Sleep, under the figure of Phorbas, who having caused the pilot to fall asleep, precipitates him and the rudder into the sea ; in the other, it is a gale of wind that carries them both away. In one place, Palinurus is swallowed up in a profound sleep by the sea ; in the other, he is perfectly awake, and has time to reflect that the ship will now wander without a pilot.

Virgil should not have caused Æneas to return from Hell by the gate of *Ivory*, but by that of *Horn*. By employing here the gate of *Ivory*, from whence issued fables and fictions, formed at pleasure—*Sed falsa ad Cælum mittunt insomnia manes*—is it not destroying, at a single stroke, the whole that he has been recounting in that incomparable book ; and tacitly informing Augustus,

that all he had imagined most flattering for him and his ancestors, is nothing but a mere idle fiction?

In the second book of the *Æneid*, Ascanius appears a little child, led by the hand of his father: he could not have attained to more than seven years. In the third, Andromache, calling to mind Astyanax her son, and addressing herself to Ascanius, says—‘Were he living, he would now, like you, have reached the age of puberty—

‘*Et nunc æquali tecum pubesceret avo.*’

Ascanius was not, then, a child, before he went to Africa? Yet Virgil makes him again but seven years in his fourth book, when Dido holds Cupid in her lap, who had assumed his figure: yet, in the *very same book*, he is represented, not as a *child*, but as a young and vigorous *man*, in a hunting match, of which he gives a description.

These things are very irregular and dissimilar: contradictions which are very material, and which cannot be reconciled. Virgil, on his death-bed, commanded his friends to burn his *Æneid*. The great poet was conscious of it’s unfinished state. Fortunately

tunately for posterity, they did not in this respect obey the injunctions of their dying friend. The loss had, indeed, been irreparable.

Let it not be considered, that I have collected these criticisms to diminish the reputation of Virgil. As the *Æneid* is acknowledged not to have received the finishing hand, it may be rendered useful in exercising the youthful mind, to discern the petty blemishes amongst the great beauties of a great master.

Virgil can be defended from a censure, which attacks at once the poet and the man. Several eminent critics (observes Menage) are much surprized that Virgil, in his sixth book of the *Æneid*, describing the Laurel Grove which he has assigned for the residence of the Poets, makes no mention of Homer. On this they have taxed Virgil with ingratitude and envy; since here an occasion presented itself so favourably to bestow a beautiful eulogium on Homer, to whom he stood so deeply indebted; and they have been astonished why he preferred to do this honour to the ancient Musæus. But this censure is very unjust, and could only

only be occasioned by not reflecting sufficiently on the order of time. Let us consider, that Virgil only follows his hero: if he speaks of Musæus, it is that he had no other design but to mention those poets who died before the taking of Troy. He was too judicious to cause Æneas to relate that he had seen Homer amongst the poets, who was not born till at least one hundred and sixty years after the destruction of Troy.

The sage Huet affords me another observation, which appears just. He says, that faults will escape the attention of the greatest men. Virgil is fallen into a gross error, when he compares Orpheus deploring the loss of his beloved Eurydice with the Nightingale who regrets the loss of her young. He first makes the nightingale sing in the shade of a poplar—*Populea mærens, philomela sub umbra*; and directly after this song is a nocturnal song—*flet noctem*. How can the *night* and the *shade* of the poplar meet together? Besides, the nightingale ceases to sing when it is delivered of its young.

Virgil, in the second book of the Georgics, hath bestowed high eulogiums on the fertile territory

territory of Nole, in Campania: but, the inhabitants of this city not chusing to allow their waters to run through his lands, he erased *Nole*, and put *Ora* in it's place. So dreadful is the vengeance of a poet!

The banquet which Alcinous gives Ulysses, in the *Odyssey*, is very beautiful, and perfectly gallant: but it appears there are none but men present. That with which Dido entertains *Æneas* is not by any means comparable to it in festal elegance. In one, they sing the adventures of the gods, and other themes, not less agreeable than gallant: in the other, they sing concerning the stars, and other philosophical matters. Let the festive splendours of Alcinous be removed to the court of Carthage, and the feast of Dido to the Pheacian Island; and every thing will then be in character.

To this article may be added an account of a thirteenth book of the *Æneid*. A poet, named *Maphæus Vegius Laudanensis*—so Naudé writes it, but I observe his commentator tells us it should be *Laudensis*—was born at Lodi, in the year 1407. At sixteen years of age he gave evident marks of an
excellent

excellent genius. What is remarkable of him, he has, with great felicity, added a thirteenth book to the *Æneid*.

• MILTON.

It is painful to observe the acrimony which the most eminent scholars infuse frequently in their controversial writings. The politeness of the present times has, in some degree, softened the malignity of the man in the dignity of the author; though it must be confessed, there are living writers who pride themselves on being—as they express it—of the Warburtonian school; but who display the asperity rather than the erudition of a Warburton.

The ingenious critic in the *Monthly Review* has said of this article, that it is not to the honour of Literature to revive such controversies. I confess it is not. The same observation was made when the Abbé Iraïd published, in four volumes, a work entitled *Querelles Littéraires*. That work excited
loud

loud murmurs: but surely very unjustly. Must we suppose, that men of letters are exempt from the human passions? The sensibility of men of genius is more irritable, on the contrary, than the callous feelings of common men. And I am of opinion, that to shew how ridiculous truly great men can appear when they act so unworthy of themselves as to employ the abusive style of the illiterate, may be one great means of restraining that ferocious pride which still exists in the republic of letters. Johnson, at least, appears to have entertained the same opinion; for he thought proper to republish the low invective of *Dryden* against *Settle*: a more deplorable instance of literary irritation I do not recollect.

The celebrated controversy of *Salmasius* and *Milton*—the first, the advocate of King Charles; the other, the defender of the people—was of that magnitude, that all Europe took a part in the paper-war of these two great men. The answer of Milton, who perfectly massacred *Salmasius*, is now read but by the few. Whatever is addressed to the times, however great may be its merit, is
doomed

doomed to perish with the times; yet, on these pages the philosopher will not contemplate in vain.

It will form no uninteresting article to gather a few of the rhetorical *weeds*—for *flowers* we cannot well call them—with which they mutually presented each other. Their ratiocour was at least equal to their erudition, though they were the two most learned scholars of the learned age.

Salmasius was a man of vast erudition, but no taste. His writings are learned, but sometimes ridiculous. He called his work *Defensio Regia*—Defence of Kings. The opening of this work induces one to laugh. He begins thus—‘Englishmen! who toss the heads of kings as so many tennis balls; who play with crowns as if they were bowls; who look upon sceptres as so many crooks, &c.

That the deformity of the body is an idea we attach to the deformity of the mind, the vulgar must acknowledge; but surely it is unpardonable in the enlightened philosopher thus to compare corporeal matter with intellectual spirit: yet Milbourne and Den-
nis—the last a formidable critic—have frequently

quently considered, that comparing Dryden and Pope to whatever the eye turned from with disgust, was very good argument to lower their literary abilities. Salmasius seems also to have entertained this idea, though his spies in England gave him wrong information ; or, possibly, he only drew the figure of his own distempered imagination.

Salmasius sometimes reproaches Milton, as being but a puny piece of Man ; a dwarf deprived of the human figure ; a being composed of nothing but skin and bone ; a contemptible pedagogue, fit only to flog his boys : and sometimes elevating the ardour of his mind into a poetic frenzy, he applies to him these words of Virgil—*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.* Our great Poet thought this senseless declamation merited a serious refutation ; perhaps he did not wish to appear despicable in the eyes of the ladies. If the great Johnson could express his pleasure, at learning that Milton wore latchets to his shoes, his admirers must be interested in this description of himself. He says, that he does not think any one ever considered him as unbeautiful ; that his size rather approach-

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ed mediocrity than the diminutive; that he still felt the same courage and the same strength which he possessed when young, when, with his sword, he felt no difficulty to combat with men more robust than himself; that his face, far from being pale, emaciated, and wrinkled, did him much credit; for though he had passed his fortieth year, he was in all other respects ten years younger. For all this he called for testimony on multitudes; who, though they knew him but by sight, would hold him ridiculous if he did not reveal the truth.

Morus, in his Epistle Dedicatory of his *Clamor Regii Sanguinis*, compares Milton to a Hangman: his disordered vision to the blindness of his soul; and vomits forth so much rancour and venom, that to collect his calumnies ceases to become an amusive employment.

When Salmasius found that his strictures on the person of Milton were false, and that, on the contrary, it was uncommonly beautiful, he then turned his battery against those graces with which Nature had so liberally adorned his adversary. And it is now that he seems to have set no restrictions

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to his pen ; but, raging with the irritation of Milton's success, he throws out the blackest calumnies, and the most infamous aspersions.

It must be observed, when Milton first proposed to answer Salmasius, he had lost the use of one of his eyes : and his physicians declared, that if he applied himself to the controversy, the other would likewise close for ever ! His patriotism was not to be baffled but with life itself. Unhappily, the prediction of his physicians took place ! Thus a learned man, in the occupations of study, falls blind ; a circumstance which even now agonizes the heart of Sensibility. Salmasius considers it as one from which he may draw caustic ridicule, and satiric severity.

Salmasius glories that Milton lost his health and his eyes in answering his apology for King Charles ! He does not now reproach him with natural deformities ; but he malignantly sympathises with him, that he now no more is in possession of that beauty which rendered him so amiable during his residence in *Italy*. He speaks more plainly in a following page ; and, in a word, would

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blacken

blacken the austere virtue of Milton with a crime too infamous to name.

Impartiality of Criticism obliges us to confess, that Milton was not destitute of rancour. And, when it was told him that his adversary boasted he had occasioned the loss of his eyes, he answered, with the ferocity of the irritated Puritan—*‘And I shall cost him his life!’* A prediction which was soon after verified: for Christina, Queen of Sweden, withdrew her patronage from Salmasius, and sided with Milton. The universal neglect the proud Scholar felt, in consequence, hastened his death.

The story of his expulsion from Cambridge was not forgotten—nor forgotten to be aggravated. Milton denies this, and relates it in a manner honourable to himself. Salmasius assures his reader, that those who well knew Milton affirm, that he was incapable of Latin composition; but—in his manner of raillery—he confesses Milton to be an extraordinary Poet; and this he maintains by pointing out how frequently he violates, in his Latin verses, the laws of quantity. He adds, that the Author might have spared himself the pains of indicating
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his Age; for, without this aid, his reader must have been convinced that they were the compositions of the raw Scholar. To close the virulence of his invectives, he tells us, that Milton's book is written by a French schoolmaster in London, and that he only lent his name.

What Patin writes in his Letters, in the same times, will shew what lame reports the enemies of Milton helped about. He writes — 'Monsieur de la Mothe le Vayer informs me, that the book of Milton against the king of England has been burnt by the common hangman in Paris: that Milton is in prison; and, it is to be hoped, will be hanged. Some say that Milton wrote this Book in English; and that a Peter de Moulin, who has put it into such fine Latin, is in danger, for his pains, of being burnt.' This is in the usual style of Patin's correspondence; some truth, with much fiction. Moulin was a Confessor of the royal party; and was, on the contrary, a favourite with our second Charles; and who, having written against the rebels, was one of the few whose fidelity he rewarded.

It is raking in offals to transcribe from the

infamous *Lauder*. His virulence, however, cannot now irritate ; it may amuse. He seems to have poached in Salmasius for epithets. His pamphlets, with the common lyes of the day, have met the common fate. The present paragraph is an odd mixture of pedantry, of vile composition, and viler abuse.

‘ Milton, whom the present generation of writers, if they do not on some occasions *exceed* from some human frailties and imperfections, have yet in the main conspired to daub with the *untempered mortar* of *unbounded praise*. By representing him as all perfect, all excellent, without the least mixture of alloy, was rather a *devil* incarnate ; an abandoned *monster* of mankind, of insatiable *avarice*, unbounded *ambition*, implacable *malice*, unparalleled *impudence*, and shocking *impiety*.’ Such is the declamation which *Lauder*, in the present day, had the audacity to acknowledge as his own composition.

We will close this article with Bayle’s Review of Milton’s Controversial Latin Writings, for of no others he pretended to judge. ‘ Milton is very expert in the Latin language. No one can deny that his style
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is flowing, animated, and flowery; and that he has defended the people adroitly and ingeniously. But, without entering too deeply into this subject, it must be confessed, that his manner is exceptionable: it is not sufficiently serious for the importance of his subject. We see him at every moment—I do not say pouring forth sharp raileries against Mr. Salmasius; that would not injure his work, but gain the laughs on his side—attempting to be farcical, and to play off the buffoon. This censure particularly extends to his two answers of Mr. Morus. They are replete with outrageous jests. The character of the author here appears without a mask; he is one of those satiric geniuses, who indeed are too fond of collecting all the disadvantageous reports of others, and of having written, by the enemies of another, all the calumnies they know; but who feel a greater gratification to insert those calumnies in the first libel they publish against any one.'

I hope this heavy charge laid to our great poet is not just. He felt great provocations from Salmasius and Morus; and he was deeply concerned in one of the greatest political

tical revolutions. Surely, the sublime conceptions of Milton could not descend to collect the tattle of Scandal. To do this, one must have a mind as little, and a heart as rancorous, as some of our modern versificators.

It was the quaint criticism of the wits, when this great poet published his Epics, that in his *Paradise Lost* they could find Milton; but in his *Paradise Regained* he was *lost*. Does not this just criticism tend to shew, that these poems were more read in that time than we suppose?

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C U R I O S I T I E S

O F

L I T E R A T U R E.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

TRIALS AND PROOFS OF GUILT IN SUPERSTITIOUS AGES.

IT is a melancholy contemplation to reflect on the strange trials to which, in the remoter ages, those suspected of guilt were put. The Ordeal consisted of various kinds: walking blindfold amidst heated plough-shares; passing through two fires; holding in the hand a red-hot bar; and plunging the hand into boiling water. Challenging the accuser to single combat, when frequently the stoutest champion was allowed to supply their place;

the swallowing a morsel of consecrated bread; the sinking or swimming in a river for witchcraft; and various others. Though sometimes these might be eluded by the artifice of the priest, what numbers of innocent victims have been sacrificed to such barbarous superstitions!

In the twelfth century they were very common. Hildebert, Bishop of Mans, being accused of high-treason by our William Rufus, was preparing to undergo one of these trials; when Ives, Bishop of Chartres, convinced him that they were against the canons of the constitutions of the church, and adds, that in this manner *Innocentiam defendere, est innocentiam perdere*.

An Abbot of Saint Aubin of Angers, who lived in 1066, having refused to present a horse to the Viscount of Touars, which the Viscount claimed in right of his lordship, whenever an Abbot first took possession of the said abbey; the Ecclesiastic offered to justify himself by the trial of the ordeal, or by duel, for which he proposed to furnish a man. The Viscount, at first, agreed to the duel; but, reflecting that these combats, though sanctioned by the church, depended
wholly

wholly on the skill or vigour of the adversary, and could therefore afford no substantial proof of the equity of his claim, he proposed to compromise the matter in a manner which strongly characterizes the times: he waved his claim, on condition that the Abbot should not forget to mention, in his prayers, himself, his wife, and his brothers! As the *orisons* appeared to the Abbot, in comparison with the *horse*, of little or no value, he accepted the proposal.

Pope Eugene approved of, and even introduced, the trial by immersion in cold water.

It was about that time, also, that those who were accused of robbery, were put to trial by a piece of barley-bread, on which the mass had been said; and, if they could not swallow it, they were declared guilty. This mode of trial was improved, by adding to the *bread* a slice of *cheese*; and such were the credulity and firm dependence on Heaven in these ridiculous trials, that they were very particular in the composition of this holy *bread* and *cheese*. The bread was to be of unleavened barley, and the cheese made of ewe's milk of the month of May,

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no other of the twelve months having any power to detect a criminal.

Du Cange has observed, that the expression we long have employed—‘*May this piece of bread choak me!*’ comes from this custom.

The anecdote of Earl Godwin’s death by swallowing a piece of bread, in making this asseveration, is recorded in our history. If it be true, it was a singular misfortune.

Voltaire says, that they were acquainted in those times with *secrets* to pass, unhurt, these singular trials. He particularly mentions one for undergoing that of boiling water. These are his words—‘The whole secret is said to consist in rubbing one’s self a long time with the spirit of vitriol and allum, together with the juice of an onion. None of the Academies of Science, in our days, have attempted to verify, by experiments, a truth well known to quacks and mountebanks.’

But, amongst these trials, not the least ridiculous was that of *the bleeding of a corpse*. If a person was murdered, it was said that, at the touch, or at the approach, of the
 5 murderer,

murderer, the blood gushed out of the body in various parts. This was once allowed in England; and is still looked on, in some of the uncivilized parts of these kingdoms, as a detection of the criminal. It forms a rich picture to the imagination of our old writers; and their narrations and ballads are laboured into pathos by dwelling on this phenomenon. Yet, what is this evidence in the eyes of the enlightened philosopher! It does not always happen in the presence of the murderer; it bleeds suddenly in that of the innocent: and is it not natural to suppose, that 'when a body is full of blood, warmed by a sudden external heat, having been considerably stirred or moved, and a putrefaction coming on, some of the blood-vessels should burst, as it is certain they all will in time?'

For this last ingenious remark I am indebted to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

MUTUAL

MUTUAL PERSECUTION.

THE Pagans were accustomed to accuse the Christians of being the cause of the evils which affected the Roman empire, as Origen remarks in his C. xxiv. on St. Matthew ; St. Cyprian, in the commencement of his book *ad Demetrianum* ; Tertullian, in his 40 C. of his Apology ; and Arnobius, in his first book. When, in it's turn, Christianity became the prevailing religion, the Christians accused the Jews and the Pagans of drawing on the empire the calamities which then happened.

The Christians appear frequently fighting amongst themselves. Ammianus Marcellinus says, that the Christians of his age tore themselves to pieces like so many wild beasts. Chap. 5.

Crevier, in his History of the Roman Emperors, informs us, that when they prepared in France for the conquest of *Jerusalem*, and other *holy places*, the fanatic

preachers every where declared that they should *begin the croisade* by massacring the *Jews*, which they held to be a most meritorious action. The poor Israelites had been nearly exterminated but for the interference of St. Bernard, who luckily *happened to be of opinion* that they might be allowed to live. The *Jews*, when *Judaism* was more in fashion than it is at present, did certainly treat as ill the Girgashites, the Hittites, and other nations whose names I cannot recollect. For above a century the *Catholics* and *Protestants* reciprocally cut each other's throats: and all this for *the Love of God*.

I shall close this sketch of *mutual persecution* with these fine verses of Voltaire,

Je ne décide point entre GENEVE et ROME—
 —Périssè à jamais l' affreuse politique,
 Qui prétend sur les cœurs un pouvoir despotique,
 Qui veut le fer en main convertir les mortels,
 Qui du sang heretique arrose les Autels,
 Et suivant un faux Zèle, ou l'Intérêt pour guides,
 Ne sert un Dieu de Paix que par des Homicides,

The following is a free attempt to gratify the English reader.

'Tis not 'twixt ROME and LONDON I decide,
 To force the human heart, in faintly pride :

Perish

Perish that spirit, whose intolerant rage
 Has oft made criminal the sacred page;
 Has oft with gleaming sword exulting stood,
 And bath'd the altar with a brother's blood;
 It's crimes, as Zeal or Avarice bade increase,
 But serv'd with Homicides, a God of Peace.

RELIGIOUS ENMITY.

I THINK the present article, which I have drawn from Naudé, while it contains some interesting anecdotes, is just and philosophical.

‘ When I was at Rome, I could not help telling many devotees, that when *Religion* seizes and overpowers the mind, it makes it consider *actions* and *characters* through the medium of interest, and hence it should not be relied on. For instance: the ancient fathers have said every thing they could imagine to depreciate the character of Julian the Apostate. Though they would not have done this, had he not proved an apostate and a persecutor of the Christians; they do not in the slightest manner notice his many eminent qualities. He was rigorously

ously just, a man of strict morals, and a great politician.' See what Montaigne and La Mothe le Vayer observe of him; and particularly his character, elaborately delineated by Mr. Gibbon.

'Constantine murdered his brother-in-law, his nephew at 12 years of age, his father-in-law, his own son, and his wife—This wretch feigned to found Constantinople by order of God—This supposed Revelation shews his character—He is extolled by the Christians to be one of the greatest of men, because he thought proper to burn Christians for a vile political purpose.

'So also Diocletian, so far from being a persecutor, as the Christians defame him, gave them full enjoyment of their liberty 20 years of his reign. It was only two years before his death that he, with other Emperors, punished them for state reasons. On the contrary, he had suffered them to grow so numerous that they became too strong for him. Read the Monkish account of Diocletian.

'It is thus also in Venice. Anthony Bragadin passes for a martyr, because he was flayed alive at the command of Mustapha,
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after the taking of Famagusta. But the fact is, that the Turks are only like other men; and they thus punished Bragadin, and his other Christian captains, because, when they saw they must be taken by Mustapha, they barbarously cut the throats of all their Turkish prisoners.

‘It is owing also to this cause, that the devotees say every thing favourable of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, because she attended mass very constantly; though it must be confessed, that her conduct was seldom regulated by decency and morality. I saw, at Rome—adds Naudé—the letters she wrote to the Earl of Bothwell, *Subætori suo*. And I cannot but believe whatever has been said of her by Buchanan and De Thou.’

Voltaire has defended the character of Jane of Naples. She appears to have resembled Mary. Men of genius are oftner pleased with paradox than with truth.

It was thus likewise the prejudiced Puritans treated Marlowe, a poet well known to the readers of Old English Poetry. Marlowe had in his life time treated with great freedom sacred subjects. His sentiments,
which

which now so many profess without fear of exciting the enmity of the religious, these men construed into absolute Atheism, as Warton observes. Marlowe having been assassinated in an amorous adventure, they took pains to represent the unfortunate catastrophe of his untimely death, as an immediate judgment from Heaven upon his execrable impiety! Such opinions are promulgated at every hour by the bigot, who always sees in the *misfortunes* of his enemy the *judgment* of Heaven.

INQUISITION.

INNOCENT the Third, a Pope as enterprising as he was successful in his enterprises, having sent Dominic, with some missionaries, into Languedoc, these men so irritated the Heretics they were sent to convert, that most of them were assassinated at Toulouse, in the year 1200. It was then he called in for aid temporal arms, and published against them a crusade; granting, as is usual with the Popes on similar occasions,

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sions, all kinds of indulgences and pardons to those who should arm against these *Mahometans*, as he stiled these unfortunate men. Raimond, Count of Toulouse, was constrained to submit. The inhabitants were passed on the edge of the sword, without distinction of age or sex. It was then he established that scourge of Europe, THE INQUISITION: for having considered that, though all might be compelled to submit by arms, there might remain numbers who would profess particular dogmas, he established this sanguinary tribunal solely to inspect into all families, and examine all persons who they imagined were unfriendly to the interests of Rome. Dominic did so much by his cares and continued persecutions, that he firmly established it at Toulouse.

It was as late as the year 1484 that it became known in Spain. It was also to a Dominican, John de Torquemada, that the Court of Rome owed this obligation. As he was the Confessor of Queen Isabella, he had extorted from her a promise that, if ever she ascended the throne, she would use every means to extirpate Heresy and Heretics.

tics. Ferdinand had conquered Grenada, and had chased from the Spanish realms multitudes of unfortunate Moors. A few had remained; who, with the Jews, he obliged to become Christians: they at least assumed the name; but it was well known that both these nations naturally respected their *own prejudices*, rather than those of the Christians.

Torquemada pretended that this dissimulation would greatly hurt the interests of the Holy Religion. The queen listened with respectful diffidence to her confessor; and at length gained over the king to consent to the establishment of this barbarous tribunal. Torquemada, indefatigable in his zeal for the holy seat, in the space of fourteen years that he exercised the office of chief inquisitor, persecuted near eighty thousand persons, of whom six thousand were condemned to the flames!

Voltaire attributes the taciturnity of the Spaniards to the universal horror such proceedings spread. He says—'A general jealousy and suspicion took possession of all ranks of people: friendship and sociability

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were all at an end ! Brothers were afraid of brothers ; fathers of their children.'

Let us contemplate a slight sketch of that **DESPOTISM** which, with the destruction of the Bastile, we hope is extinguished throughout Europe.

During the pontificate of Sixtus the Fifth, the Inquisition was powerful and rigorous in Rome. Muretus, in writing to De Thou the historian, says—' We do not know what becomes of the people here. Almost every day, when I rise, I hear, with an alarming surprize, how such an one has disappeared. We dare not whisper our suspicions: the Inquisition would be immediately at our doors.'

Taverner, in his Travels, informs us, that a man of letters, who had fallen into the hands of the inquisitors, said, that nothing troubled him so much as the *ignorance* of the inquisitor and his council when they put any question ; so that he was inclined to believe that not one of them had really *read the Scriptures !*

Dr. Grainger affords us a curious piece of information. He assures us, that in his remembrance

membrance, a *horse*, that had been taught to tell the spots upon cards, the hour of the day, &c. by significant tokens, was, together with his *owner*, put into the Inquisition for *both* of them dealing with the devil!—This man, perhaps, should have been placed amongst the *persecuted Learned*. The man who teaches a *horse*, in the present day, will be much better paid than the philosopher who instructs his scholars.

The Inquisition have chosen to punish heretics by *fire*, in preference to any other punishment; because (Bayle assures us) it is to elude the maxim, *Ecclesia non novit sanguinem*, which they conceive to be observed in these punishments; as burning a man, they say, does not *break his bones, or shed his blood*!—Religion has her quibbles as well as Law.

Although we imagine that the *fires* of this terrible tribunal are extinguished, it's *ashes* may yet kindle. It was only as far back as the year 1761, that Gabriel Malagrida, an old man of seventy, was burnt by these evangelical executioners. His trial was printed at Amsterdam, 1762, from the Lisbon copy. And for what was this unhappy

Jesuit condemned? Not, as some have imagined, for his having been concerned in a conspiracy against the King of Portugal. No other charge is laid to him in this trial but that of having indulged certain heretical notions, which any other tribunal than that of the Inquisition would have looked upon as the delirious fancies of an old fanatic. Will posterity believe that, in the eighteenth century, an aged visionary was led to the stake, for having said, amongst other extravagancies, that—‘The holy Virgin having commanded him to write the Life of Anti-Christ, told him that he, Malagrida, was a second John, but more clear than John the Evangelist: that there were to be three Anti-Christ, and that the last should be born at Milan, of a Monk and a Nun, in the year 1920; and that he would marry Proserpine, one of the infernal furies.’

It was for such ravings as these the unhappy old man was burnt; which, I repeat once more, was only *thirty years ago!*

SINGULARITIES OBSERVED BY VARIOUS
NATIONS IN THEIR REPASTS.

I HAVE collected from a very curious book, entitled—‘*L’Esprit des Usages et des Coutumes*,’ the greater part of the present article.

The Maldivian Islanders eat alone. They retire into the most hidden parts of their houses; and they draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. This custom probably arises—remarks our philosophic author—from the savage, in the early periods of society, concealing himself to eat: he fears that another, with as sharp an appetite, but more strong than himself, should come and ravish his meal from him. Besides, the ideas of Witchcraft are widely spread among Barbarians; and they are not a little fearful that some incantation may be thrown amongst their victuals.

In noticing the solitary meal of the Maldivian Islander, another reason may be al-

ledged for this misanthropical repast. They never will eat with any one who is inferior to them in birth, in riches, or dignity; and, as it is a difficult matter to settle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unfociable life.

On the contrary, the Islanders of the Philippines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one; and, we are assured, that however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest.

Savages, (says Montaigne) when they eat, '*S'effuyent les doigts aux cuisses, à la bourse des génitoires, et à la plante des pieds.*' It is impossible to translate this passage without offending feminine delicacy; nor can we forbear exulting in the polished convenience of napkins!

The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. They do not make use of plates, knives, or forks: every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly.

The Otaheiteans, who are lovers of society,

ciety, and very gentle in their manners, feed separate from each other. At the hour of repast, the members of each family divide ; two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, father and mother, have each their respective basket. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other ; they turn their backs, and take their meal in profound silence.

The custom of drinking, at different hours from those assigned for eating, is to be met with amongst many savage nations. It was originally begun from necessity. It became an habit, which subsisted even when the fountain was near to them. ‘ A people transplanted,’ observes our ingenious philosopher, ‘ preserve, in another climate, modes of living which relate to those from whence they originally came. It is thus the Indians of Brazil scrupulously abstain from eating when they drink, and from drinking when they eat.’

When neither decency or politeness are known, the man who invites his friends to a repast, is greatly embarrassed to testify his esteem for his guests, and to present them with some amusement ; for the savage guest imposes

imposes on him this obligation. Amongst the greater part of the American Indians, the host is continually on the watch to solicit them to eat, but touches nothing himself. In New France, he wearies himself with singing, to divert the company while they eat.

When civilization advances, we wish to shew our confidence to our friends: we treat them as relations; and it is said that, in China, the master of the house, to give a mark of his politeness, absents himself while his guests regale themselves at his table with undisturbed revelry.

The demonstrations of friendship, in a rude state, have a savage and gross character, which it is not a little curious to observe. The Tartars pull a man by the ear, to press him to drink; and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth. It is then they clap their hands and dance before him.

No customs seem more ridiculous than those practised by a Kamtschadale, when he wishes to make another his friend. He first invites him to eat. The host and his guest strip themselves in a cabin, which is heated
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to an uncommon degree. While the guest devours the food with which they serve him, the other continually stirs the fire. The stranger must bear the excess of the heat as well as of the repast. He vomits ten times before he will yield; but, at length, obliged to acknowledge himself overcome, he begins to compound matters. He purchases a moment's respite by a present of cloaths or dogs; for his host threatens to heat the cabin, and to oblige him to eat till he dies. The stranger has the right of retaliation allowed to him: he treats in the same manner, and exacts the same presents. Should his host not accept the invitation of his guest, whom he has so handsomely regaled, he would come and inhabit his cabin till he had obtained from him the presents he had in so singular a manner given to him.

For this extravagant custom a curious reason has been alledged. It is meant to put the person to a trial whose friendship is sought. The Kamtschadale, who is at the expence of the fires and the repast, is desirous to know if the stranger has the strength to support pain with him, and if he

he is generous enough to share with him some part of his property. While the guest is employed on his meal, he continues heating the cabin to an insupportable degree; and, for a last proof of the stranger's constancy and attachment, he exacts more cloaths and more dogs. The host passes through the same ceremonies in the cabin of the stranger; and he shews, in his turn, with what degree of fortitude he can defend his friend. It is thus the most singular customs would appear simple, if it were possible for the philosopher to contemplate them on the spot.

As a distinguishing mark of their esteem, the Negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup at the same time. The King of Loango eats in one house and drinks in another. A Kamtschadale kneels before his guest; he cuts an enormous slice from a sea-calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out—*Tana!*—There! and, cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and swallows it with avidity.

A barbarous magnificence attended the feasts of the ancient Monarchs of France.

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We are informed that, after their coronation or consecration, when they sat at table, the nobility served them on horseback.

DISPENSATIONS FOR MARRIAGE.

NICHOLAS II. was the first of the Popes who introduced the custom of Dispensations for Marriage. It was occasioned by William the Conqueror, who, having espoused Matilda, daughter of Baldwin the Fifth, Count of Flanders, who was related to him in a prohibited degree, the Pope permitted him to live with her, on condition of him and Matilda each founding an abbey. In this business it appears, the Pope got *two abbeys for nothing*; and, he who had conquered all Europe, could not vanquish the fears of religious prejudice.

ENGLISH LADIES.

IT is necessary to premise, that the present strictures concerning our Country, our Divines,

Divines, and our lovely Country-Women, were written in the days when our great grandmothers were Misses.

Menage says—‘ Mr. D. tells me that, in England, the *public places* are crouded with the daughters and the wives of the Clergy. The reason is, that the *livings* there, being very fat ones, all the English Ladies who are fond of their ease and good living, and who are more partial to the present hour than to the future, are in raptures to marry a Parson; who, on his side, never fails, according to the character of a good Ecclesiastic, of selecting the most beautiful. After his death, mother and daughters find themselves probably in the greatest distress; and as they are in general very *handsome*, they put into practice all their smiles and all their graces; and, for this reason, chuse the public resorts of Fashion where they may attract notice. We Catholics should be grateful to the Council of Trent, that prohibited our Ecclesiastics from marriage, and thus obviated the inconveniencies which such marriages produce.’

 SPANISH MONKS.

THE Monks in Spain have introduced a custom which is very useful to them. It is, that the money to pay the masses which a dying man orders to be said for him, must be paid out of the estate he leaves, in preference to all his debts. The Spaniards, who seem to have a terrible dread of his Satanic Majesty, order frequently so great a number of masses, that too often there remains little or nothing for their unfortunate heirs and creditors. On these occasions, they say, in their humorous way—*Mr. Such-an-one has left his Soul his heir.* A Spanish monarch ordered 100,000 masses to be said for him.

 MONARCHS.

SAINT Chrysostom has a very acute observation on *Kings*. There are many monarchs,

narchs, he says, who are infected with the strange wish that their successors may turn out bad princes. Good kings desire it, as they imagine—continues this pious politician—that their glory will thus appear the more splendid; and the bad desire it, as they consider such kings will serve to countenance their own misdemeanors.

Princes, says Balthasar Gracian, are willing to be *aided*, but not *surpassed*. This maxim Amelot de la Houssaie illustrates by the following anecdote. A Spanish lord having frequently played at chess with Philip II. and won all the games, perceived, when his majesty rose from play, that he was much disturbed, and felt a profound chagrin. The lord when he returned home, said to his family—My children, we have nothing more to do at court: there we must expect no favour; for the king is offended at my having won of him every game of chess.—This was not an unjust observation; for, as chess entirely depends on the genius of the players, and not on fortune, it was no wonder that Philip, himself a chess-player, should be jealous of the superior sagacity of his rival.

There

There is an anecdote in Mr. Twiss's second volume of *Cæsar*, p. 265, which will make this appear still more clear. The Earl of Sunderland, minister to George I. was partial to the game of chess. He once played with the Laird of Cluny, and the learned Cunningham, the editor of Horace: Cunningham, with too much skill and too much sincerity, beat his lordship. 'The Earl was so fretted at his superiority and furliness, that he dismissed him without any reward. Cluny allowed himself sometimes to be beaten; and by that means got his pardon, with something handsome besides.'

Pliny the younger, in praising the Emperor Trajan for *intreating* instead of *commanding*; says, that—'The most powerful manner of governing, is to intreat, as you do, at the very moment when you can command.' The *prayers* of the Great are so many *orders*.

In the Criticon of Gracian, there is an anecdote relative to kings, which I shall give for its singularity.

A great Polish monarch having quitted his companions when he was hunting, his

Vol. I.

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courtiers

courtiers found him, a few days after, in a market-place, disguised as a porter, and lending out the use of his shoulders for a few pence. At this they were as much surprised, as they were doubtful whether the *porter* could be his *majesty*. At length they ventured to express their complaints, that so great a personage should debase himself by so vile an employ. His majesty heard, and answered them—‘Upon my honour, gentlemen, the load which I quitted is by far heavier than the one you see me carry here: the weightiest is but a straw, when compared to that world under which I laboured. I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live, and to be king of myself. Elect whom you chuse. For me, who am so well, it were madness to return to *court*.’—Another Polish king, who succeeded this philosophic *monarch* and *porter*, when they placed the sceptre in his hand, exclaimed—I had rather manage an *oar*. *Kings* seem to be more *philosophic* in Poland than elsewhere.

There are two excellent observations on
Kings,

Kings, made by the Duke of Alva, an experienced politician, to a courtier.—‘Kings,’ said he, ‘who affect to be familiar with their companions, make use of *men* as they do of *oranges*: they take oranges to extract their juice; and when they are well sucked they throw them away. Take care the king does not do the same to you; be careful that he does not read all your thoughts; otherwise he will throw you to the back of his chest, as a book of which he has read enough.’—The first of these observations the King of Prussia applied to himself in his dispute with Voltaire.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

WHEN Melchior Inchoffer, a Jesuit, published a book to vindicate a miracle of a *Letter* which the Virgin Mary had addressed to the citizens of Messina, Naudé brought him serious proofs of it's evident forgery. Inchoffer ingenuously confessed, that he knew it was an imposture, but that he did it by the *orders* of his *superiors*. The honest and

Z 2 indignant

indignant Naudé observes—‘It is thus errors and illusions are spread about the world; and thus it is, that simple minds are deceived every day!’ There is no danger, in the present times, of our being cheated by *Letters* from the *Virgin Mary*. That post-office which yielded such considerable revenues to the Ecclesiastics, has been closed this century past. What a *revolution* has there taken place in the human mind! The most enlightened writers about 1600 to 1650, are either seriously combating, or seriously defending *Miracles*! Patin very cautiously ventures to say, that he thinks there are *no Magicians*, nor *Sorcerers*! He believes, however, in *Apparitions* and *Devils*!

Since I have got the Virgin Mary in my mind, I recollect a *Donation* made to her by Louis the Eleventh: nor can I but approve of the *manner* he employed to present her with this pious gift. He made a solemn donation of *the whole county* of Boulogne to the Holy Virgin—retaining, however, for *his own use*, the *Revenues*! This act bears the date of the year 1478; and it is thus entitled: the translation is literal—‘Conveyance of Louis the Eleventh, to the Virgin

of Boulogne, of the right and title of the fief and homage of the county of Boulogne, which is held by the Count of Saint Pol, to render a faithful account before the Image of the said Lady.'

Maria Agreda, a religious Visionary, wrote *the Life of the Virgin*. She informs us, that she resisted the commands of God and the holy Mary, till the year 1637, when she then began to compose this curious rhapsody. When she had finished this *original* production, her confessor advised her to burn it. This she did. Her friends, however, who did not think her less inspired than she informed them she was, advised her to re-write the work. When it was printed, it spread rapidly from country to country: new additions appeared at Lisbon, Madrid, Perpignan, and Anvers. There are so many pious absurdities in this book, and which were found to give such pleasure to the devout, that it was solemnly honoured with the Censure of the Sorbonne, and which, indeed, was one great cause of spreading it the more.

The brain of this lady was certainly ill

Z 3 with

with religion. In the first six chapters, she relates the visions of the Virgin, which appeared, to induce her to write her Life. She begins this History early enough; *ab ovo*, as it may be justly expressed; for she has formed a narrative of what passed during the nine months in which the Virgin was confined in the womb of her mother St. Anne. After the birth of Mary, she received an augmentation of angelic Guards; gives us very correctly several conversations which God held with the Virgin, during the first eighteen months after her birth. And it is in this manner she formed a Romance, which may be fairly described by observing that it was a *circulating novel*, which delighted the female devotees of the Seventeenth Century.

On the worship paid to the Virgin Mary in Spain and Italy, it may be said, that it exceeds that which is given to the Son or the Father. When they pray to Mary, their imagination pictures a beautiful woman, and they really feel a *passion*. Jesus is only regarded as a *Bambino*, or Infant, and the *Father* is hardly ever recollected; but the

Madona, La Senbora, La Maria santa, while she inspires their religious inclinations, indulges also their amatorial propensities.

PROTESTANTS.

WE have frequently heard the oppressed Protestants bitterly complain of the Catholic tyranny. What I now transcribe from Patin, will shew that there is something to be said on the other side. The stubborn bigot is alarmed; religious distinctions have been, however, since his days, wearing fast away; and, as Philosophy enlightens the mind, the heart insensibly will become more moral, though not so religious.

‘All the Huguenots—or Protestants—of Europe, will *one day agree* together, and occasion a general revolt, under the name of Religion; particularly, whenever they shall have for their chief an enterprizing genius like that of the King of Sweden—Charles the Twelfth. I fear *those people* (he says contemptuously) if they get the upper hand

Z 4 of

of us, will not spare us. They will treat us savagely, and very differently from what *we do them* (witness the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the long flourishing state of the inquisition.) They will not even suffer us to hold *our mass*, as we permit them their service. The Huguenots are dangerous politicians; insolent, and unmerciful, as they have lately shewn us in England (the decapitation of Charles the First) and in France, during the troubles of the Prince de Condé, in 1562.'

When Patin wrote this, it must be recollected that, as he turned his eyes on England, he had before him the austere and persecuting Puritans, with Cromwell at their head.

COFFEE.

It is curious to observe the description *Purchas*—of whom an account has been given in the first part of this work—gives us of *Coffee*, when yet it had not been introduced into Europe. He writes, that 'the
Turks

Turks have *Coffa*-houses more common than ale-houses with us; in or near to which, on benches in the street, they will sit chatting most of the day, drinking their *Coffa*—so called of a berry it is made of—as hot as they can endure it. It is black as foot, and tastes not much unlike it: good, they say, for digestion and mirth.’ The second edition of this book was published in 1625. Coffee was introduced into England by Mr. Edwards, a Turkish merchant, in the year 1652.

Mr. Gough, in his *British Topography*, however, says, that one Jobson, a Jew, set up the first Coffee-house, at Oxford, in 1650. Arthur Tiliyard, Apothecary, sold it publicly in his own house, 1655; and Jobson, afterwards, in London, 1671.

OF THE TITLES OF ILLUSTRIOUS—HIGH-
NESS—AND EXCELLENCE.

THE title of *Illustrious* was never given, till the reign of Constantine, but to those whose reputation was splendid in arms or in letters.

letters. Flattery had not yet adopted this noble word into her vocabulary. Suetonius has composed a book, to mention those who had possessed this title ; and, as it was *then* bestowed, a moderate book was sufficient to contain their names.

In the time of Constantine, the title of *Illustrious* was given more particularly to those princes who had distinguished themselves in war : but it was not continued to their descendants. At length, it became very common ; and every son of a prince was *Illustrious*. It is now a word of little signification : it is, however, very serviceable to the poet, who employs it frequently as a convenient epithet to complete the measure of his verse.

A French critic has well observed, that there is a very proper distinction to be made between the epithets of **ILLUSTRIOUS** and **FAMOUS**.

Niceron has entitled his celebrated work, *Memoires pour servir à l'histoire des Hommes ILLUSTRES dans la Republique des Lettres*. The epithet **ILLUSTRIOUS** is always received in an honourable sense ; yet, in these Memoirs are inserted many authors, who
have

have only written with the design of combating religion and morality. Such writers as Vanini, Spinoza, Woolston, Toland, &c. had been better characterized under the more general epithet of FAMOUS; for it may be said, that the ILLUSTRIOUS are FAMOUS, but that the FAMOUS are not always ILLUSTRIOUS.

Formerly (says Houssaie) the title of *Highbness* was only given to kings; but now it has become so common, that all the great houses assume it. All the Great, says a modern, are desirous of being confounded with princes, and are ready to seize on the privileges of royal dignity. We are already arrived to *Highbness*. The pride of our descendants, I suspect, will usurp that of *Majesty*.

Ferdinand, King of Arragan, and his Queen Isabella, of Castile, were only treated with the title of *Highbness*. Charles was the first who took that of *Majesty*; not in his quality of King of Spain, but as Emperor.

Formerly kings were apostrophized by the title of *Your Grace*. Henry VIII. was the first (says Houssaie) who assumed the title of *Highbness*; and at length *Majesty*. It was Francis

Francis I. who began to give him this last title, in their interview in the year 1520.

So distinct were once the titles of *Highness* and *Excellence*, that when Don Juan, the brother of Philip II, was permitted to take up the latter title, when the city of Grenada saluted him by the title of *Highness*, it occasioned some serious jealousy at court; and had he persisted in it, he would probably have been condemned for treason.

After all these historical notices respecting these titles, the reader will smile, when he is acquainted with the reason of an honest curate, of Montferrat, who refused to bestow the title of *Highness* on the Duke of Mantova, because he found in his breviary these words, *Tu solus Dominus, tu solus Altissimus*; from all which he concluded, that none but the Lord was to be honoured with the title of *Highness*!

JOAN OF ARC.

OF the Maid of Orleans, I have somewhere read that a bundle of faggots was
made

made to supply her place, when she was supposed to have been burnt by the Duke of Bedford. None of our historians notice this anecdote; though some have mentioned that, after her death, an impostor arose, and was even married to a French gentleman, by whom she had several children. Whether she deserved to have been distinguished by the appellation of *The maid of Orleans* we have great reason to suspect; and some, in her days, by her fondness for man's apparel, even doubted her *sex*. The following Epitaph on her I find in a volume, entitled, '*Historical Rarities*;' and which, possessing great humour, merits to be rescued from total oblivion. I cannot discover it's original publication.

' Here lies *Joan of Arc*, the which
Some count *Saint*, and some count *Witch*;
Some count *Man*, and something *more*;
Some count *Maid*, and some a *Whore*.
Her *Life's* in question, wrong or right;
Her *Death's* in doubt, by laws or might.
Oh, Innocence! take heed of it,
How thou too near to Guilt doth sit.
(Meantime, *France* a wonder saw—
A woman rule, 'gainst Salique law!)

But,

But, reader, be content to stay
 Thy censure till the Judgment Day;
 Then shalt thou know, and not before;
 Whether *Saint, Witch, Man, Maid, or Whore.*⁴

With the old French poets it was usual to compare our heroine to Hercules. Men of wit can always *make* resemblances, if they cannot *find* them. Malherbe, when he touched on this topic, only founds his resemblance in the similarity of their death. He inveighs with just force against the enemy, for the ungenerous revenge they took in burning this fair Amazon. But Fate, he says, was not blameable in this; for she, who had lived like Alcides, should die as he died. The conceit is not unhappy, nor the verses inelegant.

L'Ennemi tout droit violent,
 Belle Amazone, en vous brûlant;
 Témoigna son ame perfide;
 Mais le destin n'eut point de tort,
 Celle qui vivoit comme Alcide,
 Devoit mourir comme il est mort.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

IN his account of the Mexicans, Abbé Raynal says—‘ They had a piece of superstition, of which *no traces* can be found in any *other country*. On certain days, the priests made a statue of *paste*, which they sent to the oven to be *baked*: they then placed it on an *altar*, where it became a *divinity*! Innumerable crowds flocked to the temple: the priest cut the statue in pieces, and distributed a portion of it to all the persons in the assembly, who ate it, and thought they were sanctified by swallowing *their god*!

Did the Abbé forget the rites of *his own* religion, when he observes—‘ No traces of this superstition can be found in any other country?’ Is not all this only a simple description of the nonsense of *Transubstantiation*? The fact is, that Raynal was thus obliged to veil, by the recital of a supposed fact, the allusion he made to this Catholic folly. The recital of history frequently,
when

when applied to our own times, forms the severest satire.

Ridley, Bishop of London, (Grainger observes) in his disputes with the Roman Catholic divines, forced them to acknowledge that *Christ*, in his last supper, *held himself in his hand*, and afterwards *eat himself*!

The same writer remarks, that almost all the martyrs in the cruel reign of Mary, died for denying the doctrine of real presence, which was made the test of what was called *Herefy*.

AMERICA.

‘IT is computed, by able writers,’ says my Lord Kaimes, ‘that the present inhabitants of America amount not to a twentieth part of those who existed when that continent was discovered by Columbus. This decay is ascribed to the intemperate use of *spirits*, and to the *small-pox*, both of them introduced by the Europeans.’ He seems to have forgotten that they are indebted to *us* also for ‘the intemperate use’ of the *sword*,

sword, and the dreadful *bigotry* and *cruelties* practised by the religious and avaricious Spaniards, which certainly are not less destructive than the contagion of the small-pox, or the poison of spirituous liquors.

We may also add another proof of European humanity. A plantation in Jamaica, which employs a *hundred* slaves, requires an annual recruit of no fewer than *seven*, who fall the yearly victims to the cruelties of the lower overseers, who follow them all day with whips!

Bartholomew Casa affirms, that the Spaniards, in America, destroyed, in about forty-five years, *ten millions* of human souls! and this with a view of converting these unfortunate men to Christianity. He tells us that they hanged those unhappy men *thirteen in a row*, in honour of the *thirteen Apostles*! And they also gave their *infants* to be devoured by their *dogs*! There is a story recorded of an Indian, who, being tied to the stake, a Franciscan Friar persuaded him to turn Christian, and then he would go to heaven. The Indian asked him—‘Whether there were any *Spaniards* in heaven?’—‘Certainly,’ the Friar answered; ‘it

is full of them.'—'Then,' the last words of the dying Indian were, 'I had rather go to hell, than have any more of their company!'

Corfini tells us, that they destroyed above fifteen millions of these unhappy men in less than fifty years; and gives this curious observation, that the blood of these devoted victims, added to that of the slaves destroyed in the mines, where they were compelled to labour, would weigh as much as all the gold and silver that had been dug out of them. It is also proper to observe, that the apology they formed to extenuate this dreadful inhumanity was, that God had not redeemed with his blood the souls of the *Indians*, and that therefore there was no difference to be made between them and the lowest species of beasts!

ENCHANTED TAPESTRY.

ABOUT the year 1526, the Portuguese attempted to settle at Borneo. Too feeble to make their arms respected, they tried to gain the good-will of one of the Sovereigns of
of

of the country, by offering him some Tapestry. This weak Prince took the figures wrought on it for *enchanted men*, who would strangle him in the night-time, if he suffered them to approach his person. The explanations they gave to remove his apprehensions had no effect: he obstinately refused to permit the present to be brought into his palace; and, at the same time, prohibited the donors from entering his capital. Had his Majesty been acquainted with the *Æneid* of Virgil, he might have exclaimed what, for the benefit of the Ladies, we shall give in Dryden's version—

‘Somewhat is sure design’d, by fraud or force :
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse !’

THE GREAT AND LITTLE TURK.

TITLES frequently remain when the occasions of making them are forgotten. Perhaps few know why the Ottoman Emperor is called *The Great Turk*: it is not, as some have imagined, to distinguish him from his own subjects. This was the occasion. Ma-

homot the Second was the first of these Emperors on whom the Christians bestowed the title of the Great Turk. It was not owing to his great actions that this splendid title was accorded to him, but to the vast extent of his dominions, in comparison with those of the Sultan of Iconia, or Cappadocia, his contemporary, who was distinguished by the title of *The Little Turk*. After the taking of Constantinople, Mahomet the Second deprived the latter of his domains; and still preserved the title of the Great Turk, though the propriety of it, by this accident, was lost.

THE POULIATS, AND THE POULICHES.

THE present article, which I have drawn from Abbé Raynal, presents two pictures of the debasement of the human race, which, perhaps, History has never paralleled.

‘ There is a tribe amongst the Indians which is the refuse of the rest. The members of it are employed in the meanest offices of society. They bury the dead, carry away dirt,

dirt, and live upon the flesh of animals that *die natural deaths*. They are prohibited from entering into the *temples* and public *markets*; neither are they allowed the use of *the wells*, that are common to all their inhabitants. Their dwellings are at the *extremity* of the towns, or consist of *solitary* cottages in the country; and they are even *forbidden to appear in the streets* where the Bramins reside. As all other Indians, they may employ themselves in the labours of agriculture: but only for the benefit of *the other tribes*; for they are not permitted to have lands of their own, not even upon lease. Such is the degree of horror they excite, that if, by chance, they were *to touch any one* not belonging to their tribe, they would be deprived, with impunity, of *a life* reckoned too abject to deserve the protection of the laws. Most of them are employed in the culture of rice. Near the fields where they carry on this work, there is a kind of hut, into which they retire when they hear *a cry*, which always comes from a distance, to give them notice of some order from the person on whom they depend; to which they answer, not coming out of their retreat. They

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take the same precautions whenever they are warned, by a confused kind of noise, of the approach of *any man* whatever. If they have not time to hide themselves, they fall *prostrate* on the ground, with their faces downwards, with all the marks of humiliation which the sense of their disgrace can suggest.

‘ Whenever the harvests do not answer to the avidity of an oppressive master, he sometimes cruelly *sets fire* to the huts of these unhappy labourers; and if they *attempt* to escape the flames, *he fires upon them* without mercy! The condition of these wretched people is horrible in every respect, even in *the manner* in which they are forced to provide for their most *urgent wants*. In the dusk of the evening they come out from their retreats in bands; they direct their steps towards the market, at a certain distance from which they begin *to bellow*! The merchants approach; and they ask for what they want. They are supplied, and the provisions are laid on the very spot where the money destined for the payment of them has been previously deposited. When *the purchasers* can be assured that they shall not
be

be seen by any one, they come out from behind the hedge where they had *concealed* themselves, and carry away, with *precipitation*, what they have acquired in so singular a manner.'

After contemplating this dishonourable picture of man, (a degeneracy in human nature which probably the reader could hardly suspect) he may deepen the philosophic reverie by what the Abbé gives us in continuation.

' Yet this very tribe of *Pouliats* have an *inferior* one among themselves, called *Pouliches*. These last are forbidden the use of fire; they are not permitted to build huts, but are reduced to the necessity of living in a kind of *nest upon the trees*, or in the forests. When pressed with hunger, they *howl* like wild beasts, to excite compassion. The most charitable then deposit some rice, or other food, at the foot of a tree, and *retire* with all possible haste to give the famished wretch an opportunity of taking it without meeting with his benefactor, who would think himself polluted by coming near him.'

To clear up this curious information, which stretches to the utmost the belief of the reader, the Abbé presents us with an

A 2 4 . excellent

excellent philosophical argument. ‘ This extreme disgrace,’ he says, ‘ into which a considerable part of a numerous nation is plunged, has always appeared an inexplicable circumstance. Men of the utmost sagacity have never been able to conceive, how a people, humane and sensible, could have brought themselves to reduce their own brethren to so abject a state. To solve this difficulty, let us be permitted to hazard a conjecture. In our half barbarous governments, dreadful torments, or an ignominious death, are allotted to those criminals who have disturbed, in a greater or less degree, the peace of society. May we not therefore reasonably suppose, that, in the soft climate of India, a more moderate system of legislature may have been satisfied with *excluding* from their tribes all kinds of malefactors? This punishment must appear to them sufficient to put a stop to the commissions of such crimes; and it was certainly the best adapted to a country where the effusion of blood was always forbidden by religious as well as moral principles. It would certainly have been a very proper proceeding, if *the children* had not inherited

rited the infamy of their parents : but there were unfurmoutable prejudices which militated against this reinstatement ; a family never being received again into a tribe after it had been once expelled from it.'

The solution of the Abbé is ingenious and probable : but the Mosaic threat of vengeance extending to the third and fourth generation, is uncongenial to the mild spirit of humane philosophy. Yet is this threat on record in those Commandments which are said to have been written by the finger of God himself. Surely this cannot accord with the unwearied benevolence of a paternal Deity ! Let us rather acknowledge, with a sigh, that there are multitudes of the human race who really believe themselves to be the property of a small number of men who oppress them. The image of the Creator is so debased in some parts of the globe, that it may be said, the hand of the oppressor has effaced every mark of it's original greatness.

THE THIRTEEN CANTONS.

Who can contemplate, without enthusiasm, the exertions of men, when they have been prompted to rely on their own force to act up to that sublime character they hold in the scale of creation, and to write with their own blood the *charter* of their liberty? We have just come from meditating on nations, who, beneath the enervating skies of India, destitute of the feelings of liberty, have sunk to a degree even beneath their associates who graze the field, and drink of the brook! Let us now turn our eyes to the bleak heaven, and the snowy mountains, of Switzerland, where the hardy native roams free and unconstrained, and 'knows himself a MAN.'

The pride, the insolence, and the tyranny, of those governors who were given to the Helvetians, in the name of the empire, by the Dukes of Austria, awakened at once the minds of this people, who regarded freedom as their birth-right, yet whom the governors

vérnors attempted to oppress as slaves. *Three peasants* resolved to preserve their liberties; and each of them collected his friends in his own burgh. In the year 1305, *Switz, Uri, and Underwal*, declared themselves independent; and, as the party of *Switz*, was the earliest in promoting this alliance, they had the honour of giving to this confederate nation the name of *Swiss*, and to the country that of *Switzerland*. The other Cantons joined them at different periods. Appenzel, the last of the Thirteen Cantons, closed this honourable confederacy in 1513.

CHARLES THE FIFTH.

CHARLES the Fifth spoke five languages: the Flemish, the German, the Spanish, the French, and the Italian. He used to say, that to employ the vulgar languages according to the use for which they were most proper, he would speak Italian to the ladies, French to men, German to horses, and Spanish to God. He used also to say, the Portuguese appeared to be madmen, and were so;

so; the Spaniards appeared to be wise, and were not; the Italians appeared to be wise, and were so; the French appeared to be madmen, and were not—That the Germans spoke like carmen, the English like simpletons, the Italians like lovers, the French like masters, and the Spaniards like kings.

This Emperor—who, though he thus censures our English modesty, is indebted to our country for his best-written Life—was called by the Sicilians, *Scipio Africanus*; by the Italians, *David*; by the French, *Hercules*; by the Turks, *Julius Cæsar*; by the Africans, *Hannibal*; by the Germans, *Charlemagne*; and by the Spaniards, *Alexander the Great*. These are the titles of adulation. One is almost tempted to call him by a grosser name, when one reflects on his folly in quitting a crown, which had long been the idol of his ambition, to sink into a solitary retreat, with a pension that was never paid to him; and, having no more the power of disturbing the tranquillity of Europe, to tyrannize over a few melancholy Monks; and, as Fenelon expresses it, ‘every day to become *ennuyé* with having nothing to do but praying to God,

winding

winding his watch, and continually scolding the poor unhappy novices,' whose great curse it was, to be associated with him, who had been the most potent monarch on earth.

PHILIP THE THIRD.

PHILIP the Third, King of Spain, was a weak prince, who suffered himself to be governed by his ministers. A patriot wished to open his eyes, but he could not pierce through the crowds of his flatterers; besides, that the voice of patriotism heard in a corrupted court would have become a crime never to have been pardoned. He found, however, an ingenious manner of conveying to him his censure. He caused to be laid on his table, one day, a letter, sealed, which bore this address—'To the King of Spain, Philip the Third, at present in the service of the duke of Lerma.'

In a similar manner, Don Carlos, son to Philip the Second, made a book, with empty pages, to contain the voyages of his father; which bore this title—'The Great and

and Admirable Voyages of the King, Mr. Philip.' All these voyages consisted of going to the Escorial from Madrid, and returning to Madrid from the Escorial. Jests of this kind, at length, cost him his life.

THE GOTHs AND HUNs.

THE barbarous honours which these ferocious nations paid to their deceased monarchs are recorded in history, by the interment of Attila, King of the Huns; and Alaric, King of the Goths.

Attila died in 453, and was buried, in the midst of a vast champaign, in a coffin which was inclosed in one of gold, another of silver, and the third of iron. With the body were interred all the spoils of the enemy—barnesses, embroidered with gold and studded with jewels; rich silks; and whatever they had taken most precious in the palaces of the kings they had pillaged: and, that the place of his interment might for ever remain concealed, the Huns deprived of life all who had assisted at his burial.

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The Goths had done nearly the same for Alaric, in 410, at Cosence, a town in Calabria. They turned aside the river Vassento; and, having formed a grave in the midst of it's bed, where it's course was most rapid, they interred this king with prodigious accumulations of riches. After having caused the river to re-assume it's usual course, they murdered, without exception, all those who had been concerned in digging this singular grave.

ROYAL DIVINITIES.

WE know, that the first Roman Emperors did not want flatterers; and that the adulations they sometimes lavished were extravagant. But, perhaps, few know they were less offensive than the flatterers of the third age, under the Pagan, and of the fourth, under the Christian, Emperors. Those who are acquainted with the character of the age of Augustus, have only to throw their eyes on the one and the other *code*, to find an infinite number of passages which had not been

been bearable in that age. For instance, here is a law of Arcadius and Honorius, published in 404.

‘ Let the officers of the palace be warned to abstain from frequenting tumultuous meetings ; and that those who, instigated by a *sacrilegious* temerity, dare to oppose the authority of *our Divinity*, shall be deprived of their employments, and their estates confiscated.’ The letters they write are *holy*. When the sons speak of their fathers, it is— ‘ Their father of *divine* memory ;’ or— ‘ Their *divine* father.’ They call their own laws *oracles*, and *celestial* oracles. So also their subjects address them by the titles of — ‘ *Your Perpetuity—your Eternity.*’ And it appears by a law of Theodore the Great, that the Emperors, at length, added this to their titles. It begins thus— ‘ If any magistrate, after having concluded a public work, put his name rather than that of *our Perpetuity*, let him be judged guilty of high-treason.’

DETHRONED MONARCHS.

FORTUNE never appears in a more extravagant humour than when she reduces monarchs to become mendicants. This is no uncommon revolution in her eventful volumes. Modern history has recorded many such instances. After having contemplated *Kings* raised into *Divinities*, I shall present them now depressed as *Beggars*.

In *Candide*, or the *Optimist*, the reader will find an admirable stroke of Voltaire's. Eight travellers meet in an obscure inn, and some of them with not sufficient money to pay for a scurvy dinner. In the course of conversation, they are discovered to be *eight monarchs*, in Europe, who had been deprived of their crowns.

What adds to this exquisite satire, these eight monarchs are not of the fictitious majesties of the poetic brain; imperial shadows, like those that appeared to Macbeth; but living monarchs, who were wandering at that moment about the world.

The Emperor Henry IV. after having been deposed and imprisoned by his son, Henry V. escaped from prison; poor, vagrant, and without aid, he entreated the Bishop of Spire to grant him a lay prebend in his Church. "I have studied said he, and have learned to sing, and may therefore be of some service to you."—The request was denied, and he died miserably and obscurely at Liege, after having drawn the attention of Europe on his victories and his grandeur. He exclaimed in dying, God of Vengeance, you avenge this parricide.

Mary of Medicis, the widow of Henry the Great, mother of Louis XIII. mother-in-law of three sovereigns, and Regent of France, frequently wanted the necessaries of life. The intrigues of Richelieu compelled her to exile herself, and live an unhappy fugitive. Her petition exists, with this supplicatory opening: '*Supplie Marie, Reine de France et de Navarre, disant, que depuis le 23 Fevrier elle aurait été arretée prisonniere au chateau de Compiègne, sans être ni accusée ni soupçonnée, &c.*'

Theodore, King of Corsica, is not yet forgotten by many. Smollet, in his *Ferdinand*

hand Count Fathom, has given us some curious anecdotes, which paint very forcibly the singular distresses of that monarch.

Others are to be added to this list. In the year 1595, died at Paris, Antonio, King of Portugal. His body is interred at the Cordeliers, and his heart deposited at the Ave-Maria. Nothing on earth was capable of obliging this prince to renounce his crown. He passed over to England, and came to France, where he resided; and died, in great poverty, at the age of sixty-four years. This dethroned monarch was happy in one thing, which is indeed rare: in all his miseries he had a servant, who proved a tender and faithful friend, and who only desired to participate in his misfortunes, and to soften his miseries; and, for the recompence of his services, he only wished to be buried at the feet of his dear master. This hero in loyalty, to whom the ancient Romans would have raised altars, was Don Diego Bothci, one of the greatest lords of the court of Portugal, and who drew his origin from the kings of Bohemia.

Lilly, the astrologer, in his *Life and Death of King Charles the First*, presents

us with another instance of an 'unfortunate monarch. It is in the person of the Old Queen Mother of France. These are his words—

'In the same month of August, 1641, I beheld the Old Queen Mother of France departing from London, in company of Thomas Earl of Arundel. A sad spectacle of mortality it was, and produced tears from mine eyes, and many other beholders, to see an aged, lean, decrepid, poor queen, ready for her grave, necessitated to depart hence, having no place of residence in this world left her, but where the courtesy of her hard fortune assigned it. She had been the only stately and magnificent woman of Europe: wife to the greatest king that ever lived in France; mother unto one king and unto two queens.'

Hume supplies me with an anecdote of singular royal distress. He informs us, that the Queen of England, with her son Charles, had 'a moderate pension assigned her; but it was so ill paid, and her credit ran so low, that, one morning, when the Cardinal de Retz waited on her, she informed him that her daughter, the princess

princess Henrietta, was obliged to lie a-bed, for want of a fire to warm her. To such a condition was reduced, in the midst of Paris, a Queen of England, and daughter of Henry IV. of France !

The daughter of James the First, who married the Elector Palatine, in her attempts to get her husband crowned, was reduced to the utmost beggary, and wandered frequently in disguise as a mere vagrant.

A strange anecdote is related of Charles VII. of France. Our Henry V. had shrunk his kingdom into the town of Bourges. It is said, that having told a shoemaker, after he had just tried a pair of his boots, that he had no money to pay for them, Crispin had such callous feelings, that he refused to suffer his majesty to take the boots. 'It is for this reason,' says Comines, 'I praise those princes who are on good terms with the lowest of their people; for they know not at what hour they may want them.'

This observation is not so *mal à propos*, at the present critical moment. Louis XVI. may have probably experienced more than once the truth of the reflection of Comines.

FEUDAL TYRANNY.

THE Feudal government introduced a species of servitude, which till that time was unknown, and which was called the Servitude of the Land. The Bondmen, or Villains, did not reside in the house of the Lord: but they entirely depended on his caprice; and he sold them, as he did the animals, with the field where they lived, and which they cultivated.

It is difficult to conceive with what insolence the petty lords of those times tyrannized over their Villains; they not only oppressed their slaves with unremitted labour, instigated by a vile cupidity; but their whim and caprice led them to inflict miseries without even any motive of interest.

In Scotland, they had a right to enjoy the first-fruits of all the Maidens; and Malcolm the Third did not abolish this shameful right, but by ordering that they might be redeemed by a quit-rent.

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The truth of this circumstance Dalrymple has attempted to render doubtful ; but it must be also considered, that this historian is an ingenious Scotchman. It is a very excusable patriotism to endeavour to do away the recollection of such dishonourable tributes. The anecdote of the Lady of Coventry, is supposed by some, for it's singular barbarity, to be fictitious ; but, can there be any action too barbarous for such an age ?

Others, to preserve this privilege when they could not enjoy it in all it's extent, thrust their leg, booted, into the bed of the new-married couple. Others have compelled their subjects to pass the first night at the top of a tree, and there to consummate the marriage ; to pass the bridal hours in a river ; to be bound naked to a cart, and to trace some furrows as they were dragged ; or to leap, with their feet tied, over the horns of stags.

Sometimes their caprice commanded the bridegroom to appear in drawers at their castle, and plunge into a ditch of mud ; and sometimes they were compelled to beat the

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waters of the ponds, to hinder the frogs from disturbing the Lord!

There was a time when the German Lords reckoned, amongst their privileges, that of robbing on the highways of their territory!

I beg leave to remind the reader of the shameful behaviour of Geoffrey, Lord of Coventry, who compelled his wife to ride naked, on a white pad, through the streets of the town; that by this mode, he might restore to the inhabitants those privileges of which his wantonness had deprived them.

When the Abbot of Figeac makes his entry into that town, the Lord of Montbrun, dressed in a Harlequin's coat, and one of his legs naked, is compelled, by an ancient custom, to conduct him to the door of his abbey, leading his horse by the bridle.

The Feudal Barons frequently associated, to share amongst them those children of their Villains who appeared to be the most healthy and serviceable, or who were remarkable for their talents; and, not infrequently, sold them in their markets as they did their beasts,

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The Feudal servitude is not, even in the present enlightened times, entirely abolished in Poland, in Germany, and in Russia. In those countries, the Bondmen are still entirely dependent on the caprice of their masters. The Peasants of Hungary, or Bohemia, frequently revolt, and attempt to shake off the pressure of Feudal tyranny; and it is ardently to be wished that their wretched servitude should in some measure be softened.

It is scarce thirty years past, when a Lord or Prince of the Northern Countries, passing through one of his villages, observed a little assembly of Peasants and their families amusing themselves with dancing. He commands his domestics to part the men from the women, and confine them in the houses. He orders that the coats of the women may be drawn up above their heads, and tied with their garters. He then permits the men to be liberated, and inflicts a severe castigation on all those who did not recognize their wives in that state!

Absolute dominion hardens the human heart; and Nobles, accustomed to command their Bondmen, will treat their domestics

metics as slaves. Those of Siberia punish theirs by an abundant use of the cudgel or rod. The Abbé Chappe saw two Russian slaves undress a chambermaid, who had, by some trifling negligence, given offence to her mistress: after having uncovered as far as her waist, one placed her head betwixt his knees; the other held her by the feet: while both, armed with two sharp rods, violently lashed her back, till it pleased the tyrant of the house to decree *it was enough!*

After a perusal of these anecdotes of Feudal Tyranny, I shall take leave to transcribe the following lines from Goldsmith—

‘Calm is my soul, not apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast-approaching danger warms:
 But, when contending Chiefs blockade the Throne,
 Contracting Regal power, to stretch their own;
 When I behold a factious Band agree
 To call it Freedom, when themselves are free;
 Fear, Pity, Justice, Indignation, start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
 Till half a Patriot, half a Coward, grown,
 I fly from PETTY TYRANTS—to the THRONE.’

GAMING.

GAMING.

GAMING appears to be an universal passion. Some have attempted to deny it's universality; they have imagined that it is chiefly prevalent in cold climates, where such a passion becomes most capable of agitating and gratifying the torpid minds of their inhabitants.

But, if we lay aside speculation, and turn to facts, we are surely warranted in the supposition that, as the love of Gaming proceeds from avarice—that dishonourable passion, which, probably, for some wise purposes, is so congenial to the human heart—it is not unjust to conclude, that it exists with equal force in human nature; and, consequently, the fatal propensity of Gaming is to be discovered, as well amongst the inhabitants of the frigid and torrid zones, as amongst those of the milder climates. The savage and the civilized, the illiterate and the learned, are alike captivated

ted with the hope of accumulating wealth without the labours of industry.

Mr. Moore has lately given to the public an elaborate work, which professedly treats of the three most important topics which a writer of the present day can discuss—Suicide, Gaming, and Duelling. He has collected a variety of instances of this destructive passion being prevalent in all nations; and I shall just notice those which appear most singular.

Dice, and that little pugnacious animal the *Cock*, are the chief instruments employed by the numerous nations of the East, to agitate their minds and ruin their fortunes; to which the Chinese—who are desperate gamblers—add the use of *Cards*. When all other property is played away, the Asiatic gambler scruples not to stake his *wife*, or his *child*, on the cast of a die, or courage and strength of a martial bird. If still unsuccessful, the last venture he stakes is, *himself*!

In the Island of Ceylon, *cock-fighting* is carried to a great height. The Sumatrans are addicted to the use of dice. A strong spirit

spirit of play characterizes a Malayan. After having resigned every thing to the good fortune of the winner, he is reduced to a horrid state of desperation; he then loosens a certain lock of hair, which indicates war and destruction to all the raving gamester meets. He intoxicates himself with opium; and, working himself up into a fit of phrenzy, he bites and kills every one who comes in his way. But, as soon as ever this lock is seen flowing, it is *lawful* to fire at the person, and to destroy him as fast as possible. I think it is this which our sailors call, 'To run a muck.' Thus Dryden writes—

'Frontless, and satire-proof, he scours the streets,
And *runs* an Indian *Muck* at all he meets.'

Thus also Pope—

'Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To *run a Muck*, and tilt at all I meet.'

Johnson could not discover the derivation of the word *Muck*. I think I have heard that it refers to their employing, on these fatal occasions, a *muck*, or lance.

A critical friend observes, that to 'run a muck' is not a substantive and another word

for *lance*, but an old phrase for attacking madly and indiscriminately. Its origin remains yet to be known.

To discharge their gambling debts, the Siamese sell their possessions, their families, and, at length, themselves. The Chinese play *night* and *day*, till they have lost all they are worth; and then they usually go and hang themselves. Such is the propensity of the Japanese for high play, that they were compelled to make a law, that—
 ‘Whoever ventures his money at play, shall be put to death.’ In the newly-discovered islands of the Pacific Ocean, they venture even their hatchets, which they hold as invaluable acquisitions, on running matches. ‘We saw a man,’ as Cooke writes in his last voyage, ‘beating his breast, and tearing his hair, in the violence of rage, for having lost three hatchets at one of these races, and which he had purchased with nearly half his property.’

The ancient nations were not less addicted to gaming. In the same volume are collected numerous instances amongst the ancient Persians, Grecians, and Romans; the Goths, the Germans, &c. To notice the
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modern ones were a melancholy task : there is hardly a family in Europe who cannot record, from their own domestic annals, the dreadful prevalence of this unfortunate passion. Affection has felt the keenest lacerations, and Genius been irrecoverably lost, by a wanton sport, which doomed to destruction the hopes of families, and consumed the heart of the gamester with corrosive agony.

Gamester and *Cheater* were synonymous terms in the time of Shakespeare and Jonson : they have hardly lost much of their double signification in the present day.

THE ATHENIANS.

MARVILLE has given this pleasing account of the Athenians—

‘ The Greeks were so polished a nation, that they treated others as rude and barbarous ; but, of all the Greeks, the Athenians possessed a more refined delicacy in the politer arts, and an exquisite taste for eloquence. The excellent orators who arose
amongst

amongst them had familiarized them with the most perfect beauties of composition.

‘Pericles, whose eloquence they compared to lightnings and thunders, had so accustomed their minds to suffer nothing but what was pure, elegant, and finished, that those who had to speak in public, looked upon the lowest of the people as so many censurers of what they were going to say. But, if the genius of this people had become so delicate by the attic eloquence of their orators, the native haughtiness of the Greeks was much increased by their servile adulation; so that it required a wonderful dexterity to stretch the empire of Persuasion over men who always would be treated like masters.

‘The establishment of the singular law of *Ostracism*, which was occasioned by the tyranny of Pisistratus, caused a double increase of pride to this people, who were already so presumptuous. Thus runs the sentence of this famous law—“Let no one of us excel the others; and, if there should be one found of this description, let him go and excel elsewhere.” By this law, those whose great merit and high reputation gave umbrage

brage to their citizens, were banished for ten years.

‘ It was, in it’s commencement, observed with so much rigour, that Aristides, who was surnamed *The Just*, and who had performed so many great actions for the glory of his country, was condemned to banishment: and, although this severity had greatly abated of it’s rigour under Alcibiades, and that it was abolished in the course of time; there remained, in the manners and minds of the Athenians, a great jealousy of those who had distinguished themselves by some extraordinary merit; and a rigorous severity towards their orators, which constrained them to be very circumspect. The rules they had imposed on them went so far as to prohibit their displaying ornaments too elaborate, which might disguise their real sentiments—images and motions, capable of affecting and softening their auditors—for they regarded the first as false lights, that might mislead their reason; and the latter, as attempts to encroach on their liberty, by swaying their passions. It is to this we must attribute that coldness and austerity which pervade the discourses of these

orators, and which rather proceeded from the restraint laid on them than from the qualities of their genius.

‘ Besides that the Athenians were haughty, jealous of their power, and austere towards their orators, they had an impatience, and a volatility of disposition, which occasioned them frequently to pass from one extreme to another, by sudden and unexpected resolutions, and often broke all the measures and schemes of those who attempted to gain them over to their sentiments.

‘ A hand raised, or a loud cry from some factious person, in an assembly, was often the signal for an advice that was to be disclosed, or of a counsel which was to be taken : and as it happens, that those who are the most insolent when they command, are the most supple when they obey ; the Athenians, who had been so haughty during the prosperity of their republic, were the most abject slaves to the successors of Alexander ; and afterwards to the Romans, when they became their masters. This feeble people had, in the bottom of their hearts, a fund of meanness and timidity, which made them constrain their orators to conform themselves

themselves to their manners and their genius. To succeed with them, it became necessary to appear to respect them, whilst they taught them to fear; to flatter and to censure them at the same time—a policy which Demosthenes, who well knew this people, with great success so skilfully applied.

‘ This people has, however, produced great men, and in great numbers; but they had so seldom a share in the public resolutions, that their merit, of which they have left so many illustrious testimonies, cannot, however, make a general rule to judge of the character of this people.’

To this ingenious discrimination of the character of the Athenians, I cannot forbear transcribing an animated description of their luxuries, carried to such an excess of refinement, and opulent elegance, that those who are fond of censuring our modern dissipations, may be reminded, that we have never yet approached those of the Grecians or the Romans. It is extracted from Dr. Gillies’s History of Greece.

‘ Instead of the bread, herbs, and simple fare, recommended by the laws of Solon,

the Athenians, soon after the 80th Olympiad, availed themselves of their extensive commerce, to import the delicacies of distant countries, which were prepared by all the refinements of cookery. The wines of Cyprus were cooled with snow in summer; in winter, the most delightful flowers adorned the tables and persons of the wealthy Athenians. Nor was it sufficient to be crowned with roses, unless they were likewise anointed with the most precious perfumes. Parasites, dancers, and buffoons, were an usual appendage of every entertainment. Among the weaker sex, the passion for delicate birds, distinguished by their voice or plumage, was carried to such an excess, as merited the name of madness. The bodies of such youths as were not addicted to hunting and horses, which began to be a prevailing taste, were corrupted by a commerce of harlots, who had reduced their profession into *system*, while their minds were still more polluted by the licentious philosophy of the Sophists. It is unnecessary to crowd the picture; vices and extravagance took root in Athens in an administration the most splendid and prosperous.

Perhaps

Perhaps this last observation is cleared up by the remarks of Marville; for it appears that, although at the helm of administration sat such illustrious characters, they had little or no share in the administration, since the haughtiness and volatility of the Athenians were such, that they would not even bear the reprimands of their Orators.

It has been observed, that even the Mechanics in Athens possessed a classic taste, and a niceness of ear, which could only be the effect of a general diffusion of national elegance. This may serve as an anecdote of their boasted *Atticism*.

Philip of Macedon, in the present age, would have merited the title of a Classical Scholar. I have already given the noble letter he wrote to Aristotle on the birth of his son. The present anecdote will prove, that he must have been—like the late Frederick—not less partial to the contemplative Minerva, than to the armed Pallas. To give a proof of his generosity, he made a present to the vanquished Athenians of five thousand measures of wheat; but this was not to be given by him without accompanying it by an oration. While he was

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holding his discourse to the people, he committed a solecism in language, which the attic ear of an Athenian immediately catching, he boldly reprov'd him. 'For this,' the Clastic Monarch continued, 'I grant you five thousand more.'

THE ITALIANS.

THE character of the Italians, even so late as in the last century, presents a melancholy contemplation to the Philosopher. How are we to account for a whole nation being infected with some of the darkest passions that stain the human soul? Atheism and Debauchery pervaded every rank; and the hand of the Italian continually grasped the dagger and the drug. What yet heightens the enormity of these crimes, is the 'immortal hatred'—to make use of a poetical expression—which characterized this Nation of Assassins. Naudé, who draws his remarks from personal observation, with one or two anecdotes, will inform the reader that these censures are not unjust.

'Italy

‘ Italy is crowded with those kinds of men who penetrate as far into Nature as their abilities permit them; and, having done this, will believe nothing more. To trace God, in the disorder in which the world is now, we must possess modesty and humility. Italy abounds with Libertines and Atheists; yet the number of their writers, who have written on the Immortality of the Soul, is incredible. But I am apt to think that those very writers believe no more than the rest: for I hold this maxim certain, that *the doubt* in which they are is one of the first causes that obliges them to write; and add, also, that all their writings are so feeble, that no one can strengthen his faith by their sentiments. Thus, instead of instructing, they make a reader perfectly sceptical.

‘ Italy is a country, at the same time, full of Impostures and Superstitions: some do not believe enough, and others believe every thing. Every day, without truth, and without reason, miracles take place. I remember that a certain poor man was nearly drowned, and was drawn out of the water almost dead. He recovered; and his

recovery was firmly believed to be owing to a medal of Saint Philip of Neri, which he happened to have in his chaplet. I did not see any thing miraculous in this, I said, and that it certainly was not always a miracle when a man escaped from being drowned; nor did I believe that Saint Philip thought one moment concerning the fate of this man.

‘ It is but three months since, that the church of this new saint fell in at Trepani, when more than a dozen of the congregation, who were invoking his favours, got wounded and killed. It was then, rather, that the saint should have shewn his miraculous powers, and have saved those good Christians who were supplicating God and his saintship. Had this been the case, it would have turned out an excellent miracle, and, what few miracles are accompanied by, have had a considerable number of witnesses to verify it.

‘ The Italians are an agreeable people enough; but, too frequently, they are found vindictive and treacherous. Revenge and treachery are the great sins of the Italians
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and the Orientals ; and they poison to the very mice in their houses.

‘ It is a maxim received into the politics of this country, however it may be inimical to the laws of Christianity, that it is best to defend and to avenge ourselves before worse happens. As they have great sense, they will never offend you ; but they will never pardon you, if you offend them ; and they will pursue their revenge, after an interval of fifty years has elapsed since the offence had been first given. They have this proverb much in esteem—‘ *Cbi offende, non perdona mai.*’

Descartes, in one of his Letters, writes thus—‘ Be not so desirous to live under Italian skies ; there is a contagion that poisons it’s breezes ; the heat of the day kindles a fever in the delicate frame ; the evening airs are unwholesome ; and the deep shades of the night *conceal* robberies and assassinations !’

The following anecdotes of Italian revenge are of good authority. An Italian feigned to be reconciled with one who had offended him. One evening, when they walked out together in a retired spot, the
Italian

Italian seized him by the back; and, drawing a dagger, threatened to stab him, if he did not abjure and curse the Creator. The other, in vain, entreated that he might not be obliged to commit what he felt a horror in doing; but, to save his life, at length he complied. The assassin, having now completed his wish, plunged the poignard in his bosom; and exulting exclaimed, that he had revenged himself in the most dreadful manner possible; for he had caused the body and the soul of his enemy to perish at a single stroke!

One Giuseppe Bertoldo, after an absence of ten years, heard that a person, who had served him an ill turn, resided in flourishing circumstances in India: he embarks directly; he arrives; he follows him closely for two years; and, at length, having found him one day alone, and unarmed, in a solitary spot, he assassinates him.

There is a narration, written in Italian, in a manuscript in the French king's library, tacked to the end of a volume intitled—*'Le glorie degl' incogniti di Padoua.'* It displays a chain of treachery dishonourable to the human character. It is translated in
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the Addenda to the Anecdotes of Mr. Andrews. In Addison's Travels, there is an account of an assassination in Italy, not less remarkable than those we have noticed. I shall add an instance of *poisoning*, which cannot fail to interest the reader of sensibility.

Francis of Medicis, after the death of his lady, fell deeply in love with a young noble Venetian, named Bianca Capella, whom he married. This lady, who passionately loved the duke her husband, was the cause of his death; attempting to revenge herself *à l' Italienne*—as my author expresses it—of a prince who was a relation of Francis. She had, with this design, poisoned some olives that were to have been presented to him. Francis, having met the servant, took two, and eat them: very shortly after he began to feel their mortal effects. Bianca Capella, who now saw the mistake that had taken place, and the *qui pro quo* that had caused the death of her beloved duke, took also of the same olives; and, having swallowed them, she threw herself on the bed, embracing her dying lord, and expired in his arms.

Voltaire,

Voltaire, in his Universal History, observes, that *assassinations* were common in Italy in the sixteenth century. He describes forcibly the great misfortune of it's wanting a general police. He notices the banditti that for a long time infested it, in the midst of the polite arts. These are some of his words: 'The use of the *stiletto* was but too common in the towns, while the banditti infested the country. The *scholars* of Padua were accustomed to knock people down in the night, as they walked through the piazzas.'

I have quoted the opinion of Voltaire to strengthen my own; which, indeed, became very necessary, as it seems to differ from that of the ingenious Monthly Reviewer.

Since the above has been written, an Italian, a man of letters, has acknowledged, that the representation which I have given of this polite nation is by no means exaggerated. He has even confessed, that this character can hardly be said to be unjust, if applied to them even so late as *within half a century*.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

THE Etiquette—or Rules to be observed in the royal palaces—is necessary, writes Baron Bielfield, for keeping order at court. In Spain, it was carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of their Kings. Here is an instance; at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one cannot refrain from smiling—

Philip the Third being *gravely seated*—as Spaniards generally are—by a chimney where the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the Monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, his *grandeur* would not suffer him to rise from the chair; and the domestics could not *presume* to enter the apartment, because it was against the *Etiquette*. At length, the Marquis de Potat appeared, and the King ordered him to damp the fires: but *he* excused himself; alledging, that he was forbidden by the *Etiquette* to perform such a function, for which the Duke D'Uffeda ought

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to be called upon, as it was his business. The Duke was gone out; the *fire* burnt fiercer; and the *King* endured it, rather than derogate from his *dignity*. But his blood was heated to such a degree, that an erysipelas broke out in his head the next day; which, being succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, and in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

The palace was once on fire; a soldier, who knew the King's sister was in her apartment, and must inevitably have been consumed in a few moments by the flames, at the risk of his life, rushed in, and brought her Highness safe out in his arms: but the Spanish *Etiquette* was here woefully broken into! The loyal soldier was brought to trial; and, as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die! The Spanish Princess, however, condescended, in consideration of the circumstance, to *pardon* the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life!

When Charles the Second received the compliments of the Grandees, who kissed hands on occasion of his ascending the throne,

one in the excess of his zeal ventured to use the word *Friend*, in his compliments of condolance and felicitation. The grave young monarch, starting from him, and swelling with authority, exclaimed—*Los Reyes no tienen sus Vassallos por Amigos, sino por Servidores*: kings have not their Vassals for Friends, but for Servants.—An elegant monarch lamented the hard fortune of *Kings*, that they could have no *friend*. Charles must have thought differently.

One more instance, not less extravagant than any of these. When Isabella, mother of Philip II. was ready to be delivered of him, she commanded that all the lights should be extinguished; that if the violence of her pain should occasion her face to change colour, no one might perceive it. And when the midwife said—Madam, cry out, that will give you ease—she answered in *good Spanish*—How dare you give me such advice? I would rather die than cry out.

After this, we may exclaim, with our English Satirist—

‘Spain gives us *pride*—which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth!’

CHURCHILL.

POPE

POPE SIXTUS THE FIFTH.

A SINGULAR revolution of fortune happened to Pope Sixtus the Fifth. He was originally a swine-herd. When he first came to Rome, he was constrained to beg alms. Having collected a little silver, he one day stood deliberating with himself, whether he should employ it in the purchase of a loaf, which the keenness of his appetite reminded him would prove a very agreeable acquisition; or, in a pair of shoes, which his ten toes terribly complained of wanting. In this conflict of irresolution, his face betrayed the anxiety of his mind. A tradesman, who had for some time observed his embarrassment, asked him the occasion of it. He told him frankly the cause; but he did it in so facetious a manner, that the tradesman resolved to finish his perplexity by inviting him to a good dinner. When Sixtus became Pope, he did not forget to return the dinner to the benevolent tradesman.

To give an instance of his abilities as a politician. When he first aspired in his mind to the Popedom, while he was yet a Cardinal, he counterfeited illness and old age for *fifteen years*. During the Conclave, which was assembled to create a Pope, he continually leaned on his crutch; and very frequently interrupted the sage deliberations of the Conclave by a hollow cough, and violent spitting. This scheme took so well, that the Cardinals fell into the trap; and every one thinking that, by electing Sixtus, he might himself stand a chance of being in a short time elected, he was chosen unanimously. Soon after the election was concluded, the new Pope performed a *miracle*: his legs became vigorous; his body, that had been before curbed, became firm and erect; his cough was dissipated; and he shewed, in a short time, of what he was capable.

What he had obtained by such singular artifice he maintained with as singular haughtiness. Cardinal Este, for a written promise which Sixtus gave him, greatly assisted in making him Pope; but Sixtus did not always grant the Cardinal the many favours he was continually asking. Once,

in a passion, he said—*Padre santo, Io vi ó fatto Papa.*—Holy Father! it was me who made you Pope. To which Sixtus replied—*Lasciatemi dunque essere Papa.*—Let me, then, be Pope. Such are generally the replies of those politicians, whose superior *Machiavelism* (if the expression be allowed) has turned to their own account the interested motives of inferior politicians.

VICAR OF BRAY.

THE reader has frequently heard this reverend son of the Church mentioned: probably his name may have outlived the recollection of his pious manœuvres: he was in his principles a Sixtus the Fifth.

The Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, was a Papist under the reign of Henry the Eighth, and a Protestant under Edward the Sixth; he was a Papist again under Queen Mary, and at length became a Protestant in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. When this scandal to the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, he made answer,

swer,

swer, ' I cannot help that : but, if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle ; which is, to live and die Vicar of Bray !'

THE BODY OF CÆSAR.

A SKILFUL orator sometimes employs persuasions more forcible than the figures or flowers of rhetoric can yield. Here is an instance—

Marc Antony, haranguing the Roman people after the death of Cæsar, who had just been assassinated by the Senate, held out to the observation of the people the *robe* of this great man, all bloody, and pierced through in two-and-twenty places. This made so great an impression on the minds of those who were present, that it appeared, not that Cæsar *had been* assassinated, but that the conspirators were then actually assassinating him.

Scudery has a fine verse on this subject—

C'est le sang de Cefar, Romains, qui parle a vous.

Ye Romans, mark ! 'tis Cæsar's blood that speaks.

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The sentiments of Anthony, King of Navarre, father to Henry IV. of France, must have been similar, as appears by the following anecdote. The Duke of Guise had resolved to assassinate him in the presence of Francis the Second.. Anthony of Navarre, says Voltaire, had a fearless heart. He was informed of the conspiracy; which did not, however, hinder him from going to the chamber in which it was to have been effected. ‘If they kill me (he told his confidential friend) take my *bloody shirt*, bring it to my son, and my wife: they will *read in my blood* what they shall do to revenge me.’

PATRIOTIC MALEVOLENCE.

THERE is a passion existing in the heart of man, that I am at a loss whether to consider as proceeding from an excess of malevolence, or an excess of patriotism. This passion cannot suffer even that the Hero or Author of a rival nation should be found to merit praise, though an interval of a thousand years may have elapsed since their days!

Whole

Whole histories have been written in this style, where the historian has set out with a resolution of detracting from, or denying, the merits of a rival nation. To give an instance in modern times—

A French writer has wilfully misrepresented the famous anecdote recorded of our Canute, and endeavoured to convey an idea that we have ever been a nation of haughty barbarians. It cannot be ignorance, but wilful misrepresentation. The anecdote was never related but in one manner, and which reflects great honour on our ancient monarch. The author attempts to prove, that the English nation have been overbearing from the remotest times; and this he instances by giving the anecdote of Canute in this senseless narration—

‘ Canute, King of England, imitating his predecessors, who called themselves lords and sovereigns of the sea, resolved to take possession of this title solemnly, that, in future times, it should not be contested. Persuaded that he could not render this act more authentic than by obliging the sea itself to come and pay him homage, as to it’s sovereign, about the time of the tide, he raised his throne by the sea-side; and there,

apparelled in his royal robes, he held this language to the sea, when it rolled towards him—"Know, that thou art subjected to me: the earth on which I sit is mine; and that, till now, none has ever dared to revolt from my will.* I command thee, then, that thou remain where thou art, without daring to approach thy lord, and soil his robes!" Scarce had he concluded this speech, when a wave overturned his throne; and, having wetted him from head to foot, taught him in what manner he was to rely on the obedience of this element.

Who does not here immediately perceive, that, to throw out a satirical stroke on the English nation for their naval power, the author has wilfully disguised this famous reproof of Canute to his courtiers, and endeavoured to turn into ridicule the pride and the boast of the British nation?

It is thus, also, that the Spanish Literati have spread an uncandid report concerning the *Gil Blas* of *Le Sage*. Despairing of producing a composition of similar merit, yet seeming desirous of the honour, they have taken advantage of his Spanish characters and his mode of narration, and they have
ventured

ventured to say, that, that celebrated work is *a translation from the Spanish*. They have contrived this absurd information in the following manner: the Spanish author having interspersed a variety of political passages throughout the original, which were highly offensive to the government, it remained, for this reason, unpublished. When Le Sage was secretary to the French ambassador, he, who knew the value of the work, rescinded the offending parts, and formed from the remains that agreeable romance. Similar reports prevail against every eminent person, in common life; but that they should so frequently occur in the republic of letters, can only be attributed to that dishonest patriotism which would level every merit of a rival nation,

DOUGLAS.

IT may be recorded, as a species of Puritanic savageness and Gothic barbarism, that, no later than in the year 1757, a man of genius was persecuted because he had written a

D d 4 Tragedy.

Tragedy, which tended by no means to hurt the morals; but, on the contrary, by awakening the sweetest piety, and the nobler passions, would rather elevate the soul, and purify the mind.

When Mr. Home, the author of the tragedy of Douglas, had it performed at Edinburgh; and, because some of the divines, his acquaintance, attended the representation, the clergy, with the monastic spirit of the darkest ages, published the present Paper, which I shall abridge for the contemplation of the reader, who may wonder to see such a composition written in the eighteenth century.

‘ On Wednesday, February the 2d, 1757, the Presbytery of Glasgow came to the following resolution. They having seen a printed Paper, intituled—“ An Admonition and Exhortation of the reverend Presbytery of Edinburgh;” which, among other *evils* prevailing, observing the following *melancholy*, but *notorious*, facts; that one, who is a Minister of the Church of Scotland, did *himself* write and compose a *Stage-play*, intituled—“ The Tragedy of Douglas,” and got it to be acted at the theatre of Edinburgh;

burgh; and that he, with several other Ministers of the Church, were present; and *some of them, oftener than once*, at the acting of the said Play, before a numerous audience. The Presbytery, being *deeply affected* with this new and strange appearance, do publish these sentiments, &c.—Sentiments with which I will not disgust the reader.

CRITICAL HISTORY OF POVERTY.

MR. Morin has formed a little History of Poverty, which I shall endeavour to abridge.

It is difficult precisely to fix on the epoch of Poverty, or to mark with accuracy the moment of it's birth. Chronologists are silent; and those who have formed genealogies of the Gods, have not noticed this Deity's, though she has been admitted as such in the Pagan heaven, and has had temples and altars on earth. The Fabulists have pleasingly narrated of her, that at the feast which Jupiter gave on the birth of Venus, she modestly stood at the gate of the

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palace,

palace, to gather the remains of the celestial banquet; when she observed Plutus, the God of Riches, inebriated, not with wine, but with nectar, roll out of the heavenly residence; and, passing into the Olympian gardens, he threw himself on a vernal bank. She seized this opportunity to become familiar with the God. The frolicksome Deity honoured her with his caresses; and, from this amour sprung the God of Love, who resembles his father in jollity and mirth, and his mother in his nudity. This fabulous narration is taken from the divine Plato. Let us now turn to it's historic extraction.

Poverty, though of remote antiquity, did not exist from the earliest times. In the first Age, distinguished by the epithet of the Golden, it certainly was unknown. In the terrestrial Paradise it never entered. This Age, however, had but the duration of a flower: when it finished, Poverty began to appear. The ancestors of the human race, if they did not meet her face to face, knew her in a partial degree. She must have made a rapid progress at the time of Cain; for Josephus informs us, he scoured the country with a banditti. Proceeding from this
obscure

obscure period, it is certain she was firmly established in the Patriarchal age. It is then we hear of merchants, who publicly practised the commerce of vending slaves, which indicates the utmost degree of Poverty. She is distinctly marked by Job: this holy man protests, that he had nothing to reproach himself with respecting the Poor, for he had assisted them in their necessities.

As we advance in the Scriptures, we observe the Legislators paid great attention to their relief. Moses, by his wise precautions, endeavoured to soften the rigours of this unhappy state. The division of lands, by tribes and families; the septennial jubilees; the regulation to bestow, at the harvest-time, a certain portion of all the fruits of the earth for those families who were in want; and the obligation of his moral law, to love one's neighbour as one's self; were so many mounds erected against the inundations of Poverty. It was thus that the Jews, under their Aristocratic government, had few or no Mendicants.—Their Kings were unjust; and, rapaciously seizing on inheritances which were not their right, increased the

numbers of the Poor. From the reign of David there were oppressive governors, who devoured the people as their bread. It was still worse under the foreign powers of Babylon, of Persia, and the Roman Emperors. Such were the extortions of their publicans, and the avarice of their governors, that the number of mendicants was dreadfully augmented; and it was probably for that reason that the opulent families consecrated a tenth part of their property for their succour, as appears in the time of the Evangelists. In the preceding ages, no more was given—as their casuists assure us—than the fortieth, or thirtieth part; a custom which this unfortunate nation, to the present hour, preserve, and look on it as an indispensable duty; so much so, that if there are no Poor of their nation where they reside, they send it to the most distant parts. The Jewish merchants always make this charity a regular charge in their transactions with each other; and, at the close of the year, render an account to the Poor of their nation.

By the example of Moses, the ancient legislators were taught to pay a similar attention,

tention to the Poor. Like him, they published laws respecting the division of lands; and many ordinances were made for the benefit of those whom fires, inundations, wars, or bad harvests, had reduced to want. Convinced that *idleness* more inevitably introduced poverty, than any other cause, they punished it rigorously: the Egyptians made it criminal; and no vagabonds or mendicants were suffered, under any pretence whatever. Those who were convicted of slothfulness, and still refused to labour for the public, when labours were offered to them, were punished with death. It was the Egyptian task-masters who observed that the Israelites were an idle nation, and obliged them to furnish bricks for the erection of those famous pyramids, which are the works of men who otherwise had remained vagabonds and mendicants.

The same spirit inspired Greece. Lycurgus would not have in his republic either *poor* or *rich*: they lived and laboured in common. As, in the present times, every family has it's stores and cellars, so they had public ones, and distributed the provisions according to the ages and constitutions
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of the people. If the same regulation was not precisely observed by the Athenians, the Corinthians, and the other people of Greece, the same maxim existed in full force against idleness.

According to the laws of Draco, Solon, &c. a conviction of wilful poverty was punished with the loss of life. Plato, more gentle in his manners, would have them only banished. He calls them enemies of the state; and pronounces, as a maxim, that where there are great numbers of mendicants, fatal revolutions will happen; for, as these people have nothing to lose, they seize and plan opportunities to disturb the public repose.

The ancient Romans, whose universal object was the public prosperity, were not indebted to Greece on this head. One of the principal occupations of their Censors was to keep a watch on the vagabonds. Those who were condemned as incorrigible sluggards were sent to the mines, or made to labour on the public edifices. The Romans of those times, unlike the present race, did not consider the *far niente* as a pleasing occupation: they were convinced, that their
libera-

liberalities were ill-placed in bestowing them on such men. The little republics of the *Bees* and the *Ants* were often held out as an example; and the last, particularly, where Virgil says, that they have elected overseers, who correct the sluggards—

‘——Pars agmina cogunt
Castigant que moras.’

VIRGIL.

And, if we may trust the narratives of our travellers, the *Beavers* pursue this regulation more rigorously and exactly than even these industrious societies. But their rigour, although but animals, is not so barbarous as that of the ancient Germans; who, Tacitus informs us, plunged the idlers and vagabonds in the thickest mire of their marshes, and left them to perish by a kind of death that resembled their inactive dispositions.

Yet, after all, it was not inhumanity that prompted the ancients thus severely to chastise idleness: they were induced to it by a strict equity; and it would be doing them injustice to suppose, that it was thus they treated those *unfortunate Poor* whose indigence was occasioned by infirmities, by age,

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or unforeseen calamities. They perhaps exceeded us in genuine humanity. Every family constantly assisted it's branches, to save them from being reduced to beggary; which, to them, appeared worse than death. The magistrates protected those who were destitute of friends, or incapable of labour. When Ulysses was disguised as a mendicant, and presented himself to Eurymachus, this prince, observing him to be robust and healthy, offered to give him employment, or otherwise to leave him to his ill fortune. When the Roman Emperors, even in the reigns of Nero and Tiberius, bestowed their largesses, the distributors were ordered to except those from receiving a share whose bad conduct kept them in misery; for that it was better the lazy should die with hunger than be fed in idleness.

Whether the police of the ancients was more exact, or whether they were more attentive to practise the duties of humanity, or that slavery served as an efficacious corrective of idleness; it clearly appears how little was the misery, and how few the numbers, of their Poor. This they did, too, without having recourse to hospitals.

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At the establishment of Christianity, when the Apostles commanded a community of riches among their disciples, the miseries of the poor became alleviated in a greater degree. If they did not absolutely live together, as we have seen religious orders, yet the rich continually supplied their distressed brethren : but matters greatly changed under Constantine. This Prince, with the best intentions, published edicts in favour of those Christians who had been condemned, in the preceding reigns, to slavery, to the mines, the galleys, or prisons. The Church felt an inundation of prodigious crowds of these unhappy men, who brought with them urgent wants and corporeal infirmities. The Christian families formed then but a few : they could not satisfy these men. The magistrates protected them : they built spacious hospitals, under different titles, for the sick, the aged, the invalids, the widows, and orphans. The Emperors, and the most eminent personages, were seen in these hospitals, examining the patients. Sometimes they assisted the helpless, and sometimes dressed the wounded. This did so much honour to the new religion, that Julian the

Apostate introduced this custom among the Pagans. But the best things are seen continually perverted.

These retreats were found insufficient. Many slaves, proud of the liberty they had just recovered, looked on them as prisons; and, under various pretexts, wandered about the country. They displayed, with art, the scars of their former wounds, and exposed the imprinted marks of their chains. They found thus a lucrative profession in begging, which had been interdicted by the laws. The profession did not finish with them: men of an untoward, turbulent, and licentious disposition, gladly embraced it. It spread so wide, that the succeeding Emperors were obliged to institute new laws; and it was permitted to individuals to seize on these mendicants for their slaves and perpetual vassals: a powerful preservative against this disorder. It is observed in almost every part of the world but ours; and it is thus that no where else they so abound with beggars. China presents us with a noble example. No beggars are seen loitering in that country. All the world are occupied, even to the blind and the lame. Those who are

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incapable of labour, live at the public expence. What is done *there*, may also be performed *here*. Then, instead of that hideous, importunate, idle, licentious poverty—as pernicious to the police as to morality—we should see the poverty of the earlier ages humble, modest, frugal, robust, industrious, and laborious. Then, indeed, the fable of Plato might be realized: Poverty may be embraced by the god of riches; and, if she did not produce the voluptuous offspring of Love, she would become the fertile mother of Agriculture, and the ingenious mother of the fine Arts, and of all kinds of Manufactures.

SLAVERY.

I HAVE chiefly collected the present Anecdotes from the ingenious Compiler of '*L'Esprit des Usages et des Coutumes*.'

It avails little to exclaim against Slavery; it is an evil so natural to man, that it is impossible totally to eradicate it. Man will be a tyrant; and, if he possessed an adequate

strength, he would enslave whatever surrounded him. Dominion is so flattering to pride, and to idleness, that it is impossible to sacrifice it's enjoyments. Even the Slave himself requires to be attended by another Slave : it is thus with the Negro of Labat ; who, since his state permits of none, assumes a despotic authority over his wife and children.

There are Slaves even with savages ; and, if force cannot establish servitude, they employ other means to supply it. The Chief of the *Natchès* of Louisiana disposes at his will of the property of his subjects : they dare not even refuse him their head. He is a perfect despotic prince. When the presumptive heir is born, the people devote to him all the children at the breast, to serve him during his life. This petty Chief is a very Sesostris ; he is treated in his cabin as the Emperor of China is in his palace. Indeed, the origin of his power is great : the *Natchès* adore the Sun, and this Sovereign has palmed himself on them for the Brother of the Sun !

Servitude is sometimes as pleasing to the slave as it is gratifying to the master ; and
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can any thing more strongly convince us, that the greater part of men are unworthy of tasting the sweets of liberty? It was thus, when the Monarchs of France were desirous of despoiling the Barons of the authority they had usurped, the bondmen, accustomed to slavery, were slow in claiming their liberty. To effect this, it became necessary to *compel* them by laws; and Louis Hutin ordered, that those villains, or bondmen, who would not be enfranchised, should pay heavy fines.

The origin of Slavery, in some countries, arises from singular circumstances. If a Tartar met in his way a man, or woman, who could not shew a passport from the King, he would seize on the person as his right and property.

Formerly, in Circassia, when the husband and wife did not agree, they went to complain to the governor of the town. If the husband was the first who arrived, the governor caused the woman to be seized and sold, and gave another to the husband, and, on the contrary, he seized and sold the husband, if the wife arrived first.

Liberality, and the desire of obliging—

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who could credit it?—occasion the depriving others of their liberty. An Islander of Mindanao, who redeems his son from Slavery, makes him his own slave; and children exercise the same benevolence and rigour on their parents.

In Rome, the debtor became the slave of his creditor; and, when it happened that they could take nothing from him who had lost every thing, they took his liberty. It is even believed, that the law of the Twelve Tables permitted them to cut into pieces an insolvent debtor!

It is since the establishment of the commerce and sale of Negroes, that men have committed the most enormous crimes. The Mulattoes of Loanda seduce the young women wherever they pass; they return to them, some years afterwards; and, under the pretext of giving the children a better education, they carry them off to sell them.

Thus, also, the women of Benguela, in collusion with their husbands, allure other men to their arms. The husband falls suddenly on them, imprisons the unfortunate gallants, and sells them the first opportunity; and he is not punished for these violences.

Besides,

Besides, the Negroes sell their children, their parents, and their neighbours ! They lead to the country-house of the merchant their unsuspectful victims, and there deliver them into the hands of their purchaser. While they are loaded with chains, and separated for ever from their most endearing connections, it is in vain they raise loud and melancholy cries : the infamous vender smiles, and says it is only a cunning trick. Le Maire informs us, that an old Negro resolved to sell his son ; but the son, who suspected his design, hastened to the factor ; and, having taken him aside, told him his father !

The islanders of Bissagos are passionately fond of spirituous liquors ; and, on the arrival of a vessel, the weakest, without distinction of age, friendship, or relationship, become the prey of the strongest, that they may sell them to purchase liquors.

It appears that, in the East, and particularly at Batavia, the life of a slave entirely depends on the caprice of his master : the slightest fault brings on him the most afflictive treatment. They bind him to a gallows ; they flog him unmercifully with

splitting canes; his blood flows in a stream, and his body is covered with wounds: but, fearful that he may not die in sufficient tortures, they scatter abundantly over them salt and pepper. So little care is paid to these unfortunate men amongst the Maldivians, that they lie entirely at the mercy of every one. Those who practise on them any ill treatment, receive only half the punishment that the laws exact from any one who had ill-treated a free person. The slightest chastisement which is inflicted on them, at Java, is to carry about their necks a piece of wood, with a chain, and which they are condemned to drag all their lives.

The slaves of the kingdom of Angola, and many other countries of Africa, never address their masters but on their knees. They do not even allow them the honours of decent burial; they throw their bodies in the woods, where they become the food of wild beasts.

If those on the Gold Coast escape, and are retaken, they lose an ear for the first offence of this kind: a second offence is punished with the loss of the other. At the third, it is allowed their masters either to sell

sell them to the Europeans, or to cut off their heads.

Religious fanaticism increases the inhumanity of the pirates of Africa. The Moors and the Europeans reciprocally detest each other; and, since they redeem their captives, the Mahometans have become unmerciful, that they may the more powerfully excite their friends to redeem them with heavy ransoms. We must not credit every thing Historians record; but it is certain that the police does not punish the master who kills his slaves; that religious prejudices totally stifle the feelings of humanity; and that the zealous Mussulman inflicts continual tortures on these unfortunate men, that they may abjure their religion.

The Spaniards, and the Knights of Malta, for their reprisals, chain to the galley all the Mahometans they make prisoners; and, it is thus that the fate of the Christian slaves on the Northern Coast of Africa, is the natural consequence of a war which never can terminate.

When the NEGROES of the Colonies solely depend on a brutal master, who can paint the horrors of their situation? Without
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But dwelling on the cruelties which they suffer in Africa, before they are sold, and during the voyage; the greater part believe, that, after their embarkation, the Europeans intend to massacre them in the most terrible manner imaginable; to burn, calcine, and pulverize their bones, to be employed as gunpowder; and they also imagine, that the Europeans manufacture an oil with their fat and marrow.

If they do not finish their task, they are lashed with rods till they are covered with blood. Sometimes they pour over the raw wounds a pound of melted pitch; and sometimes they heighten their unsupportable smart, by scattering over them handfuls of pepper!

The habit of suffering endows them with an admirable patience. It is thus *Labat* expresses himself on this head. ‘They are seldom heard to cry out, or to complain. It is not owing to insensibility, for their flesh is extremely delicate, and their feelings irritable. It proceeds from an uncommon magnanimity of soul, which sets at defiance pain, grief, and death itself. I have more than once seen some broken on the wheel,
and

and others tormented by the most dreadful machines inventive cruelty could produce, without their giving vent to one murmur, or shedding one tear. I saw a Negro burnt, who was so far from being affected, that he called for a little lighted tobacco, on his way to the place of execution; and I observed him smoke with great calmness, at the moment his feet were consuming in the midst of the flames. There were two Negroes condemned; the one to the gallows, the other to be whipped by the hand of the executioner. The Priest, in a mistake, confessed him who was not to have died. They did not perceive it, till the moment the executioner was going to throw him off; they made him descend; the other was confessed; and, although he expected only to be whipped, he mounted the ladder with as much indifference as the first descended from it, and as if the choice of either fate was alike to him.

How grievous must be the unfortunate destiny of those Negroes, when they possess a soul so great, and sentiments so sublime! Atkins, examining once some slaves, observed one of a noble stature, who appeared

ed to him not less vigorous than imperious ; he glanced on his companions, whenever they murmured or wept, looks of reproach and disdain. He never turned his eyes on the overseer ; and, if commanded to rise, or to stretch his leg, he did not by any means immediately obey. His exasperated master wearied himself with lashing his naked body with his rod. He was going to dispatch him in his fury, had it not been observed to him, that if he sold him, he might get an uncommon price for a slave of his appearance. The Negro supported this persecution with heroic intrepidity : he preserved a rigid silence ; a tear or two only trickled down his cheek ; when, as if he blushed for his weakness, he turned aside to hide them. ‘ I learnt,’ Atkins writes, ‘ that he was a Chief of some villages who had just come from opposing the slave traffick of the English.’ Mr. Mackenzie, in one of his novels, has described this scene with the pen of a master ; and certainly draws the picture after the description of Atkins.

Many European nations abandon the Negroes to the caprice of their masters, or to the despotic decision of the magistrate. The
French

French have drawn up some regulations, which have been called *the Black Code*. This article trespasses so much on our usual limits, that we cannot extract any for the contemplation of the reader; let it be sufficient, however, to observe, that they are eternal records of European cupidity, and European inhumanity.

In a word, they have reduced them to the degree of brutes, and they have treated them with infinitely more inhumanity. Whatever the arbitrary decrees of a planter—continues our ingenious compiler—may perform, they cannot take from them the human figure, nor the human voice: they seem, indeed, exasperated to find that they bear an affinity to their own species!

A NEW RELIGION.

ALL the world knows how successful some impostors have been in the establishment of religions. We Europeans are well persuaded, that the Jewish and the Christian are derived from Divine authority. We
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are perfectly satisfied that Mahomet, Manco Capac, Confucius, the Lama of Tartary, are impostors; though a greater number of nations respect *their* various holy scriptures more than the true Bible. As voyagers have made new discoveries, new religions have been discovered. The list of religious impostors it were not difficult to augment. The Jews have seen five or six fictitious Messiahs—Sabbatei Sevi the most remarkable of them. I am convinced, that not a few religions have failed in their establishment; and I will oppose to these impostors a man, who was more learned and able than any of them. But circumstances were not favourable to his system: he had not, like Mahomet, to join with his Alcoran, a good armoury of swords in his possession.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, some time before the Turks had become masters of Constantinople, a great number of philosophers flourished. *Gemistus Pletho* was one distinguished by the excellence of his genius, by the depth of his erudition, and chiefly by his being a warm Platonist. Such were his eminent abilities, that, in his old age, those whom his novel system had

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greatly

greatly irritated, either feared or respected him. He had scarcely breathed his last, when they began to abuse Plato and our Pletho. Here is an account, written by George of Trebizond—

‘ There has lately arose amongst us a second Mahomet; and this second, if we do not take care, will exceed in greatness the first, by the dreadful consequences of his wicked doctrine, as the first has exceeded Plato: A disciple and rival of this philosopher, in philosophy, in eloquence, and in science, he had fixed his residence in the Peloponnese. His common name was *Gemistus*, but he assumed that of *Pletho*. Perhaps Gemistus, to make us believe more easily that he was descended from heaven, and to engage us to receive more readily his doctrine and his new law, wished to change his name, according to the manner of the ancient patriarchs; of whom it is said, that at the time the name was changed they were called to the greatest things. He has written with wonderful art, and with great elegance. He has given new rules for the conduct of life, and for the regulation of human affairs; and, at the same time, has vomited forth a
great

great number of blasphemies against the Catholic religion. It is certain, he was so zealous a Platonist, that he entertained no other sentiments than those of Plato, concerning the nature of the Gods, Souls, Sacrifices, &c. I have heard him, myself, when we were together at Florence, say, that in a few years all men on the face of the earth would embrace, with one common consent, and with one mind, a single and simple religion, at the first instructions which should be given by a single preaching. And when I asked him, if it would be the religion of Jesus Christ, or that of Mahomet? he answered—"Neither one nor the other; but a *third*, which will not greatly differ from *Paganism*." These words I heard with so much indignation, that since that time I have always hated him: I look upon him as a dangerous viper; and I cannot think of him without abhorrence.'

The pious writer of this account is too violently agitated: he might, perhaps, have bestowed a smile of pity, or contempt; but the bigots of religion are not less insane than the impious themselves.

It was when Pletho died, that the malice
of

of his enemies collected all it's venom. We cannot but acknowledge from this circumstance, that his abilities must have been astonishingly vast, to have kept such crowds silent : and, it is not improbable, this scheme of impiety was less impious than the majority of the people imagined. Not a few Catholic writers lament that his book was burnt, and greatly regret the loss of Pletho's work ; which, they say, was not meant to subvert the Christian religion, but only to unfold the system of Plato, and to collect what he and other philosophers had written on religion and politicks. At the same time, however, we must recollect the express words of Pletho, which we come from transcribing as given us by George of Trebizond.

Of his religious scheme, the reader may now judge, by this summary account. The general title of the volume ran thus—' This Book treats of the Laws, of the best Form of Government, and what all men must observe in their public and private stations, to live together in the most perfect, the most innocent, and the most happy manner.' The whole was divided into Three Books.

VOL. I.

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The

The titles of the chapters, where Paganism was openly inculcated, are reported by Genadius, who condemned it to the flames, but who has not thought proper to enter into the manner of his arguments, &c. The impiety and the extravagance of this new legislator appeared, above all, in the articles which concerned Religion. He acknowledges a plurality of Gods: some superior, whom he placed above the heavens; and the others, inferior, on this side the heavens. The first, existing from the remotest antiquity; the others younger, and of different ages. He gave a king to all these gods; and he called him ΖΕΥΣ—or *Jupiter*—as the Pagans named this power formerly. According to him, the Stars had a Soul; the Demons were not malignant Spirits; and the World was Eternal. He established Polygamy; and was even inclined to a community of women. All his work was filled with such follies; and with not a few impieties, which my pious author will not venture to give.

What the intentions of Pletho were, it would be rash and ungenerous in us to determine. If the work was only an arrangement

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ment of the Heathen notions, it was an innocent and curious volume. It is allowed, that he was uncommonly learned and humane, and had not passed his life entirely in the solitary recesses of his study.

I cannot quit this article without recollecting some similar works even of the present day! The ideas of the phrenetic *Emanuel Swedenburgh* are warmly cherished by a sect, who have so far disgraced themselves as to bestow on their society the name of this man. Mr. *T. Taylor*, the Platonic philosopher, and *the modern Pletbo*, consonant to that philosophy, professes Polytheism.

A book published by a person known by the title of *walking Stuart*, is not less to be distinguished; and we have seen a *Vanini* in our days, if such a person as *W. Hammond* of Liverpool ever existed.

An eccentric genius frequently exclaimed—Oh, that I but knew the Oriental languages! I have the finest system of religion possible: it is superior to all others. It would perfectly suit the Orientalists. O that I but knew their language; I should grow opulent in a short time!

F f 2

Houssaie

Houffaie records an anecdote of Aibzema, an able politician, who was agent for the Hanseatic towns. But, with all his abilities, he was continually fluctuating in his religious opinions. In that critical time, each sect or religion was desirous of drawing him to their side; but none could succeed. When he was at the Hague, his landlady informed him, that there had been to enquire for him that day a number of ministers, Lutherans, Calvinists, Arminians, Arians, and Gomarists, who all expressed an eager wish to converse with him. ‘Madam,’ he answered, ‘I beg you would tell all these gentlemen, that it is very useless to come for the subject they do; because I am resolved to die *incognito*.’

HISTORIAN.

THE famous Le Clerc, great in his day as a journalist, observes, that there are four principal things essential to constitute a good Historian; and, without which, nothing

thing considerable from him can be expected. The first is, to be well instructed in what he undertakes to relate. The second, to be able, without any disguises, to say what he thinks to be the truth. The third is, to be capable of relating what he knows. The fourth, to be capable of judging of the events, and of those who occasion them. If we reflect on the ability of the Historian in these four points, we may be enabled to judge if a History is well or ill written.

‘HISTORY’ (says Dr. King, at the conclusion of his keen Reflections on Varillas) is, indeed, a serious matter; not to be written *carelessly*, like a letter to a friend; nor with *passion*, like a billet to a mistress; nor with *brass*, like a declamation for a party at the bar, or the remonstrance of a minister for his prince; nor, in fine, by a man unacquainted with the world, like soliloquies and meditations. It requires a long experience, a sound judgment, a close attention, an unquestionable integrity, and a style without affectation.

History should never be dedicated to *kings*. Capriata, an esteemed Italian historian, dedicated his work not to *princes*, but to *private*

vate men; for he was fearful that an *epistle dedicatory* to a *monarch*, would have given reason to suppose that he had not written his history with all that moderation and truth which the historical art requires. It was very judicious; for the sincerity of an historian would have composed an awkward panegyric. Few dedicate to *kings* without the hope of some gratification. Bayle observes—*C'est une Coutume de piper aux Souverains a qui l'on adresse un ouvrage.* The historian should only dedicate his works to Posterity.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

VIGNEUL Marville has written, in his lively and bold manner, what I must confess I think just, concerning our 'Virgin-Queen.'

'Elizabeth, Queen of England, passionately admired handsome and well-made men; and he was already far advanced in her favour who approached her with beauty and with grace. On the contrary, she had
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so unconquerable an aversion for ugly and ill-made men, who had been treated unfortunately by Nature, that she could not endure their presence.

‘ When she issued from her palace, her guards were careful to disperse from before her eyes hideous and deformed people, the lame, the hunch-backed, &c. in a word, all those whose appearance might shock her delicate sensations.

‘ There is this singular and admirable in the conduct of Elizabeth, that she made her pleasures subservient to her politics, and she maintained her affairs by what in general occasions the ruin of princes. So secret were her amours, that, even to the present day, their mysteries cannot be penetrated; but the utility she drew from them is public, and always operated for the good of her people. Her lovers were her ministers, and her ministers were her lovers. Love commanded, Love was obeyed; and the reign of this princess was happy, because it was a reign of *Love*, in which it’s chains and it’s slavery are liked !’

The origin of Raleigh’s advancement in the queen’s graces, was by an action of gal-

lantry,

F f 4

lantry, which perfectly gratified her majesty, not insensible to flattery. He found the queen taking a walk; and a wet place incommoding her royal footsteps, Raleigh immediately spread his new plush cloak across the miry place. The queen stepped cautiously on it, and passed over dry; but not without a particular observation of him who had given her so eloquent, though silent a flattery. Shortly afterwards, from Captain Raleigh, he became Sir Walter, and rapidly advanced in the queen's favour.

There is little doubt that Elizabeth felt the amorous passion in an extreme degree; particularly for her favourite the Earl of Essex. *Every reader* does not know that that passion *could not be gratified*: there were physical reasons against it; *her amours would have cost her, her life*. So well was she persuaded of this, that, one day when she was warmly pressed to marry the Duke of Alençon, who courted her with ardour, she answered, that she did not consider herself as so little loved by her subjects, that they were desirous of burying her before her time.

Hume

Hume has furnished us with ample proofs of the *passion* which her courtiers feigned for her, and which, with others I shall give, confirm the opinion of Vigneul Marville, who did not know, probably, the *reason* why her amours were never discovered; which, indeed, never went further than mere gallantry. Hume has preserved, in his notes, a letter written by Raleigh. It is a perfect amorous composition. After having exerted his poetic talent to exalt *her charms*, and *his affection*, he concludes, by comparing her majesty, who was then *sixty*, to Venus and Diana. Sir Walter was not her only courtier who wrote in this style.

Those who are intimately acquainted with the private anecdotes of those times, know what encouragement this royal coquette gave to most who were near her person. Dodd, in his Church History, says, that the Earls of Arran and Arundel, and Sir William Pickering, 'were not out of hopes of gaining Queen Elizabeth's affections in a matrimonial way.'

She encouraged every person of eminence: she even went so far, on the anniversary of her coronation, as publicly to
take

take a ring from her finger, and put it on the Duke of Alençon's hand. She also ranked amongst her suitors, Henry the Third of France, and Henry the Great. There was also *a taylor* who died for love of her majesty.

When Buzenval ridiculed her bad pronunciation of the French language, she never forgave him. And when Henry IV. sent him over to her on an embassy, she would not receive him. So nice was the irritable pride of this great Queen, that she made her private injuries matters of state.

'This Queen,' (writes Du Maurier, in his *Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Hollande*) 'who displayed so many heroic accomplishments, had this foible—of wishing to be thought beautiful by all the world. I heard from my father, that, having been sent to her, at every audience he had with her majesty, she pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times, to display her hands, which indeed were very beautiful and very white.'

Houssaie, in his *Memoires Historiques*, &c. vol. I. p. 74, has given the following anecdote of Elizabeth, which I give in his own words, but do not venture to translate

so scandalous, though so gallant, an interview.

‘ Un jour, Nicolas de Harlay, étant à l’audience de la reine d’Angleterre Elisabeth, lui coula quelque mot de mariage avec le roi son maître. *Il ne faut pas songer à cela*, repondit-eile ; *mon Gendarme* (c’est le nom de guerre qu’elle donnoit à Henri IV.) *n’est pas mon fait, ni moi le sien : non pas que je ne sois encore en état de donner du plaisir à un mari qui me conviendrait, mais pour d’autres raisons.* Là-dessus levant ses jupes et le bas de sa chemise, elle lui montra sa cuisse. Harlay mit un genou à terre, et la lui baïsa. Elisabeth s’en facha, ou fit semblant de s’en facher, comme d’un manquement de respect. *Madame* dit-il, *pardonnez-moi ce que je viens de faire : c’est ce qu’auroit fait mon Maître, s’il en avoit vu autant.* Cette excuse plut à la reine qui se connoissoit fort en galanterie, et Henri IV. en loua Harlay.’

I have yet another anecdote, not less curious. It is relative to the affair of the Duke of Anjou and our Elizabeth. It is another proof of her partiality for handsome men.

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The writer was Lewis Guyon, a contemporary of the times he notices.

‘ Francis Duke of Anjou being desirous of marrying a crowned head, caused proposals of marriage to be made to Elizabeth Queen of England. Letters passed betwixt them, and their portraits were exchanged. At length her majesty informed him, that she would never contract a marriage with any one who sought her, if she did not first *see his person*. If he would not come, nothing more should be said on the subject. This prince, over-pressed by his young friends, (who were as little able of judging as himself) paid no attention to the counsels of men of maturer judgment. He passed over to England without a splendid train. The said lady contemplated his *person*: she found him *ugly*, disfigured by deep scars of the *small-pox*, and that he also had an *ill-shaped nose*, with *swellings in the neck*! All these were so many reasons with her, that he could never be admitted into her good graces.’

Queen Elizabeth was taught to write by the celebrated Roger Ascham. Her writing
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is extremely beautiful and correct, as may be seen by examining a little manuscript book of prayers, preserved in the British Museum.

CROMWELL.

IN the Funeral Oration of Henrietta, Queen of England, the character of Cromwell is delineated by a pencil of which the strokes are firm, though delicate—

‘ A man was seen with a profundity of mind that exceeds our belief. As finished a Hypocrite as he was a skilful Politician ; capable of undertaking any thing, and of concealing what he undertook ; equally indefatigable and active in peace as in war ; who left nothing to Fortune which he could seize from her by foresight and prudence ; but, for what remained, always so vigilant and so ready, that he never failed to improve the occasions she presented him. In a word, he was one of those daring and adventurous minds which seem born to change the affairs of the world.’

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The ambassador from the French Court in that day was an able Minister; and that he was, at the same time, a fine Writer, the following sketch of Cromwell evinces. It has the advantage of being given by one who was a witness to what he observes—

‘He was gentle and cruel when either was necessary for his interests. He had no faith in religion, no honour in his professions, no fidelity to his friends, than as the semblance of these virtues served towards his aggrandizement. He knew better than any man to put into practice all the pious grimaces and insinuating manners of the false votarists of religion; and to conceal, under an humble air and popular address, an unmeasurable ambition. In a word, he possessed, in the supreme degree, all the qualities of a great Politician; and there was nothing wanting to compleat his good fortune, but to have acquired his success by better means, to have lived longer, and to have had children worthy of succeeding him.’

EDWARD

EDWARD THE FOURTH.

OUR Edward the Fourth was a gay and voluptuous Prince; and, what is singular, he probably owed his crown to his enormous debts, and passion for the fair sex. He had not *one* Jane Shore, but *many*. Hear honest Philip de Comines, his contemporary. He says, that what greatly contributed to his entering London as soon as he appeared at it's gates, was the great debts this Prince had contracted, which made his creditors gladly assist him; and the high favour in which he was held by the *Bourgeois*, into whose good graces he had frequently glided; and who gained over to him their husbands—who, I suppose, for the tranquillity of their lives, were glad to depose or raise monarchs.

These are De Comines's words—'Many ladies, and rich citizens wives, of whom formerly he had great privacies and familiar acquaintance, gained over to him their husbands and relations.'

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This is the description of his voluptuous life ; we must recollect, that the writer had been an eye-witness, and was an honest man ; while modern Historians only view objects through the coloured medium of their imagination, and do not always merit the latter appellation.

‘ He had been, during the last twelve years, more accustomed to his ease and pleasures than any other Prince who lived in his time. He had nothing in his thoughts but *les dames*, and of them more than was *reasonable* ; and hunting-matches, good eating, and great care of his person. When he went, in their seasons, to these hunting-matches, he always caused to be carried with him great pavilions for *les dames* ; and, at the same time, gave splendid entertainments ; so that it is not surprizing that his person was as jolly as any one I ever saw. He was then young, and as handsome as any man of his age ; but he has since become enormously fat.’

Since I have got old Philip in my hand, the reader will not, perhaps, be displeased, if he attends to a little more of his *naïveté*, which will appear in the form of a *conversazione*

zions of the times. He now relates what passed between Edward and the King of France—

‘ When the ceremony of the oath was concluded, our king, who was desirous of being friendly, began to say to the King of England, in a laughing way, that he must come to Paris, and be jovial amongst our ladies; and that he would give him the Cardinal de Bourbon for his confessor, who would very willingly absolve him of any *sin* which perchance he might commit. The King of England seemed well pleased at the invitation, and laughed heartily; for he knew that the said cardinal was *un fort bon compagnon*. When the king was returning, he spoke on the road to me; and said, that he did not like to find the King of England so much inclined to come to Paris. “ He is,” said he, “ a very *handsome* king: he likes the women too much. He may probably find one at Paris that may make him like to come too often, or stay too long. His predecessors have already been too much at Paris and in Normandy;” and that his company was not agreeable *this side of*

the sea; but that, beyond the sea, he wished to be *bon frere et amy*.'

I feel an inclination to give another conversation-piece; but, lest the reader should not so keenly relish the honest old narrator as myself, it may be necessary to restrain my pen.

A RELIC.

HENRY the Third was deeply tainted with the vilest superstition. He was a prince of a dastardly disposition; and, like all bigots, endeavoured, by mean subterfuge and low cunning, to circumvent others: incapable of that noble frankness which characterizes an honest man not bigotted to the senseless rites of superstition. As an instance of his bigotry, take this account of a Relic, which is too curious to abridge—

'Henry summoned all the great men of the kingdom, A. D. 1247, to come to London on the festival of Saint Edward, to receive an account of a certain sacred benefit which

which *Heaven* had lately bestowed on England. The singular strain of this summons excited the most eager curiosity, and brought great multitudes to London at the time appointed. When they were all assembled in Saint Paul's Church, the King acquainted them, that the Great Master of the Knights Templars had sent him, by one of his Knights, a phial of crystal, containing a *small portion of the precious blood of Christ*, which he had shed upon the *Cross* for the salvation of the world, *attested to be genuine* by the seals of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, of several Archbishops, Bishops, and Abbots. This, he informed them, he designed to carry, the next day, in solemn procession, to Westminster, attended by them, and by all the Clergy of London, in their proper habits, with their banners, crucifixes, and wax-candles; and exhorted all who were present to prepare themselves for that sacred solemnity, by spending the night in watching, fasting, and devout exercises.

On the morrow, when the procession was put in order, the King approached the sacred phial with *reverence, fear, and trembling*; took it in both his hands; and, hold-

ing it up higher than his face, proceeded under a canopy, two assistants supporting his arms. Such was the devotion of Henry on this occasion, that, though the road between Saint Paul's and Westminster was very deep and miry, he kept his eyes constantly *fixed on the phial, or on heaven*. When the procession approached Westminster, it was met by two Monks of that Abbey, who conducted it into the church, where the King deposited the venerable Relic; which, says the Historian, 'made all England shine with glory, dedicating it to God and Saint Edward.'

CHARLES THE FIRST.

A FRENCH writer has recorded an anecdote of this unfortunate prince, which characterizes the classical turn of his mind, and the placability of his disposition.

'A Frenchman, who had formed a tender connection with the wife of one of the principal enemies of Charles—who was then put under arrest, but very carelessly guarded—having

—having learnt from this lady, that they had resolved to make the king perish on a scaffold, communicated the intelligence to Mr. De Bellicore, the French ambassador, who immediately ran to the king, to give him the important notice. Bellicore was kept in waiting for a long time : at last the king came to him, and said—‘ I have been at a comedy : and I never was more entertained.’—‘ Ah, Sire !’ answered Bellicore, ‘ it is about a *tragedy* of which I have to speak to you !’ And then informed him of what had been lately communicated to him ; entreating him, at the same time, to save himself by a vessel, which he could instantly prepare. The king calmly answered him with this line from an old Latin poet—*Qui procumbit bumi, non habet unde cadat*—‘ He who lies prostrate on the earth need not fear to fall.’—‘ Sire,’ said Bellicore, ‘ they may occasion *bis* head to fall !’

This shews that he did not suspect their cruelties would ever have been carried to the length they were ; and it must be confessed, when he had been brought so low, all the rest was persecuting inhumanity.

‘KING OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, &c.’

NOTHING can be more empty and ridiculous than the title which our monarchs assume of—‘*The Kings of France.*’ It would characterize a great prince to craze from his true honours this fictitious one. An *English* monarch should not suffer his dignity to be exposed to the smile of the philosopher.

Charpentier very temperately states the only two principles by which our kings can assume this title. The first, from Edward the Third being son of Isabella of France, who was sister to three Kings of France, Louis Hutin, Philip the Long, and Charles the Fair, who died without children: so that Edward, their nephew, disputed the crown of France with *Philip de Valois*, on the foundation of the Salique law, which had never yet been agitated. This law says, that the kingdom of France *ne tombant point en quenouille*: i. e. ‘The sceptre of France shall never degenerate into a distaff.’ The children

children of the daughters of France can never succeed to it. As the present monarchs of England are not descendants of this *Edward*, they cannot have any pretensions to the crown of France, if it had not been a maxim with them, that the rights once devolved on the crown are for ever unalienable and imprescriptible. The second principle is, the donation which Charles the Sixth made of the crown of France to our Henry the Fifth, his son-in-law, to the exclusion of his son Charles the Seventh.

We may add here, that Cromwell offered to sell Cardinal Mazarine all the vouchers for France, which are preserved in the Tower, for a hundred thousand crowns. It was at this price he rated the claims of England to the crown of France; but the Cardinal wisely deemed even that sum too high a price.

If it be a maxim with our crown, of which I am ignorant, that the rights once devolved upon it, are unalienable and imprescriptible, it may be said that we possess the United States of America; but, I believe, this sovereignty would not be so easily permitted as that of the French monarchy.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

THAT it is dangerous to exercise our rail-
lery on those men whose 'swords are sharper
than their pens,' the present anecdote may
verify.

Philip the First, of France, frequently in-
dulged his humour at the expence of the
Conqueror's rather too large *enbonpoint* and
prominent belly. When William remained
uncommonly long at Rouen, Philip, who
did not much approve of his proximity to
his court, frequently, in a jesting manner,
enquired of his courtiers if they did not
know when William would lie-in? The
Conqueror, informed of this *jest*, gave him
to understand that, when he should get
abroad, he would come to return his com-
pliments, for his kind enquiries, to Saint
Genevieve, at Paris, with ten thousand
lances, instead of candles! Whatever
might be the wit of these monarchs, the
arms of William were not contemptible.
Such was the vengeance he took for the
raillery

raillery of Philip, that he desolated in a short time the French Vexin, burnt the city of Mantes, and massacred the inhabitants; and, had not his death impeded his progress, he very probably would have conquered France, as he had England.

PARR AND JENKINS.

OF these men, who are singular instances of a patriarchal longevity of life, the reader may not be displeased to attend to the following well-authenticated notices concerning them.

Thomas Parr was born in the last year of King Edward the Fourth, anno 1483. He married his first wife, Jane, at eighty years of age; and, in above thirty years, she brought him but two children, the eldest of which did not live above three years. He married his second wife, Catherine, when he was an hundred and twenty years of age, by whom he had one child. He lived till he had attained to something above one hundred and fifty years of age. Thomas Earle of Arundel

del caused him to be brought to Westminster about two months before his death: there he passed most of his time in sleep; and an ocular witness has thus described him—

‘ From head to heel, his body had, all over,
A quickset, thickset, nat’ral, hairy cover.’

It is supposed this removal, by taking him from his native air, and the disturbance of much company, hastened his death. He died there, November 15, 1634, in the ninth year of King Charles the First, and was buried in the Abbey.

Henry Jenkins lived till he was an hundred and sixty-nine years of age. A remarkable circumstance discovered the age of this man. Being sworn a witness in a cause of an hundred and twenty years, the judge could not help reproving him, till he said he was *then* butler to the Lord Conyers; and, at length, his name was found in some old register of the Lord Conyer’s menial servants, Dr. Tancred Robinson, who sent the account of this man to the Royal Society, adds farther, that Henry Jenkins, coming into his sister’s kitchen to beg an alms, he asked him how old he was? After a little pausing, he said, he was
about

about one hundred and sixty-two or three. The Doctor asked him, what Kings he remembered? He said, 'Henry the Eighth.' What public things he could longest remember? He said, 'the fight at Flowden Field.' Whether the King was there? He said, 'No, he was in France, and the Earl of Surrey was General.' How old he was then? He said, 'About twelve years old.' The Doctor inspected an old Chronicle that was in the house, and found that the battle of Flowden Field was one hundred and fifty-two years before; that the Earl he named was General; and that Henry the Eighth was then at Tournay.

Jenkins from a labourer became a beggar, and could neither write nor read. He lived by alms which he collected about some places in Yorkshire. He died December the 8th, 1670, and lies buried at Bolton in that shire, where, in 1743, a monument was erected to his memory.

THE SENATE OF JESUITS.

THERE is to be found, in a book intituled — ‘*Interêts et Maximes des Princes et des Etats Souverains*, Par. M. Le Duc de Rohan; Cologne, 1666’—an anecdote concerning the Jesuits; so much the more curious, as neither Puffendorf or Vertot have noticed it in their Histories, though it’s authority cannot be higher. It was probably unknown to them.

When Sigismond, King of Sweden, was elected King of Poland, he made a treaty with the States of Sweden, by which he obliged himself to pass every fifth year in that kingdom. In the course of time, being constrained, by the wars he had with the Ottoman Court, with Muscovy, and Tartary, to remain in Poland, to animate, by his presence, the wars he held with such powerful enemies; he failed, during fifteen years, of accomplishing his promise. To remedy this, in some shape, by the advice
of

of the Jesuits, who had gained the ascendant over him, he created a Senate, which was to reside at Stockholm, composed of forty chosen Jesuits, to decide on every affair of state. He published a declaration in their favour; and presented them with letters-patent, by which he clothed them with the Royal authority.

While this senate of Jesuits was at Dantzic, waiting for a fair wind to set sail for Stockholm, he published an edict, that they should receive them as his own Royal person. A public Council was immediately held. Charles, the uncle of Sigismond, the prelates, and the Lords, resolved to prepare for them a splendid and magnificent entry.

But, in a private Council, they came to very contrary resolutions: for the Prince said, he could not bear that a Senate of Priests should command, in preference to all the honours and authority of so many Princes and Lords, natives of the country. All the others agreed with him in rejecting this Holy Senate. It was then the Archbishop rose, and said—‘ Since Sigismond has disdained to be our King, so also we
must

must not acknowledge him as such; and from this moment we should no more consider ourselves as his subjects. His authority is *in suspensio*, because he has bestowed it on the Jesuits who form this Senate. The People have not yet acknowledged them. In this interval of resignation on the one side, and assumption of the other, I dispense you all of the fidelity the king may claim from you as his Swedish subjects.' When he had said this, the Prince of Bithynia, addressing himself to Prince Charles, uncle of the King, said — 'I own no other King than you; and I believe you are now obliged to receive us as your affectionate subjects, and to assist us to chase these vermin from the state.' All the others joined him, and acknowledged Charles as their lawful Monarch.

Having resolved to keep their declaration for some time secret, they deliberated in what manner they were to receive and to precede this Senate in their entry into the harbour, who were on board a great gal-
 leon, which they had caused to cast anchor two leagues from Stockholm, that they might enter more magnificently in the night, when the fire-works they had prepared

would appear to the greatest advantage. About the time of their reception, Prince Charles, accompanied by twenty-five or thirty vessels, appeared before the Senate. Wheeling about, and forming a caracol of ships, they discharged a volley, and emptied all their cannon on the galleon of this Senate, which had its sides pierced through with the balls. The galleon was immediately filled with water, and sunk, without one of the unfortunate Jesuits being assisted; on the contrary, they cried to them, that this was the time to perform some miracle, such as they were accustomed to do in India and Japan; and, if they chose, they could walk on the waters!

The report of the cannon, and the smoke which the powder occasioned, prevented either the cries or the submersion of the holy fathers from being observed: and, as if they were conducting the Senate to the town, Charles entered triumphantly; went into the church, where they sung *Te Deum*; and, to conclude the night, he partook of the entertainment which had been prepared for the ill-fated Senate.

The Jesuits of the city of Stockholm
having

having come, about midnight, to pay their respects to the Fathers of the Senate, perceived their loss. They directly posted up *placards* of excommunication against Charles and his adherents, who had caused the Senate to perish. They solicited the people to rebel; but they were soon chased from the city, and Charles made a public profession of Lutheranism.

Sigismund, King of Poland, began a war with Charles in 1604, which lasted two years. Disturbed by the invasions of the Tartars, the Muscovites, and the Cossacs, a truce was concluded.

THE LOVER'S HEART.

THE following tale is recorded in the Historical Memoirs of Champagne, by Bougier. It has been a favourite narrative with the old romance writers; and the principal incident, however objectionable, has been displayed in several modern poems. It is probable, that the *true* history will be acceptable,

ceptable, for it's tender and amorous incident, to the fair reader.

Since this little history has been published, I have found it related by Howel, in his 'Familiar Letters,' in one addressed to Ben Jonson. It differs in some minute circumstances. He recommends it to him as a subject 'which peradventure you may make use of in your way:' and concludes by saying—'In my opinion, which vails to your's, this is choice and rich stuff for you to put upon your loom, and make a curious web of.'

The Lord De Coucy, vassal to the Count De Champagne, was one of the most accomplished youths of his time. He loved, with an excess of passion, the lady of the Lord Du Fayel, who felt for him a reciprocal affection. It was with the most poignant grief this lady heard her lover acquaint her, that he had resolved to accompany the King and the Count De Champagne to the wars of the Holy Land; but she could not oppose his wishes, because she hoped that his absence might dissipate the jealousy of her husband. The time of departure having come, these two lovers parted with sorrows

of the most lively tenderness. The lady, in quitting her lover, presented him with some rings, some diamonds, and with a string that she had woven herself of his own hair, intermixed with silk and buttons of large pearls, to serve him, according to the fashion of those days, to tie a magnificent hood which covered his helmet. This he gratefully accepted, and instantly departed.

When he arrived at Palestine, he received at the siege of Acre, in 1191, in gloriously ascending the ramparts, a wound, which was declared mortal. He employed the few moments he had to live, in writing to the Lady Du Fayel; and he made use of those fervid expressions which were natural to him in his afflictive situation. He ordered his Squire to embalm his heart after his death, and to convey it to his beloved mistress, with the presents he had received from her hands in quitting her.

The Squire, faithful to the dying commands of his master, returned immediately to France, to present the heart and the presents to the Lady of Du Fayel. But, when he approached the castle of this lady, he concealed himself in the neighbouring wood,
till

till he could find some favourable moment to compleat his promise. He had the misfortune to be observed by the husband of this lady, who recognized him, and who immediately suspected he came in search of his wife with some message from his master. He threatened to deprive him of his life, if he did not divulge what had occasioned him to come there. The Squire gave him for answer, that his master was dead; but Du Fayel not believing it, drew his sword to murder him. This man, frightened at the peril in which he found himself, confessed every thing; and put into his hands the heart and letter of his master. Du Fayel, prompted by the fellest revenge, ordered his cook to mince the heart; and, having mixed it with meat, he caused a ragout to be made, which he knew pleased the taste of his wife, and had it served to her. The lady eat heartily of the dish. After the repast, Du Fayel inquired of his wife, if she had found the ragout according to her taste: she answered him, that she had found it excellent. 'It is for this reason,' he replied, 'that I caused it to be served to you; for it is a kind of meat which you very much liked.'

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You

You have, Madam,' the savage Du Fayel continued; 'eat the heart of the Lord De Coucy.' But this she would not believe, till he shewed her the letter of her lover, with the string of his hair, and the diamonds she had given him. Then, shuddering in the anguish of her sensations, and urged by the darkest despair, she told him—'It is true that I loved that heart, because it merited to be loved: for never could it find it's superior; and, since I have eaten of so noble a meat, and that my stomach is the tomb of so precious a heart, I will take care that nothing of inferior worth shall be mixed with it.' Grief and passion choaked her utterance. She retired into her chamber: she closed the door for ever; and, refusing to accept of consolation or food, the amiable victim expired on the fourth day.

THE HISTORY OF GLOVES.

THE present learned and curious dissertation I have compiled from the papers of an ingenious Antiquarian. The originals are to
be

be found in the Republic of Letters. Vol.X.
p. 289.

To proceed regularly, we must first enquire into the antiquity of this part of dress; and secondly, shew it's various uses in the several ages of the world.

Some have given them a very early original, imagining they are noticed in the 108th Psalm, where the Royal Prophet declares, he will cast his *Shoe* over Edom. They go still higher; supposing them to be used in the times of the Judges, Ruth iv. 7, where it is said, it was the custom for a man to take off his *Shoe* and give it to his neighbour, as a token of redeeming or exchanging any thing. They tell us, *the word* which in these two texts, is usually translated *Shoe*, is by the Chaldee paraphrast in the latter, rendered *Glove*. Casaubon is of opinion that *Gloves* were worn by the Chaldeans, because the word here mentioned is in the Talmud Lexicon explained—*the cloathing of the hand*. But it must be confessed, all these are mere conjectures; and the Chaldean paraphrast has taken an unallowable liberty in his version.

Let us, then, be content to begin with

H h 3 the

the authority of *Xenophon*. He gives a clear and distinct account of *Gloves*. Speaking of the manners of the Persians, he gives us a proof of their effeminacy; that, not satisfied with covering their head and their feet, they also guarded their hands against the cold with *thick Gloves*. *Homer*, speaking of *Laertes* at work in his garden, represents him with *Gloves on his hands, to secure them from the thorns*. *Varro*, an ancient writer, is an evidence in favour of their antiquity among the Romans. In *Lib. ii. Cap. 55. de Re Rustica*, he says, that olives gathered by the naked hand, are preferable to those gathered with *Gloves*. *Athenæus* speaks of a celebrated glutton, who always came to table with *Gloves on his hands*, that he might be able to handle and eat the meat while hot, and devour more than the rest of the company.

These authorities shew, that the ancients were not strangers to *Gloves*; though, perhaps, their use might not be so common as amongst us. When the ancient severity of manners declined, the use of *Gloves* prevailed among the Romans; but not without some opposition from the Philosophers. *Mu-*
sonius,

Senius, a Philosopher, who lived at the close of the first century of Christianity, among other invectives against the corruption of the age, says, *It is a shame, that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings.* Their convenience, however, soon made their use general. *Pliny* the Younger informs us, in his account of his uncle's journey to *Vesuvius*, that his secretary sat by him, ready to write down whatever occurred remarkable; and that he had *Gloves* on his hands, that the coldness of the weather might not impede his business.

In the beginning of the ninth century, the use of *Gloves* was become so universal, that even the Church thought a regulation in that part of dress necessary. In the reign of *Lewis le Debonnaire*, the Council of *Aix* ordered, that the Monks should only wear *Gloves* made of sheep-skin.

That time has made alterations in the form of this, as in all other apparel, appears from the old pictures and monuments.

Let us now proceed to point out the various uses of *Gloves* in the several ages; for, beside their original design for a covering of

the hand, they have been employed on several great and solemn occasions: as in the ceremony of *Investitures*, in bestowing lands; or, in conferring *dignities*. Giving possession by the delivery of a *Glove*, prevailed in several parts of Christendom in later ages. In the year 1002, the Bishops of Paderborn and Moncerco were put into possession of their sees by receiving a *Glove*. It was thought so essential a part of the episcopal habit, that some Abbots in France, presuming to wear *Gloves*, the Council of Poitiers interposed in the affair, and forbid them the use of them, on the same footing with the ring and sandals, as being peculiar to Bishops.

Monsieur Favin observes, that the custom of blessing *Gloves* at the Coronation of the Kings of France, which still subsists, is a remain of the Eastern practice of Investiture by a *Glove*. A remarkable instance of this ceremony is recorded in the German History. The unfortunate *Conradin* was deprived of his crown and his life by the usurper *Mainfroy*. When, having ascended the scaffold, the injured Prince lamented his hard fate, he asserted his right to the
Crown;

Crown; and, as a token of Investiture, threw his *Glove* among the crowd; begging it might be conveyed to some of his relations, who should revenge his death. It was taken up by a Knight, who brought it to Peter, King of Arragon, who was afterwards crowned at Palermo.

As the delivery of *Gloves* was once a part of the ceremony used in giving possession; so the depriving a person of them, was a mark of divesting him of his office, and of degrading him. Andrew Herkla, Earl of Carlisle, was, in the reign of Edward the Second, impeached of holding a correspondence with the Scots, and condemned to die as a traitor. Walsingham, relating other circumstances of his degradation, says — ‘His spurs were cut off with a hatchet; and his *Gloves* and shoes were taken off, &c.’

Another use of *Gloves* was in a duel: on which occasion, he who threw one down, was thereby understood to give defiance; and he who took it up, to accept the challenge.

The use of single combat, at first designed only for a trial of innocence, like the ordeal fire and water, was, in succeeding ages, practised

practised for deciding right and property. Challenging by the *Glove* was continued down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as appears by an account given by Spelman, of a duel appointed to be fought in Tothill Fields, in the year 1571. The dispute was concerning some lands in the county of Kent. The Plaintiffs appeared in Court, and demanded a single combat. One of them threw down his *Glove*, which the other immediately took up, carried off on the point of his sword, and the day of fighting was appointed; but the matter was adjusted in an amicable manner by the Queen's judicious interference.

Though such combats are now no longer in use, we have one ceremony still remaining among us, in which the challenge is given by a *Glove*, viz, at the Coronation of the Kings of England: upon which occasion, his Majesty's champion, compleatly armed, and well mounted, enters Westminster Hall, and proclaims that, if any man shall deny the prince's title to the crown, he is ready to maintain and defend it by single combat. After which declaration he
throws

throws down his *Glove*, or gauntlet, as a token of defiance.

This custom of challenging by the *Glove* is still in use in some parts of the world. It is common in Germany, on receiving an affront, to send a *Glove* to the offending party, as a challenge to a duel.

The last use of *Gloves* to be mentioned here was for carrying the *Hawk*, which is very ancient. In former times, princes and other great men took so much pleasure in carrying the hawk on their hand, that some of them have chosen to be represented in this attitude. There is a monument of Philip the First of France still remaining; on which he is represented at length, on his tomb, holding a *Glove* in his hand.

Mr. Chambers says that, formerly, judges were forbid to wear *Gloves* on the bench. No reason is assigned for this prohibition. Our judges lie under no such restraint; for both they and the rest of the court make no difficulty of receiving *Gloves* from the sheriffs, whenever the session or assize concludes without any one receiving sentence of death, which is called a *Maiden assize*. This custom is of great antiquity.

Our

Our curious antiquarian has also preserved a very singular anecdote concerning *Gloves*. Chambers informs us, that it is not safe at present to enter the stables of princes without pulling off the *Gloves*. He does not, indeed, tell us in what the danger consists. A friend from Germany explains the matter. He says, it is an ancient established custom in that country, that whoever enters the stables of a prince, or great man, with his *Gloves* on his hands, is obliged to forfeit them, or redeem them by a fee to the servants. The same custom is observed in some places at the death of the stag; in which case the *Gloves*, if not taken off, are redeemed by money given to the huntsmen and keepers. This is practised in France; and the late king never failed of pulling off one of his *Gloves* on that occasion. The reason of this ceremony is not known.

We meet with the term *Glove-money* in our old records; by which is meant, money given to servants to buy *Gloves*. This, no doubt, gave rise to the saying of *giving a pair of Gloves*, to signify making a present for some favour or service.

To the honour of the *Glove*, it has more
than

than once been admitted as a term of the tenure of holding lands, One Bortran, who came in with William the Conqueror, held the manor of Farnham Royal by the service of providing a *Glove* for the king's right hand on the day of his coronation, and supporting the same hand that day while the king held the royal sceptre. In the year 1177, Simon de Mertin gave a grant of his lands in consideration of fifteen shillings, one pair of *white Gloves* at Easter, and one pound of cummin.

ANECDOTES OF FASHIONS.

THE origin of many, probably of most Fashions, was in the endeavour to conceal some deformity of the inventor. Thus Charles the Seventh, of France, introduced Long Coats, to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes, with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a very large excrescence which he had upon one of his feet. When Francis I. was obliged
to

to wear his hair short, owing to a wound he received in the head, it became a prevailing fashion at Court.

Sometimes, Fashions are quite reversed in one age from those of another. Thus Bags, when first in fashion in France, were only worn *en dishabille*. In visits of ceremony, the hair was tied in a ribband, and floated over the shoulders—all which is exactly contrary to our present fashion. Queen Isabella, of Bavaria, as remarkable for her gallantry as the fairness of her complexion, introduced a fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

It is said that Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI. by an Italian or Spanish lady, who in this manner ingeniously covered a wen which she had on her neck.—When the Spectator wrote (observes his commentator) full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, Duviller, (whose name they bore) for the purpose of concealing a deformity in the shoulders of the Dauphin.

In England, about the reign of Henry the Fourth, they wore long-pointed Shoes, to such an immoderate length, that they
could

could not walk till they were fastened to their knees with chains. Luxury improving on this ridiculous mode, it was the custom of an English Beau of the fourteenth century to have these chains of gold or silver. A very accurate account of one of this description may be found in Henry's History of Great Britain, in his chapter on Manners, &c. Vol. IV. The Ladies of that period were not less fantastical in their dress; and it must be confessed, that the most cynical satirist can have no reason, on a comparison with those times, to censure our present modes.

The curious reader will find ample information on this subject in the sepulchral monuments of Mr. Gough. In the reign of Richard II. their dress was extravagantly sumptuous. Sir John Arundel had a change of no less than 52 new suits of cloth of gold tissue; adapted, I suppose to the number of weeks in the year.—The prelates in Chaucer's age indulged in all the ostentatious luxury of dress; for, he says, though something must be subtracted from the account of a satirical bard, that they had, 'chaunge of clothing everie daie.'

The most shameful extravagance in dress is the following one, given by Brantome. Elizabeth of France, Queen to Philip II. of Spain, never wore a gown twice ; every day she had a new one ; and who can doubt this information, since Brantome assures us that he received it from her majesty's own *tailleur*, who, he adds, from a poor man, became as rich as any one he knew.

There are flagrant follies in Fashions, which (Marville justly observes) we must suffer while they reign ; and which do not appear in a truly ridiculous light, till they happen to be out of fashion. In the reign of Henry III. of France, they could not exist without an abundant use of Comfits. All the world carried in their pockets a *Comfit-box*, as commonly as we do now snuff-boxes. When the Duke of Guise was killed at Blois, he was found with his Comfit-box in his hand.

Bayle informs us, that short and tight Breeches were so much the rage in France, that Charles V. was obliged to banish this mode by *edicts*, which Mezeray gives. An Italian author, who wrote in the fifteenth century, supposes that an Italian traveller, whose

whose modesty was nice, would not pass through France, because he would not offend his eyes by seeing men whose cloaths did not cover the parts we do not name. There is some reason for this raillery, for the fashion of wearing short breeches was carried to an extravagance in the French court as well as in our own.

The variety of dresses worn in the reign of Henry the Eighth is alluded to in a print of a naked Englishman holding a piece of cloth hanging on his right arm, and a pair of shears in his left hand. It was invented by Andrew Borde, a facetious wit of those days. Under the print is an inscription in verse. These are the first lines :

‘ I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind, what Rayment I shall were;
For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
And now I will were, what I cannot tell what.’

In the year 1735, the gentlemen wore no hats, but a little chapeau de bras; in 1745, they wore a very small hat; in 1755, they wore an enormous one: this may be seen

in Jeffrey's curious collection of habits, in various nations and periods of time, with their different dresses.

Walsingham appears to date the introduction of French fashions among us, from the taking of Calais in 1347.

Fashions frequently derive their names from some temporary circumstances; as after the battle of Steenkirk and Ramilies, cravats were called Steenkirks, and wigs Ramilies.

Jean des Caures, an old French writer, who died in 1586, has written in his *Moral Essays* a long declamation against the prevailing fashions of his day. Amongst other things, we learn a singular custom which the ladies there had of carrying *Mirrors*, which were fixed to their waists. For which abomination, with others, he reasonably concludes, they are lost, and will be damned through all eternity. These are some of his expressions—'Alas! in what an age do we live! To see such a depravity on the earth which we see, that induces them even to bring into Church these scandalous Mirrors, which hang about their waists! Let

all

all Histories, divine, human, and prophane, be read ; never will it be found, that these objects of vanity were ever thus brought into public by the most meretricious women. It is true, at present, none but the ladies of the court venture to wear them ; but it will not be long before every citizen's daughter, and every female servant will wear them.' This observation is not unjust. The court in every age, and in every country, are the modellers of fashions ; so that all the ridicule, of which they are so susceptible, must fall upon them, and not upon the citizens, who are here but servile imitators.

To this article, as it may probably arrest the volatile eye of our fair reader, we add what may serve as a hint for the heightening of her charms. Tacitus remarks of *Poppea*, the Queen of Nero, that she concealed a *part* of her face : ' To the end,' he adds, ' that the imagination having fuller play by irritating curiosity, they might think higher of her beauty, than if the whole of her face had been exposed.'

There is a sentiment in Tasso beautifully expressed, and which I recommend to the attention of the ladies.

' Non copre sue bellezze, e non l'espone.'

She did not cover, nor expose her beauties.

It is a fine description of the artless charms of an amiable virgin. Perhaps some apology is needful for concluding this topic with the following juvenile poem.

S T A N Z A S,

ADDRESSED TO LAURA, INTREATING HER NOT TO
PAINT, TO POWDER, OR TO GAME, BUT TO RE-
TREAT INTO THE COUNTRY.

AH, LAURA ! quit the noisy town,
And FASHION's persecuting reign :
Health wanders on the breczy down,
And Science on the silent plain.

How long from Art's reflected hues
Shalt thou a mimick charm receive ?
Believe, my Fair ! the faithful Muse,
They spoil the blush they cannot give.

Must ruthless Art with torturous steel
Thy artless locks of gold deface,
In horrid folds their charms conceal,
And spoil at every touch a grace ?

To

Too sweet thy youth's enchanting bloom,
 To waste on midnight's sordid crews :
 Let wrinkled age the night consume,
 For age has but it's hoards to lose.

Sacred to love, and sweet repose,
 An arbour's vernal seat is nigh ;
 That seat the lilac walls inclose,
 Safe from pursuing Scandal's eye.

There, as in every lock of gold
 Some flower of pleasing hue I weave,
 A goddess shall the Muse behold,
 And many a votive sigh shall heave.

So the rude Tartar's holy rite,
 A feeble MORTAL once array'd ;
 Then trembled in that mortal's sight,
 And own'd DIVINE the power he MADE.*

* The *Lama*, or God of the Tartars, is composed of such frail materials as mere Mortality ; contrived, however, by the power of Priestcraft to be Immortal.



C U R I O S I T I E S

O F

L I T E R A T U R E.

MISCELLANEA.

SINGULAR MEMORIES.

THE present is an article that, perhaps, may be thought by many readers apocryphal.

When Muretus was at Rome, (says Scalliger)—by way of parenthesis, I must observe, the relator and the auditor were the two first scholars in Europe—there came, one day, to the palace of the French ambassador, a Florentine of a very ill-favoured countenance, and whose eyes were continually declined on the ground. It was said, that he possessed, in a wonderful degree, an

Artificial Memory. To give a proof of his powers, he begged the company, who were numerous, to seat themselves regularly, that he might not be disturbed; and that they would order to be written down to the number of *fifty thousand words*: assuring them, that if they pronounced them distinctly, and if afterwards they were read slowly, he would repeat every word without hesitation. This was done. They would only have troubled him with a few; but he insisted that they should proceed. The secretary of the ambassador was employed full *two hours* in writing the most singular words the company could select; and among them was a Cardinal Peleve, who gave him Polysyllables in the best or longest manner of our late Lexicographer. The Florentine, to the astonishment of the audience, recited them without the smallest omission; and this he did, beginning sometimes at the end, and sometimes in the middle. He said, that this Artificial Memory had caused him totally to lose his natural one.

Jedediah Buxton's singular memory appears to have been of a different cast: he could only *count* words, &c. for when he

I

went

went to the play, he is said to have enumerated the *words* of Garrick, and the *steps* of the dancers; but he had not, like this man, any one who could be capable of contradicting him.

The memory of the great Daguessseau, Chancellor of France, was extremely singular. Such were his retentive powers, according to M. Thomas, that it was sufficient for him to have read once attentively any poem, of tolerable length, to recite it correctly. It was in this manner he possessed most of the Greek poetry. At the age of eighty, a man of letters having quoted an epigram of Martial incorrectly, he immediately recited the whole; confessing that he had not read this author since the age of twelve years. Sometimes he even retained what had been only read to him. Boileau one day recited a Satire he had just composed. Daguessseau told him, coldly, that he knew the piece perfectly well; and to convince him of it, repeated it entire. The satirist, as may be supposed, was furiously agitated; but finished, however, in admiring the felicity of his memory.

A strange anecdote is recorded of Fuller,
the

the author of 'The Worthies of England.' To prove the singular tenaciousness of his memory, 'he undertook once, in passing to and fro from Temple Bar to the farthest part of Cheapside, to tell, at his return, every sign as it stood in order on both sides of the way, repeating them either backwards or forwards; and he did it exactly.' It is also noticed of him, that 'he could repeat five hundred strange words after twice hearing; and could make use of a sermon verbatim, if he once heard it.'

Magliabechi had as singular a memory. To put it to a proof, a gentleman lent him a MS. Some time after it was returned, he came to him, with a melancholy face, to inform him that it was lost. Magliabechi was not so much concerned; for he repeated exactly every word of the MS. which, it is said, he had perfectly retained. It is also said, that when he quoted any author in conversation, he also mentioned the volume and the page.

Calvin had a very faithful memory. It is said that he never forgot any thing he wished to retain. And whenever he was interrupted in his studies, he could always resume

resume the thread of his work without being told where he had left it unfinished.

Thomas Dempster, a learned Scotchman of the seventeenth century, declared he never knew what it was to forget. It is probable he did not speak truth: if he did, he must have been the eighth wonder of the world; for he read fourteen hours every day. But, with all his memory, he could not *remember* to write with elegance, so that he was never a favourite.

Egnatius, a polished Italian, was also distinguished for a fine memory. One day, when he was haranguing his audience, he had nearly finished, when the Pope's Nuncio entered. He re-commenced his discourse, and repeated it exactly; only he heightened the diction and displayed more eloquence than the first time. The Venetian Senators, as well as literary men, used to consult him; and he always answered their interrogatories without having recourse to his books.

Ubbo Emmius, professor at Groningen, had a prodigious memory; difficult to be credited. It is related of him, that he could readily answer any questions in history without mistaking the minutest circumstances of
time,

time, place, or persons. He even recollected the figure, situation, and magnitude of towns and fortresses; the position of the rivers and highways; the heights of the mountains, &c.

This little sketch will be sufficient; it could, however, be augmented. Bayle observes, that Memory is the first thing that dies in men of letters.

The following curious observations on memory I find in the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée*, an Amsterdam Literary Journal, which was published by the Wetsteins. Vol. xlix. p. 90.

‘*Memory does not differ from Imagination. Without Memory we can imagine nothing, and without Imagination we cannot recollect. I do not know if the ancients were not acquainted with the mechanical Art of Memory. They have at least emphatically expressed it, by the word Recordatio, as if one should say, to memorise; that is, to touch those cords which have excited such and such ideas. When I see an orator decline his head, knit his brows, rub his temples, I represent his situation by that of a poor traveller, who is lost in a town, knocking at every*

every door till he has found him whom he sought.

‘What is called a great Memory, is only a great facility to move certain fibres of the brain. The old man only feels a want of Memory, because he cannot put them in action.

‘I knew one of ninety, who forgot from day to day all that he saw, all that he heard, but who said, he remembered with ease the fields and the woods where he had kept sheep in his youth. The fibres we are accustomed to move from our infancy have a more durable mobility: exercise nourishes and strengthens them.’

These are good arguments to shew the necessity of our youths daily exercising this mental faculty. And perhaps those instances which I have collected of so many great men possessing it in almost an incredible degree, arose from their having practised it regularly by their continued studies,

‘A HEAVY

‘ A HEAVY HEART.’

THIS is an ancient vulgar phrase ; and it will be found, like the generality of similar phrases which have been long current, not destitute of signification. According to many eminent physicians, timid men have the heart very thick and heavy. Rioland relates, that he has sometimes met with the hearts of persons, of this description, which have weighed from two to three pounds. Amongst these was that of Mary De Medicis, which was nearly of the latter weight. It is probable, that the afflictions and the griefs of this unfortunate princess did not a little contribute to thicken and render ‘ *her heart heavy.*’

BEARDS THE DELIGHT OF ANCIENT
BEAUTIES.

WHEN the Fair were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the sight of
a shaved

a shaved chin excited sentiments of horror and aversion ; as much indeed as, in this effeminate age, would a gallant whose ' hairy excrement ' should

‘ Stream like a meteor to the troubled air.’

To obey the injunctions of his Bishops, Louis the Seventh of France cropped his hair, and shaved his beard. Eleanor of Aquitaine, his consort, found him, with this uncommon appearance, very ridiculous, and very contemptible. She revenged herself, by becoming something more than a coquette. The King obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, Henry II. who shortly after ascended the English throne. She gave him, for her marriage dower, the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne ; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and which cost the French nation three millions of men. All which, probably, had never taken place, if Louis the Seventh had not been so rash as to crop his hair and shave his beard, by which he became so disgusting in the eyes of the fair Eleanor.

ON THE FAIR-SEX HAVING NO SOULS;
AND ON OLD WOMEN.

A SPANISH author has affirmed, that *brutes* have no souls; a French writer supports the same opinion; but an Italian, more bold, has ventured to maintain, that the *fair-sex* have likewise no souls, and are of another species of animal to man. This the author shews by various proofs drawn from the Scriptures, which he explains according to his own fancy. While this book was published in Latin, the Inquisition remained silent; but, when it was translated into the vulgar tongue, they censured and prohibited it. The Italian ladies were divided, on this occasion, into two opposite parties; the one was greatly enraged to be made so inferior to the other sex; and the other, considering themselves only as *machines*, were content to amuse themselves in playing off the springs in the manner most agreeable to themselves.

The Author of the Commentary on the
Epistles

Epistles of St. Paul, falsely ascribed to St. Ambrose, says, on the eleventh chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, that *women* are not made according to the image of the Creator.

The Mahometans are known to hold the same opinions concerning the souls of the female sex. Very ungallantly, each Jew, among his morning benedictions, includes one *to thank God he has not made him a woman*, and the female Israelites retort by a very indecent self-felicitation.

Besides this indignity offered to the fair-sex, Howel tells us, that as 'it was an opinion of the Jews that WOMAN is of an inferior creation to MAN, being made only for multiplication and pleasure, therefore hath she no admittance into *the body of the synagogue*.'

When Rousseau published his Letters from the Mountains, his enemies, who were but too numerous, spread a report amongst the females in the village of Motiers, where he resided, and about it's environs, that he had asserted that *Women had no Souls*: a circumstance that really put the poor philosopher in danger of sharing the fate of Orpheus.

It was fortunate for him that the season confined him to his house, as he would have been put in the last peril (as the French express it) from these furious Bacchants, whose termagant spirits were irritated to the highest pitch in behalf of their *suspected souls*.

Butler says in his Cervantic poem—

‘Yes, ’tis in vain to think to guess
At Women by *appearances*;
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complections;
And daub their tempers o’er with washes
As artificial as their faces.

If *some* have been found to suspect the fair-sex are deprived of souls, *most* seem to treat OLD WOMEN as if they indeed had none. We do not feel for them all that esteem, which the recollection of their amiable youth might inspire.

‘*An old woman*’ has become a term of reproach; yet I do not see why it should be more so than ‘*an old man*,’ which, however, is frequently alledged as a reason for our paying an extraordinary deference to the person whose age is supposed to have claims

claims on our veneration. Certainly *senility* does not always indicate *wisdom*: it may, with the ladies, be graced by the remains of a beautiful face, and sometimes of engaging manners. Ninon de L'Enclos concealed love amidst her wrinkles.

In rude nations the fate of old women is singularly unfortunate. They are totally despised, and sometimes suffer death. Mr. Muller informs us, that an Ostiac never approaches his wife after her fortieth year. He is, however, so kind as to keep her to regulate his domestic affairs, and to serve the *young woman* whom he has selected to occupy her former place.

Old women, in various parts of Africa, are subjected to a most rigorous chastity; and their slightest freedoms serve for a pretence to punish them by the sword, and even by fire!

In Negroland they sell them as soon as their beauty is on the decline; and, with the produce of this matrimonial commerce, they purchase young girls more frolicksome and handsome.

Bayle has smartly said of the *age of ladies*

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—that

—that it is the only thing *they* can keep in profound *secrecy*.

ADAM NOT THE FIRST MAN.

AMONG the many singular opinions which some have endeavoured to establish, and in which indeed they have themselves firmly confided, not the least to be distinguished, is that of one Isaac de la Peyrere, of Bourdeaux. He is the author of a book entitled, '*The Pre-Adamites*,' where he attempts to shew that Adam is not the first of men. He was always dreaming on this during his life, and died in it's firm belief. He would have been glad to have known, that an ancient Rabbin was so much inclined towards his system, that he has even ventured to reveal the name of the *Preceptor of Adam*! But this Rabbin (as Menage observes) *was a Rabbin*, and that is saying enough.

When this book first made it's appearance, it was condemned to be burnt by the hand
of

of the common hangman. Menage has preserved a pretty *Bon Mot* of the Prince de Guemene which passed about the time this book made a noise. One Father Adam, a Jesuit, preached at St. Germain, before the Queen. The sermon was execrable; and being at the same time very personal, was greatly disliked at Court. The Queen spoke concerning it to the Prince, and asked him his opinion. 'Madam,' he replied, 'I am a *Pre-Adamite*.'—'What does that mean?' said the Queen.—'It is, Madam,' the Prince wittily answered, 'that I do not think *Father Adam* to be the *first* of men.' Voltaire, at Ferney, had also a *Pere-Adam*, on whom he frequently played off this witicism of the Prince; and those who are acquainted with his creed, may believe that his observations on Father Adam were not a little pungent.

These Pre-Adamites bring to my recollection two humorous lines of Prior, in his *Alma*—

'And lest I should be wearied, Madam,
To cut things short, come down to Adam.'

In the *Memoirs* of Nicéron are the titles of twelve treatises published against Isaac

de la Peyrere, the Pre-Adamite. And this satirical epitaph was also composed on him, that after having been pleased with four religions at *once*, he became a Pre-Adamite; but his indifference was such, that, after eighty years, he had to choose one, the good man died without choosing any.

La Peyrere ici-gît, ce bon Israelite,
Huguenot, Catholique, enfin Pre-Adamite,
Quatre religions lui plurent à la fois,
Et son indifference étoit si peu commune,
Qu'après quatre vingt ans qu'il eut à faire un choix,
Le bon homme partit, et n'en choisit aucune.

Loredano, a noble Venetian, who lived in the last century, has written *The Life of Adam*. This work is translated by Richard Murray, 1748. It is composed with great wit and delicacy; but the world, in those times less profane, was shocked at the romantic, and licentious air, which prevails throughout the work. This is the occupation which he gives, even to the divine Being himself, just after the first sin of Adam—

‘ In the mean time God walked in the garden, amidst the freshness of the cool zephyrs,
when,

when, at the decline of day, they blow with increased force. This action of the divine Majesty shews the disquietude which the sin of Man occasioned him, since, to moderate his just indignation, he seemed to want the aid of the evening breezes, which blow with a tempering coolness.

On this licentious thought Bayle observes, that a Pagan poet would hardly have been excusable to have written such a circumstance relative to Jupiter.

On the *name* of *Adam*, there is a neat epigram by the Duke of Saint Agnan. He addressed it to a famous poetic Carpenter, whose name was Maitre Adam, and whose verses flowed from a charming natural talent. He says, that for his *verses*, and his *name*, he was *the first man in the world*.

Ornement du Siecle ou nous sommes,
Vous n'aurez rien de moi, si non
Que pour les vers, et pour le nom
Vous etes, le *premier des Hommes*.

THE ABSENT MAN.

WITH the character of Bruyere's Absent Man, the reader is well acquainted. It is translated in the Spectator, and it has been exhibited on the Theatre. The general opinion runs, that it is a fictitious character, or, at least, one the Author has too highly coloured: it was well known, however, to his contemporaries, to be the Count De Brancas. The present Anecdotes concerning the same person, have been unknown to, or forgotten by, Bruyere; and, as they are undoubtedly genuine, and, at the same time, to the full as extraordinary as those which characterize *Menalcas*, or the Absent Man, it is but reasonable to suppose, that however improbable it may appear, it is a faithful delineation of an anomalous character.

The Count was reading by the fire-side, but Heaven knows with what degree of attention, when the nurse brought him his infant-child. He throws down the book;
he

he takes the child in his arms—he was playing with her, when an important visitor was announced. Having forgot he had quitted his book, and that it was his child he held in his hands, he hastily flung the squalling innocent on the table.

The Count was walking in the street, and the Duke de la Rochefoucault crossed the way, to speak to him. ‘God bless thee, poor man!’ exclaimed the Count. Rochefoucault smiled, and was beginning to address him—‘Is it not enough,’ cried the Count, interrupting him, and somewhat in a passion; ‘is it not enough that I have said, at first, I have nothing for you? Such lazy beggars as you hinder a gentleman from walking the streets.’ Rochefoucault burst into a loud laugh; and awakening the Absent Man from his lethargy, he was not a little surprised, himself, that he should take his friend for an importunate mendicant!

WAX-WORK.

WAX-WORK has been brought sometimes to a wonderful perfection. We have
heard

heard of many curious deceptions occasioned by the imitative powers of this plastic matter. There have been several exhibitions in London, which have pretended to an excellence they did not attain. It must be confessed, that a saloon, occupied by figures that represent eminent personages, forms a grand idea. To approach Voltaire, Franklin, or the great Frederick, yields to their admirers a delightful sensation. If we contemplate with pleasure an insipid Portrait, how much greater is the pleasure, when, in an assemblage, they appear wanting nothing but that language and those actions which a fine imagination can instantaneously bestow!

There was a work of this kind which Menage has noticed, and which must have appeared a little miracle. In the year 1675, the Duke of Maine received a gilt cabinet, about the size of a moderate table. On the door was inscribed—*The Chamber of Wit*. The inside displayed an alcove and a long gallery. In an arm-chair was seated the figure of the Duke himself, composed of wax, the resemblance the most perfect imaginable. On one side stood the Duke de la Roche-

Rochefoucault, to whom he presented a paper of verses for his examination. Mr. De Marcillac, and Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, were standing near the arm-chair. In the alcove, Madame de Thianges and Madame de la Fayette sat retired reading a book. Boileau, the satirist, stood at the door of the gallery, hindering seven or eight bad poets from entering. Near Boileau stood Racine, who seemed to beckon to La Fontaine to come forwards. All these figures were formed of wax; and this imitation must have been at once curious for its ingenuity, and interesting for the personages it imitated.

CURIOUS AUTOMATA.

WHEN Descartes resided in Holland, with great labour and industry he made a female Automaton—which occasioned some wicked wits to publish that he had an illegitimate daughter, named Franchine—to prove demonstratively that beasts have no souls, and that they are but machines nicely composed, and moves whenever another body strikes them,

them, and communicates to them a portion of their motions. Having put this singular machine into a case on board a vessel, the Dutch captain, who sometimes heard it move, had the curiosity to open the box. Astonished to see a little human form extremely animated, yet, when touched, appearing to be nothing but wood; little versed in science, but greatly addicted to superstition, he took the ingenious labour of the philosopher for a little devil, and terminated the experiment of Descartes by throwing his *Wooden Daughter* into the sea.

To this account of a curious Automaton, composed by a philosopher, I shall add another, of one which was made by the mere ingenuity of a natural genius, and which seems to have displayed even more striking effects. The one was the idol of philosophy, the other of religion. The following description is in Lambard's *Perambulations*. Kent, p. 227. For an account of Lambard, see Mr. Gough's *British Topography*.

‘ A carpenter of our country being a prisoner in France, got together fit matter for his purpose, and compacted of wood, wire, paste,

paste, and paper, a *Rood* of such exquisite art and excellence, that it not only matched in comeliness and due proportion of parts the best of the common sort; but, in strange *motion*, variety of *gesture*, and nimbleness of *joints*, passed all others that before had been seen; the same being able to bow down and lift up itself; to shake and stir the hands and feet; to nod the head, and roll the eyes; to wag the chaps; to bend the brows: and, finally, to represent to the eye both the proper motion of each member of the body, and also a lively and significant shew of a well-contented, or displeased, *mind*; biting the *lip*, and gathering a frowning, froward, and disdainful face, when it would pretend *offence*; and shewing a most mild, amiable, and smiling cheer and countenance, when it would seem to be *well-pleased*.

‘ This was the Rood of Grace at Boxley, which was by Bishop Fisher exposed at Paul’s Cross for a cheat, and broke to pieces.’

By similar works, and which have been less happily executed, how many religious frauds have been successfully practised. Mr.

Gough notices this piece of religious mummery in his *Camden*, vol. I. p. 232, in a summary way. These particulars may gratify the curious, who are not antiquaries: Mr. Twiss, in his *Chess*, has given an accurate account of AN AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER, vol. I. p. 12.

PASQUIN AND MARFORIO:

ALL the world have heard of these *Statues*: they have served as vehicles for the keenest satire in a land of the most uncontrouled despotism. The *Statue of Pasquin* (from whence the word *Pasquinade*) and that of *Marforio*, are placed in Rome, in two different quarters. *Marforio's* is a *Statue* that lies at it's whole length: it represents, according to some, *Panarium Jovum*; and, according to others, the River *Rhine*, or the *Nar*. That of *Pasquin* is a marble *Statue*, greatly mutilated, which stands at the corner of the Palace of the *Urfinos*, and it is supposed to be the figure of a *Gladiator*. Whatever they may have been, is now of
little

little consequence : it is certain that to one or other of these *Statues* are affixed, during the concealment of the night, those satires or lampoons which the authors wish should be dispersed about Rome without any danger to themselves. When *Marforio* is attacked, *Pasquin* comes to his succour ; and when *Pasquin* is the sufferer, he finds in *Marforio* a constant defender. It is thus, with a thrust and a parry, the most serious matters are disclosed ; and the most illustrious personages are attacked by their enemies, and defended by their friends.

An anonymous author has given us the following account of the origin of the name of the Statue of *Pasquin*.—A satirical shoemaker, who lived at Rome, and whose name was *Pasquin*, amused himself with rallying very severely those who passed by his shop. He soon became famous ; and had he had time to *publish*, he would have been the Peter Pindar of his day. But his genius seems to have been satisfied to rest on his shop-board. Some time after his death there was found under the pavement of his shop this statue of an ancient Gladiator. It was soon set up ; and, by universal consent,

sent, was inscribed with his name. And they attempt to raise him from the dead, by frequently reviving his spirit, and rendering the statue worthy of the name it bears.

I have not discovered the origin of the name of *Marforio*.

MUSIC.

NATURALISTS pretend, that animals and birds, as well as 'knotted oaks,' as Congreve informs us, are exquisitely sensible to the charms of Music. This may serve as an instance:—An officer, having spoken somewhat too free of the Minister Louvois, was—as once was the custom—immediately consigned to the Bastile. He begged the governor to permit him the use of his lute; to soften, by the harmonies of his instrument, the rigours of his prison. At the end of a few days, this modern Orpheus, playing on his lute, was greatly astonished to see frisking out of their holes great numbers of mice; and, descending from their woven habitations, crowds of spiders, who formed a
circle

circle about him, while he continued breathing his soul-subduing instrument. His surprise was at first so great, that he was petrified with astonishment; when, having ceased to play, the assembly, who did not come to see his person, but to hear his instrument, immediately broke up. As he had a great dislike to spiders, it was two days before he ventured again to touch his instrument. At length, having conquered, for the novelty of his company, his dislike of them, he recommenced his concert, when the assembly was by far more numerous than at first; and, in the course of farther time, he found himself surrounded by a hundred *musical amateurs*. Having thus succeeded in attracting this company, he treacherously contrived to get rid of them at his will. For this purpose, he begged the keeper to give him a cat, which he put in a cage, and let loose at the very instant when the little hairy people were most entranced by the Orphean skill he displayed.

Marville has given us the following curious anecdote on this subject. He says, that doubting the truth of those who say it is natural for us to love Music, especially

the sound of instruments, and that beasts themselves are touched with it, being one day in the country, I enquired into the truth; and, while a man was playing on the trump marine, made my observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, cows, small birds, and a cock and hens, who were in a yard, under a window on which I was leaning. I did not perceive that the cat was the least affected, and I even judged, by her air, that she would have given all the instruments in the world for a mouse, sleeping in the sun all the time; the horse stopped short from time to time before the window, lifting his head up now and then, as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking stedfastly at the player; the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows slept a little, and after gazing as though they had been acquainted with us, went forward: some little birds who were in an aviary, and others on the trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats

throats with singing; but the cock, who minded only his hens, and the hens who were solely employed in scraping on a neighbouring dunghill, did not shew in any manner that they took the least pleasure in hearing the trump marine.

A modern traveller assures us, that he has repeatedly observed in the island of Madeira, that the lizards are attracted by the notes of Music, and that he has assembled a number of them by the powers of his instrument. He tells us also, that when the Negroes catch them, for food, they accompany the chase by whistling some tune, which has always the effect of drawing great numbers towards them.

Ludicrous as the above anecdotes may appear, I cannot but be of opinion, that Music forcibly affects the human mind. Mr. Jackson, the originality of whose observations is acknowledged, and who is himself so admirable a master in the art, in one of his thirty letters, sarcastically asks, in return to the question of a great Poet, 'what passion cannot Music raise or quell? what passion *can* Music raise or quell?'—The following

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anecdote,

anecdote, which I transcribe from the Laureat's commentary on Aristotle, p. 114, is more interesting, and perhaps more strongly displays the power of Music than any other recorded of ancient times.

'The RANS DES VACHES, mentioned by Rousseau, in his dictionary of Music, though without any thing striking in the composition, has such a powerful influence over the Swiss, and impresses them with so violent a desire to return to their own country, that it is forbidden to be played in the Swiss Regiments, in the French service, on pain of death.'

LOCUSTS.

THE Locusts, so frequently mentioned in the Scriptures, and in many ancient Authors, are a species of Grasshoppers that have nothing in them disgusting. The Parthians, the Ethiopians, and the Arabs, found them delicious food. After causing them to fall from the trees by means of smoke, ascending from fires kindled at their feet, they
falted,

salted, dried them in the sun, and preserved them for food throughout the year. Saint John the Baptist ate them with wild honey, according to the custom of the poor of those times. They appear sometimes in Asia, and in Africa, in such prodigious numbers, that they darken the air, and consume in an instant the fruits and herbage of a whole country; the heaps of those which die infect the air and occasion a contagion. It is probable, that these Phenomena are the *Harpies* of the ancients, which even came to devour the meats on the table of the King of Bythinia; and if we add, that Calais and Zethus, the Children of Boreas, chased them from this country, and pursued them to the Isles of Strophades, which are in the Ionian Sea, where they caused them to perish, all this fiction may be understood thus—that the Northern winds had blown them into this Sea: and it is true, that nothing so certainly delivers a country which is infected with these insects, as a strong wind that carries them off to the Sea, where they infallibly must perish. On this head the Reader may consult Goldsmith.

ORIGIN OF SEVERAL VALUABLE DISCOVERIES.

It is certain that many of the most valuable discoveries have found their origin in the most trivial accidents. According to Pliny the use of GLASS is owing to the following circumstance:—As some merchants were carrying nitre, they stopt near a river which issues from Mount Carmel. As they could not readily find stones to rest their kettles on, they used, for this purpose, some of these pieces of nitre. The fire which gradually dissolved the nitre, and mixed it with the sand, occasioned a transparent matter to flow, which, in fact, was nothing else than GLASS.

Heylin, in his Cosmography, observes, that the RUDDER, HELM, and the ART OF STEERING, were found out by one Typhis; who took his hint from seeing a kite, in flying, guide her whole body by her tail.

Dr. Granger has noticed of Jonas Moore, an eminent mathematician, that when he
was

was employed by the commissioners to survey the fens, he chanced to notice that the sea made a curve line on the beach; from which he took the hint to keep it effectually out of Norfolk.

The purple colour dye was found out at Tyre, by the simple circumstance of a dog seizing the fish *Conchilis*, or *Purpura*, by which his lips were observed to be tinged with that beautiful colour.

It is related of one Hansen, a spectacle maker, at Middleburgh in Holland, that he discovered the use of the Telescope by his children, who while at play in their father's shop, happened by chance to place a convex and a concave glass in such a manner, that in looking through them at the church weather-cock, they observed it appeared nearer, and much larger than usual, and by their loud expressions of surprize, excited the curiosity of their father, who having ascertained the fact, it was soon conveyed to the learned. See *Lounger's Common Place Book*, Vol. II.

It is said that Galileo, accidentally fixing his eyes on the waving to and fro of a lamp, suspended from the roof of a lofty building,

the regularity of it's vibrations first suggested to him the useful invention of a pendulum.

The origin of the use of ANTI-MOINE, or *Antimony*, is a remarkable circumstance. Basil Valentin, Superior of a College of Religionists, having observed that this mineral fattened the pigs, imagined that it would produce the same effect on the holy brotherhood. But the case was seriously different: the unfortunate fathers, who greedily made use of it, died in a very short time. This is the origin of it's name, which I have written according to the pure French word. In spite of this unfortunate beginning, Paracelsus resolved to bring this mineral into practice; he thought he could make it useful, by mixing it with other preparations, but he did not succeed according to his hopes. The Faculty, at Paris, were on this occasion divided into two parties: the one maintained, that *Antimony* was a *poison*; the other affirmed, that it was an excellent *remedy*. The dispute became more general, and the Parliament and the Sorbonne interfered in the matter: but some time afterwards, the world began to judge rightly concerning this excellent mineral; and it's wonderful effects

effects have occasioned the Faculty to place it among their best remedies.

The use of COFFEE is said to have a similar origin; that, however, was never attended with such dreadful effects. A Prior of a monastery in the part of Arabia where this berry grows, having remarked that the goats who ate of it became extremely brisk and alert, resolved to try the experiment on his Monks, of whom he so continually complained for their lethargic propensities. The experiment turned out successful; and it is said, it was owing to this circumstance that the use of this Arabian berry came to be so universal.

A casual circumstance discovered that excellent febrifuge, the JESUIT'S BARK. An Indian, in a delirious fever, having been left by his companions by the side of a river, as incurable, to quench his burning thirst, he naturally drank copious draughts of the water, which having long imbibed the virtues of the bark which abundantly floated on the stream, it quickly dispersed the fever of the Indian. He returned to his friends; and having explained the nature of his remedy, the indisposed crowded about the
margin

margin of the holy stream, as they imagined it to be, till they perfectly exhausted all it's virtues. The sages of the tribe, however, found at length in what consisted the efficacy of the stream. The Americans discovered it, in the year 1640, to the lady of the Viceroy of Peru, who recovered by it's use from a dangerous fever. In 1649 the reputation of this remedy was spread about Spain, Italy, and Rome, by the Cardinal de Lugo, and other Jesuits. And thus, like the Antimony, it's name is significant of it's origin.

Furetiere tells us in his dictionary, at the word *Quinquina*, that this febrifuge was called, in the beginning, *Cardinal de Lugo's Bark*, who distributed it very freely, though it was then extremely dear. Like all new discoveries, it was much opposed in it's commencement.

Amongst the opposers of this valuable medicine was Gideon Harvey, an abundant writer, who was physician to James II. He was continually waging war with his brother physicians; and all his writings are replete with virulence and hypothesis. The book of his which made most noise, is the one
now

now lying before me. It bears for title—
‘The Conclave of Physicians, detecting their
Intrigues, Frauds, and Plots, against their
Patients. Also a peculiar Discourse of the
Jesuit’s Bark. 1686.’ This writer, who is
for ever accounting for things in an uncom-
mon way, has a very strange notion respect-
ing Bark. I shall transcribe his words. ‘I
am of opinion the foresaid drug is *artificially*
prepared, and that the tree spoken of affords
nothing but the wood, into which the bitter
taste is immitted, by macerating it a conve-
nient time in the juice of a certain Indian
plant, to which that penetrating bitterness
is peculiar. This having sufficiently insinu-
ated into the pores of the bark, it is exposed
to the sun, which knits it together into a so-
lider texture. Hence it is that the bark, be-
ing reduced to powder, and steeped in any
liquor, doth so easily part with it’s bitter-
ness, as being adventitious to it, and not
connate to it’s essential principles.’ I have
given this extract to shew what fancies are
indulged by certain geniuses against the most
valuable discoveries when they are first
made,

Instead

Instead of an article, a little volume should be composed of similar notices.

ANIMALS IMITATE LANGUAGE AND
ACTION.

SIR William Temple, in his Memoirs, relates a story concerning an old parrot, belonging to the Prince Maurice, that readily answered to several questions promiscuously put to it. However singular the fact may appear, he assures us it was told him as such by the Prince himself.

Scaliger tells us that he saw a crow, in the French King's court, that was taught to fly at partridges, or any other fowl, from the falconer's hand.

Cardinal Assanio had a parrot that was taught to repeat the Apostles Creed, verbatim, in Latin : and in the court of Spain there was one that could sing the Gamut perfectly.

In the Roman History an anecdote is recorded, the truth of which we have no reason

son to doubt. When the sovereignty of the world was depending between Cæsar and Antony, a poor man at Rome bred up two crows, and taught them to pronounce, in their prattling language, a salutation to the Emperor; and, that he might be provided against all events, one of them saluted Cæsar, and the other Antony. When Augustus was returning as the conqueror, this man, with the crow on his hand, met him; and it was an ingenious and agreeable flattery, to which Augustus was not insensible, to be saluted by a crow with the acclamations of victory. He rewarded the novel adulator munificently. The neighbour of the man, however, having in vain essayed to teach the same language to two crows he had destined for this purpose, stung with envy at his happier fate, revealed to Augustus that this man had another crow at his house, with which he had intended to have saluted Antony, had Fortune favoured his party. This malicious intelligence intercepted the bounty of Augustus.

Perhaps nothing appears more wonderful than the sight of an unweildy Elephant dancing. The manner of teaching this

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grave animal so ludicrous an action is thus cruelly practised—They bring a *young Elephant* upon an iron floor heated underneath; and play on a musical instrument, while he lifts up his legs, and shifts his feet about, by reason of the torture of the heat. This, frequently repeated, occasions him to dance at the least sound of music.

But let us not suppose, that animals that thus imitate the actions and language of Rational Creatures, possess, therefore, in some degree, *personality* and mental intelligence: for when an Elephant, for instance, dances to music, it is not from any principles of reason, but from the concatenation of the two ideas of *beat* and *music*, to which custom has habituated him. So a Parrot may answer any question it is accustomed to hear; but this action needs not the aid of reason, since it may be effected by an *habitual idea* of things. Even the inferior ranks of animals receive their *ideas* by the *senses*. Such and such sounds often repeated, and such and such actions immediately preceding or immediately following those sounds, must necessarily form a *complex idea* both of the sound and action; so that, when
either

either such action or such sound is repeated, an idea of the other must necessarily attend it. Thus Dogs are taught to fetch and carry; and Parrots speak more words than one together. These words, *Poor Poll!* for instance, being often repeated together, if one be mentioned, and the other left, there must necessarily be an idea of the other sound, because custom and habit link them together. As two words are taught, so may three; and, if three, why not many? It is thus, by a *complex idea*, the Elephant dances; for, when he hears music, the idea of the heated floor occasions him to dance.

The arguments here alledged for the power which some animals shew in imitating our speech and actions, are chiefly drawn from an old Athenian Mercury.

FEMALE BEAUTY, AND ORNAMENTS.

THE Ladies in Japan gild their teeth; and those of the Indies paint them red. The blackest teeth are esteemed the most beautiful in Guzurat, and in some parts of America.

rica. In Greenland, the women colour their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she was not plaistered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of the she-goats; and, to render them thus, their youth is passed in tortures. In Ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; and, if there was any competition between two Princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majesty. In some countries, the mothers break the noses of their children; and, in others, press the head between two boards, that it may become square. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair: the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of these disgusting locks. The Indian Beauty is thickly smeared with bear's fat; and the female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not silks, or wreaths of flowers, but warm guts and reeking tripe, to dress herself with enviable ornaments.

In China, small eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows, that they may be small and long.

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The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eye-brows. It is too visible by day, but looks shining by night. They tinge their nails with a rose-colour.

An ornament for the nose appears to us perfectly unnecessary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwise; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportioned by the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials; such as green crystal, gold, stones, a single and sometimes a great number of gold rings. This is rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses; and the fact is, some have informed us, that the Indian ladies never perform this very useful operation.

The female head-dress is carried, in some countries, to singular extravagance. The Chinese Fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is composed of copper, or of gold, according to the quality of the person: the wings, spread out, fall

over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temples. The tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose; the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may the more freely play, and tremble at the slightest motion.

The extravagance of the Myantfes is far more ridiculous than the above. They carry on their heads a slight board, rather longer than a foot, and about six inches broad: with this they cover their hair, and seal it with wax. They cannot lie down, nor lean, without keeping the neck very straight; and, the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees. Whenever they comb their hair, they pass an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

To this curious account, extracted from Duhalde, we must join that of the inhabitants of the Land of Natal. They wear caps, or bonnets, from six to ten inches high, composed of the fat of oxen. They then gradually

dually anoint the head with a purer grease; which, mixing with the hair, fastens these *bonnets* for their lives!

HELL.

THE Cardinal Bellarmin, in his *Treatise du Purgatoire*, seems to be as familiarly acquainted with the secret tracks and the formidable divisions of '*the bottomless pit*,' as Swedenburgh was with the streets and by-corners of '*the New Jerusalem*.'

He informs us that there are, beneath the earth, four different places, or a profound place divided into four parts. He says, that the deepest place is *Hell*; which contains all the souls of the damned, where will be also their bodies after the Resurrection, and where likewise will be inclosed all the Demons. The place nearest Hell is *Purgatory*, where souls are purged; or, rather, where they appease the anger of God by their sufferings. He says, that the same fires, and the same torments, alike afflict in both these places; and that the only difference be-

tween Hell and Purgatory, consists in their duration. Next to Purgatory is the *Limbo* of those *Infants* who die without having received the Sacrament: and the fourth place is the *Limbo* of the *Fathers*; that is to say, of those Just Men who died before the death of Jesus Christ. But since the days of the Redeemer this last division is empty; so that here is an apartment to be let!

Such ideas are the *tenets* which some, from the dawn of their reason, entertain with religious veneration. It has even been acknowledged by the bigots, that the more ridiculous, or the more unintelligible, may be the subject for belief, the greater merit it is to receive it without hesitation. Men have persuaded themselves, that what bears the strongest evidence of falshood, is the sacred truth of a paternal Deity. And it had been well if, on speculative points, they had only differed with their more rational or innocent fellow-creatures. But these bigots have written, in the warm *blood* of humanity, the articles of their faith. They have reared an altar to Superstition, on which they have not sacrificed the Scape-Goat, or the Paschal Lamb; but they have plunged the sacerdotal

facerdotal knife into the bosom of their fellow-creatures. They have agonized the individual with the flaming *Auto da fés* of the Inquisition: with a more dreadful scope they have sent thousands, with the sword of the Crusade, to spread desolation in parts which had never till then heard of their name; and, gratifying at once their avarice and their religion, cities have been razed, and millions of inoffensive men swept from the face of the earth, because it had pleased Providence to place in their countries mines of gold and seas of pearl.

Prudentius, a Christian Poet, whose verse is not so much the inspiration of the muse, as the effusions of the Saint (indeed he began to write verse so late as fifty) has given us several circumstances concerning Hell, though it is rather difficult to guess where he got his intelligence. He tells us, for a certain fact, that the damned have every year one day of repose; and that is, the day when Jesus Christ issued from Hell. He consoles us also, by informing us that God does not take offence lightly; so that Hell is not so crowded as it is imagined.

Cicero assures us, that there was not an

M m 3 old

old woman in his time who lent any faith to the torments of Hell; and on this occasion he observes, that Fabulous Traditions weaken in the course of time, but that Time serves to establish Truth: and that it is to this reason we must attribute the long and the growing veneration which is rendered to the gods. Bayle supplies me with this observation.

ANATOMISTS.

THE ancient Anatomists must have felt a zeal for the science which makes the imagination shudder. It was nothing less than dissecting men *alive*; for this purpose, the bodies of criminals were devoted. This was the exercise of Herophilus, an ancient Physician, who Tertullian very justly treats as a Butcher; or, as we might say in the present age, a Cannibal.

MONKS.

‘THE Monks of the present day,’ says Charpentier, who died in the year 1702, ‘lead sober lives, when compared with their predecessors.’ Some religious Fathers were called *The Hogs of Saint Anthony*. They retired from the world to make eight repasts *per diem*! The order of the Chartroux was of a different complexion. It was, in it’s original institution, more austere than that of La Trappe. Amongst other regulations for their food, it was written, that with *barley bread, water, and pulse*, they were fully satisfied. And again, they promise to preserve ‘perpetual fasting, perpetual silence, and perpetual hair-cloth.’ Every Saturday night was brought to each Father his portion of food for the week, with which they accommodated themselves in their own cells, widely separated from each other. But this *mortification* was not long held in esteem: their severities were mitigated, more and more, till at length

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they

they have improved the order greatly, by admitting many of the luxuries of life. They now eat, instead of the dry barley bread which was brought to them on the Saturday nights, the newest loaves, made of the whitest flour; instead of water, they drink the richest wines, in greater quantities than heretofore they drank water. The pulse was found rather insipid food; so they have joined to it excellent fish: and, in fact, there is no luxury in which these Fathers, who were enjoined by their Founder 'perpetual fasts,' do not indulge their appetites.

'Ah, happy Convents! bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines!'

POPE.

Mr. Merry, the Author of the *Della Crusca Poems*, when he can get rid of his load of poetic tinsel, presents sometimes a thought of the true gold. He has written an Elegy on a View of the Chartreux, in which are these excellent lines—

'Tis not by losing Life that Heaven ye gain;
It is not Solitude that leads to GOD.'

PIOUS

PIOUS FRAUDS.

THE Abbey of Signi, in Champagne, was uncommonly rich and extensive: but at this we must not be astonished. Saint Bernard had promised those who assisted to found it, as much "*Spatium*," or place in Heaven, as they gave *land* to his Order of Citeaux. The good people of those days had more faith in Saints than their graceless posterity; and, had the Magistrates not restrained their pious zeal, this Abbey would have occupied a whole province.

So also, when Pope Urban had to combat with Clement the Seventh, he was obliged to have recourse to the scheme of Saint Bernard. This is not wonderful: but it is wonderful, that, as soon as he published a Bull, promising a plenary remission of their *Sins*, and a place in *Paradise*, to all who fought in his cause, or contributed money to support it, our own nation flew up in arms; and, as an old Historian observes—'As soon as these Bulls were published in England,

land, the whole people were transported with joy, and thought that the opportunity of obtaining such inestimable graces was not to be neglected.' The representative of Saint Peter can no more issue such roaring *Bulls: tempora mutantur!*

CHINESE PHYSICIANS.

THE Physicians of China, by feeling the arms of a sick man in three places; to observe the slowness, the increase, or quickness, of the pulse, can judge of the cause, the nature, the danger, and the duration, of his disorder. Without their patient's speaking, they reveal infallibly what part is affected. They are at once Doctors and Apothecaries, composing the remedies they prescribe. They are paid when they have completed a cure; but they receive nothing when their remedies do not take effect. Our Physicians, it must be confessed, are by no means so skilful as the Chinese: but, in one thing, they have the advantage over them; which is, in taking their fees before they

they have performed the cure. And it is thus that Physicians, with little or no learning, ride in their chariots in London; while, in Pekin, they are very learned and walk on foot.

ÆTNA AND VESUVIUS.

IT is very probable that Mount Vesuvius near Naples, and Mount Ætna in Sicily, form but different portions of *one* chain of Mountains that passes under the sea and the Isle of Lipari; for, whenever one of these Volcanos has a great eruption, it is observed, that the other, and the Volcano in the Isle of Lipari, throw out more flames than ordinary. This remark is made by Longuerue.

ROMAN ROADS.

THE magnificence of the Romans in their public edifices, infinitely surpassed
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that of the last ages. The sole inspection of *their roads* is a most convincing proof, These *Roads* set out from the column erected in the middle of Romè, and extended themselves to the remotest borders of this vast Empire, for the convenience and the expedition of those Legions which had subjugated so many nations. These *Roads*, of which some still remain, were high, broad, solid, and in several places branched out into great squares, which the subverting hand of Time seems yet to respect. *Our Roads*, on the contrary, are in a variety of places in so pitiful a condition, that three or four days of rain frequently interrupt the intercourse of commerce, and delay the journeys of the best equipages.

All this is lamentably true; we need blush at the Romans possessing more magnificent *Roads* than ourselves: we, who emulate them in all the ruin of their luxury; besides, they never paid so much *Turnpike-money* as we do.

LIGHT

LIGHT SUMMER SHOWERS FORMING
BURNING MIRRORS.

IN the Summer, after some days of fine weather, during the heat of the day, if a storm happens, accompanied with a few light showers of rain; and if the Sun appears immediately after with all it's usual ardour, it burns the foliage, and the flowers on which the rain had fallen, and destroys the hopes of the orchard. The burning heat, which the ardour of the Sun produces at that time on the leaves and flowers, is equal to the intense heat of *burning Iron*. Naturalists have sought for the cause of this strange effect, but they have said nothing which satisfies a reasonable mind. This is, however, the fact. In the serene days of the Summer, it is visible that there gathers on the foliage and the flowers, as, indeed, on every other part, a little dust, sometimes more and sometimes less, scattered by the wind. When the rain falls on this dust, the
drops

drops mix together, and take an oval or round form, as we may frequently observe in our houses, on the dusty floor or cieling, when they scatter water before they sweep them. It is thus these globes of water, mingled on the foliage, form so many of those convex glasses which we call Burning Mirrors, and which produce the same effect. Should the rain be heavy and last long, the Sun would not then produce this burning heat, because the force and the duration of the rain, will have destroyed the dust which formed these drops of water; and these drops, losing their globular form, in which alone consisted their caustic power, will be dispersed without any extraordinary effect. For this observation, which, to the Naturalist must appear curious and novel, he is indebted to the ingenious Huet, Bishop of Avranches.

BLEEDING

BLEEDING AND EVACUATION, TWO
REMEDIES FOR LOVE.

HUET has a very singular observation on Love, which he exemplifies by an Anecdote as singular.

Love, he says, is not merely a passion of the soul, but it is also a disease of the body, like *the Fever*. It is frequently in the blood, and in the mind, which are terribly agitated; and, to be cured, it may be treated as *methodically* as any other disorder. Great Perspirations, and copious Bleedings, that carry away with the humour the inflammable spirits, would purge the blood, calm the emotions, and replace every part in it's natural state.

The great Condé, having felt a violent passion for Mademoiselle de Vigean, was constrained to join the army. While his absence lasted, his passion was continually nourished by the tenderest recollections of Love, and by an intercourse of a continued correspondence, till the conclusion of the campaign,

campaign, when a dangerous sickness brought him to the most imminent danger. To the violence of his illness, violent Remedies were applied; and every thing that was most efficacious in physic was given to the Prince. He regained his *health*, but he had lost his *Love*: the great Evacuations had carried away his passion; and when he thought himself a Lover, he found he had ceased to love.

On this Anecdote it is to be observed, that the fact is well authenticated; and, however the reader may feel himself inclined to turn Wit on this occasion, it's veracity cannot in the least be injured. But it must be confessed, that *Evacuations* may not always have on a despairing lover the same happy effect. 'When we would explain the mechanism of the human passions,' observes an ingenious writer, 'the observations must be multiplied.' This fact, then, does not tend to shew that the same remedies will cure every Lover, but that they did cure the Prince de Condé.

There is, however, another species of evacuation, not less efficacious, for a despairing

spairing swain, which will probably amuse the reader.

A German gentleman burned with an amorous flame for a German Princess. She was not insensible to a reciprocal passion; and to have him about her person, without giving scandal, she created him her General. They lived some time much pleased with each other; but the Princess became fickle, and the General grew jealous. He made very sharp remonstrances; and the Princess, who wished to be free, gave him his *congé*, and he was constrained to quit her. But his passion at every hour increased: he found he could not live out of her presence; and he ventured to enter imperceptibly into her cabinet. There he threw himself at her feet, and entreated her forgiveness. The Princess frowned, and condescended to give no other answer, than a command to withdraw from her Royal Highness's presence. The despairing lover exclaimed, that he was ready to obey her in every thing but that; that he was resolved, in this, to disobey her; and that he preferred to die by her hand. In saying

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this,

this, to give force to his eloquence, he presented his naked sword to the German Princess; who, perhaps, being little acquainted with the flowers of rhetoric, most cruelly took him at his word, and run him through the body. Fortunately his wound did not prove mortal: he was healed of the wound at the end of three months, and likewise of his passion, which had flowed away with the effusion of blood.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

THE present article, from the learned Bishop of Avranches, if not a valuable, forms at least an ingenious speculation.

Neither naturalists or physicians have informed us what is the cause which renders contagious so many diseases, while others are not in the least infectious. The gout, the gravel, the epilepsy, the apoplexy, are not caught by frequenting the company of the diseased; but the plague, the dysentery, the itch, the bloody-flux, occasion frequent-
ly

ly terrible ravages by their infection. This is very probably the fact. It may be said, in general, that all contagious diseases produce *worms*, which are contained in ulcers, pustules, or pimples, either internal or external, some less and some more, and of different kinds. We shall not here examine the cause of the production of these *worms*; but their effect is common and unvaried, and sometimes visible. It is also well known that these worms, by undergoing a revolution, which in them is natural, change into the fly state, and become *gnats*: this is done in a short time, and in infinite numbers. As soon as these flies, imperceptible by their diminutive size, can lift themselves by their wings, they take their flight. They are then scattered abroad; and, entering the bodies of men by respiration, they infuse that poison by which they are engendered, and communicate that corruption from whence they have sprung.

It is thus great fires have been found very serviceable in public contagions: kindled in divers places, they have, as many imagine, purified the air. The air is, indeed, purified,

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but

but not in the manner generally supposed, by rarifying and changing it's composition, but in burning and consuming these flying *gnats* with which the air is filled; and which, attracted by the light of the flames, mix with them, and are destroyed in the same manner as moths are by a candle. An opposite cause produces also the same effect; I mean, a sharp frost, that kills and destroys these terrible insects, if not entirely, at least the greater part: for it has been known, that so great have been their numbers, that many have escaped the rigours of the frost, and have continued the infection; as it happened some centuries back, in the dreadful plague, which desolated Denmark, and the neighbouring countries.

BABYLON, THEBES, AND NINEVEH.

OF the situation of these three greatest cities in the universe, of which history presents us with so many wonderful accounts, we are ignorant: there does not remain the slightest

slightest vestige. The hundred gates of Thebes ; the hanging gardens, and innumerable streets of Babylon ; Nineveh (to use the expression of Scripture) ‘ that great city, in which were more than six score thousand persons ;’ are all melted away, ‘ like the baseless fabric of a vision.’ They are, however, marked in maps.

AMBER-GRIS.

AMBER-GRIS is nothing else than *boney*, which abounds in the extensive mountains of the side of Ajan, melted by the heat of the sun ; and which, falling into the sea, is condensed or petrified by the coldness of the water. The proof is, that very frequently bees are found inclosed in morsels of Amber-gris. This opinion is ingenious: it is given by the Abbé Longuerue ; but the opinions of what Amber-gris is composed are so various, that, the fact is, we are ignorant of it.

THE PROMISES OF THE FAIR WRITTEN
ON THE SEA SANDS.

THE following is a little adventure of Love, which is a great favourite with the Spanish nation, and wears something of an original air.

A fair-one, walking by the sea-side, wrote with her finger on the sands—

Antes muerta, que mudada.
I will die before I change.

He for whom these words were intended followed soon after. Having recognized the hand of the person whom he loved, his heart beat with rapture at the marks she left of her fidelity and her constancy. But, while he was dwelling with pleasure on these delicious words, a wave from the sea rolled over and effaced them. This occasioned our raptured lover to muse in another mode; and, however violent his passion might have been, he directly concluded, that it was not prudent to rely on things said by a woman,
and

and written on sand. George de Montemajor, a Spanish poet, has turned the thought into verse :

*Mira el amor lo que ordena,
Que os viene a hazer creer,
Cosas dichas por Muger,
Y escritas en el Arena.*

Which may be thus imitated—

The Lover, as he pleas'd surveys
The billet from his Fav'rite's hand,
Believes the things a Woman says,
Believes the things she writes on sand,

A TRAVELLER'S SINGULARITIES.

BALTHAZAR GRATIAN, Author of the *Courtier*, has frequently very singular strokes of imagination. In one of his works, he supposes his Hero to travel in search of a *true Friend*. Among the most singular curiosities he meets with in his travels, are to be distinguished the following ones—A poor *Judge*, with his wife, neither of whom had any fingers to their hands; a great

Lord, without any debts; a *Prince* who was never offended at the truth being told him to his face; a *Poet*, who became rich by the produce of his works; a *Monarch*, who died without any suspicion of having been poisoned; a humble *Spaniard*; a silent *Frenchman*; a lively *Englishman*; a *German*, who disliked wine; a *learned Man* recompensed; a chaste *Widow*; a *Madman* discontented; a sincere *Female*; and, what was more singular than all these singularities, *True Friend!*

GENEALOGY.

WELCH Genealogies have long been a standing jest: who does not know their partiality to Cadwallader? Yet there are others which can disturb the muscles of the gravest Philosopher; and, perhaps, make the most ingenious Herald smile at his own ingenuity. Charles the Fifth, and Louis the Thirteenth, have caused their Genealogies to reach to *Adam*. De Crouy, who married the heiress of the De Crouys in the time of Saint Louis, because he came from *Hungary*, resolved,

if

if he brought nothing, at least to bring a *Genealogy*: and ventured to trace his descent from *Attila*, King of the Huns; who, it must be allowed, is a more regal ancestor than *Adam* himself.

Arthur Kelton, a miserable versifier, who wrote in the reign of Edward the Sixth, published, at the end of his *CHRONICLE*, a *GENEALOGY* of *BRUTES*, in which the pedigree of our young monarch is lineally drawn through thirty-two generations, from *Osis*, the first King of Egypt! Wood reproaches our author for his ignorance; but, as Warton observes, ‘in an heraldic enquiry, so difficult and so new, many mistakes are pardonable.’

In a book published in 1604, James the First has his genealogy derived from *Noah*. And William Slater more elaborately draws it from *Adam*.

To give the most splendid genealogy possible, I shall present the reader with that of Semiramis; with which Mr. T. Taylor, the modern Platonist, has favoured me. He is not a little delighted with the expressive grandeur of the names, and the sublimities of her pretensions.

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The Genealogy of Semiramis, Queen of Babylon, as inscribed by her on a Pillar.

My Father was Jupiter Belus; my Grand-father

Babylonic Saturn; my Great-grandfather

Ethiopian Saturn; my Great-grandfather's father Ægyptian

Saturn; and my

Great-grandfather's

Grandfather

Cælus Phoenix Ogyges. From Ogyges to my

Grandfather, THE SUN has wandered round

his orb, once and thirty hundred times.

From my Grandfather to my Fa-

ther six and fifty times. From

my Father to me, twice and

sixty times.

Semiramis in this mountain

Olympus,

Dedicates to her Father-in-law

Jupiter Belus, and to her

Mother Rhea,

This Column, Temple, and

Statue.

The arms of modern families are, for the greater part, (observes Menage) the signs of their ancient shops.

Fuller, in his Worthies of England, amongst

amongst several exceptions which he supposes may be made to his work, has one very applicable to the present subject. In his Eighth Exception it is said, 'You, out of flattery, conceal the *mean extraction* of many (especially modern) men, who have attained to great preferment, pointing at the place of their *birth*, but suppressing their parentage.'

To this he answers—'I conceive myself to have done well in so doing. If enquiry be made into all men's descent, it would be found true what the poet doth observe—

Majorum primus quisquis fuit ille tuorum
Aut pastor fuit, aut illud quod dicere nolo.

The first of all thine ancestors of yore,
Was but a shepherd, or—I say no more.'

The caustic Boileau has two excellent lines on the subject of *Genealogies*, in his fifth Epistle—

'Quoique fils de Meünier, encor blanc du Moulin,
Il est pret à fournir ses titres en Velin.

A miller's son, scarce clean'd from dirt and flour,
Does proudly on his vellum titles pore.'

SOLOMON AND SHEBA.

I RECOLLECT a pretty Story, which, in the Talmud or Gemara, some Rabbin has attributed to Solomon.

The power of this Monarch had spread his wisdom to the remotest parts of the known world. A private Scholar in general, passes his life in obscurity; and Posterity—a solitary consolation—spreads his name to the most distant regions. But when a King is a Student, the case is reversed. Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendour of his reputation, or, more probably, urged by the insatiable curiosity of the female, visited this poetical King at his own court, with the sole intention of *asking him questions*. The Rabbin does not inform me, if her examination of the Monarch was always made in the chamber of audience; there is reason to suspect that they frequently retired, for the solution of many a hard problem, to the philosophic solitude of a private cabinet. But I do not intend by any means

means to make this work (as Lord Lyttelton answered to a curious female concerning his History) 'a vehicle for antiquated scandal.'

It is sufficient, that the incident I now relate passed as Solomon sat surrounded by his court. At the foot of the throne stood the inquisitive Sheba; in each hand, she held a wreath of flowers; the one, composed of natural, the other, of artificial flowers. Art, in the labour of the mimic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the lively hues, and the variegated beauties of Nature; so that, at the distance it was held by the Queen for the inspection of the King, it was deemed impossible for him to decide—as her question imported—which wreath was the natural, and which the artificial. The sagacious Solomon seemed posed; yet, to be vanquished, though in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David—he who had written treatises on the vegetable productions 'from the cedar to the hyssop,' to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of papers and glazed paintings! The honour of the
Monarch's

Monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished; and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length, an expedient presented itself to the King; and, it must be confessed, worthy of the Natural Philosopher. Observing a cluster of Bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened: it was opened; the Bees rushed into the Court, and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. The decision was not then difficult; the learned Rabbins shook their beards in rapture, and the baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

This would make a pretty poetical Tale. It would yield an elegant description, and a pleasing moral; that *the Bee* only *rests* on the natural beauties, and never *fixes* on the *painted flowers*, however inimitably the colours may be laid on. This, applied to the *Ladies*, would give it pungency.

FRENCH AND SPANIARDS.

A LITTLE work, published after that famous intermarriage which overcame the enmity of the two Courts of France and Spain, though it could not that of the two nations, presents us with a humorous contrast of their manners, dispositions, habits, &c.

‘A Frenchman,’ says our author, ‘entering his friend’s house, will immediately ask for some refreshment: a Spaniard would rather perish with hunger or thirst. A Frenchman salutes a lady by kissing her: a Spaniard, on presenting a lady his hand, will cover it with his cloak, and retreat back several paces to bow to her at a hundred steps distant.’

‘ I have often been tempted,’ says the author, who was a Spaniard, ‘ to ask the midwives if it was possible that a French child could be brought into the world in the same manner as a Spanish infant—so dissimilar they prove from their birth !’

The French have a lively apprehension,
4 hating

hating idleness, and reducing their knowledge into practical use; but they do not penetrate deeply into any matter. The Spaniard, on the contrary, is fond of abstract and abstruse speculation, and dwells continually on an object. The French are afraid of believing too much; the other of believing too little. The former will dispatch the weightiest business in the midst of noise and tumult, amidst the levity of assemblies, or gaieties of the table; whilst the grave Spaniard cannot bear the buzzing of a fly to disturb his fixed attention. In love, the one is light and talkative; the other, constant and secret. The Spaniard will disguise his poverty under a thousand pretences, and invent as many fictions to persuade you his appearance is owing to the necessity of concealing his person; whilst the Frenchman will press his wants upon you with the most persevering importunity. In every minutia, this difference is traced; both at the toilette and table: in mixing wine, the Spaniard puts the water first in the glass; whilst the Frenchman puts the wine first. A troop of Frenchmen will walk abreast in the street with abundance of tattle; whilst

whilst the Spaniards will walk with measured gravity, in a defile, like a procession. A Frenchman, discovering a person at a distance, beckons with an uplifted hand, drawn towards his face: the Spaniard bends his hand downwards, and moves it towards his feet.'

This contrast of humours and manners he seems inclined to attribute to the difference of climate: in the one country, settled and constant; in the other, ever varying, as the genius of it's inhabitants.

ATTIC PLEASANTRIES.

THE Bishop of Belley was a great Wit, and very happy in extemporaneous effusions; but his wit bears too frequently the alloy of puns and clenches. The following are neat—

'Après leur mort, les *Pâpes* deviennent des *Papillons*; les *Sires* des *Cirons*, et les *Rois* des *Roitelets*.'

For the satisfaction of those who are

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pleased

pleased with clenches, I transcribe the following connected and ingenious ones—

‘ Le Maire d’une petite ville située sur le bord du Rhône fit ce compliment a un General des Armées du Roi en Piémont.

‘ Monseigneur, tandis que Louis le Grand fait aller l’Empire de mal *en pire*, *damner* le Dannemarc, *fuér* la Suede ; tandis que son digne rejetton fait *baver* les Bavarois, rend les troupes de Zelle, sans *zele*, et fait des *effais* aux Hessois ; tandis que Luxembourg fait *fleurir* la France a Fleurus, met en *flamme* les Flamands, *lie* les Liegeois, et fait danser la Castanaga sans *castagnettes* ; tandis que le Turc *bongre* les Hongrois, fait *esclaves* les Esclavons, et reduit en *servitude* la Servie ; enfin, tandis que Catinat *demonte* les Piémontois, que St. Ruth se *rue* sur les Savoyards ; vous, Monseigneur, non content de faire sentir la pesanteur de *vos doigts* aux Vaudois ; vous, faites encore la *barbe* aux Barbets, ce que nous oblige d’être avec un profond respect, &c.’

Stephen Dolet was a Poet, a Printer, and a Grammarian. He had given very liberal strictures on religious matters, for
which

which he was imprisoned; and, not having kept his promise of turning a good Catholic, he was condemned to be burnt as an Atheist, at Paris, on the third of August 1546. As he proceeded to the place of execution, he observed the people commiserate his fate; on which he made this verse—

‘Non dolet ipse DOLET, sed pia turba dolet.’

The Doctor who accompanied him answered—

‘Non pia turba dolet, sed dolet ipse DOLET.’

Among the many puerile amusements which Fashion has frequently sanctioned, there was one which merits to be distinguished. It was the contrivance of arranging letters and words, apparently without signification, so as to form a perfect sentence in the pronunciation. Among the most tolerable of these was the following one, chosen as the device of one who had thrown off the yoke of an unworthy mistress—

J, A, C, O, B, I, A, L;

which letters, pronounced in the French language, have this compleat signification—

J'ai, assez obéi à Elle.

O o 2

Some-

Something similar has been lately given by the ingenious Harry Erskine, who inscribed on his *Tea-Chest* the following Latin words—

TU DOCES.

These, however inapplicable they may appear, when translated into our vernacular tongue, run thus—

THOU TEA-CHEST!

The second person singular of the verb *docere* making a very neat pun of the substantive *Tea-Chest*.

Juan Rufo, a Spanish wit, said of a tiresome Buffoon, that he was *a little leaden Bell*.

Here is an instance of Cacophony: John Taylor, the Water Poet, entitles one of his volumes of poetry—

‘Mad Verse, Sad Verse, Glad Verse, and Bad Verse.’

Another—

ALE, ALE-vated into an ALE-titude; for Ale, *elevated into an Altitude*.

Such are the miserable conceits of vulgar Wits!

Fuller,

Fuller, ridiculously quaint, observes of *Shakespeare*, that he *resembled Martial*. The reader is curious, perhaps, to know in what respect:—it is in the *warlike nature* of his name; as *Shake-speare*, like *Martial*, relates to war.

A rich grocer had retired from his shop, and had written under one of his devotional pictures, in his country seat, the Latin motto—

Respice finem.

A French wag erased the initial R and the final m, to remind him of his origin; and there very appositely remained

espice fine. (*fine spices.*)

It is a pleasantry perfectly characteristic of that vulgar fanatic, Hugh Peters; when, in a print prefixed to his life, he is represented in the pulpit, amidst a full congregation; while he is turning an hour-glass; near him are these words—‘*I know you are good fellows; stay, and take the other glass.*’

When the French King lay in imminent danger, every corporation attended prayers daily for the benefit of his majesty's health. It was to this custom an academician (some-

what too facetious for a serious eulogium on the king) alluded, when he said, ‘The *merchant* quits his business, to bend at the foot of the altar; the *artisan* leaves his work unfinished; the *physician* quits his patient; and the *patient* is all the better for it.’

It was the literary humour of a certain Mécenas, who frequently added to the lustre of his patronage the chearful steams of a good dinner, to place his guests according to the size and thickness of the books they had printed. At the head of the table, in the most honourable places, sat those who had published volumes in *folio*, *foliissimo*; next the authors in *quarto*; then those in *octavo*. *——This was not a fair estimate: Blackmore would have had at that table the precedence of Gray. It is a fine remark of Gresset—

‘Le Dieu du gout et du genie,
A rarement eu la manie,
Des honneurs de l’*IN-FOLIO*.’

The lively God of Genius and of Wit,
Rarely with *FOLIO PRIDE* is madly smit.

* Addison, who appears to have been a great reader of the *Anas*, has seized this idea, and applied it with his felicity of humour, in No. 529 of the *Spectator*.

Dr.

Dr. Granger supplies me with two curious puns. Hobbes was much pleased with the following epitaph, which was made for him, to be engraven on his tomb-stone :

THIS IS THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The punning Fuller would have been delighted with this for himself—

HERE LIES FULLER'S EARTH.



C U R I O S I T I E S

O F

L I T E R A T U R E.

PHILOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE MOTHER TONGUES.

SCALIGER observes, there are four Mother, or radical, Tongues in Europe. *Theos*, the Greek ; *Deus*, the Latin, the French, the Italian, and the Spanish. *Got*, the Danish, the English, the German, the Dutch, and the Flemish. *Goi*, the Slavonian. There are six lesser or inferior languages, independent of the above four. The Basque, the low Breton, the Hungarian, the Irish, the Swedish, and the Tartarian. The Welch language must also be distinguished ; though it bears so great an affinity to the low Breton,

ton, that, it is said, these nations understand each other with little difficulty. The Irish and the Danes once spoke the same language. The Bask is the ancient Spanish, as the Cantabrians spoke it in the time of the Romans.

THE LATIN TONGUE.

THE fate of the Latin Tongue may be divided into six Ages. The Barbarous and Uncultivated Age; the Middle Age; the Golden, the Silver, the Brass, and the Iron Ages.

The Barbarous Age lasted from four to five hundred years; from Romulus, in whose reign more Greek than Latin was spoken, till Livius Andronicus, the first who caused plays to be acted at Rome.

The Middle Age extends itself from Andronicus till the days of Cicero. During this interval of time many authors began to write the Latin language. The most distinguished are, Ennius, Nævius, Plautus, Terence, and Lucretius. The poem of the
last

last writer does so much honour to this age, that, we must candidly acknowledge, it would not be unworthy even of the Golden Age of pure Latinity, were it somewhat less obscure.

The Golden Age of the Latin language began in the time of Cicero, and finished with the reign of Augustus; so that, without a metaphor, it is but an Age. Then flourished Varro, Cicero, Julius Cæsar, Cornelius Nepos, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Severus Albinovanus, Sallust, and others; a part of whose works have happily escaped the ravages of Time.

The Silver Age, which commences at the death of Augustus, and terminates with Antonine the Pious, was very fruitful in excellent compositions; but its language began to lose somewhat of its richness and its purity, in spite of the indefatigable Quintilian, who vainly attempted to revive the Golden Age. Seneca, whose style is one continued affectation, who is for ever on the stretch to catch points, antithesis, and other trivial sports of the mind, enervates manly sentiment, and shocks a correct taste. It was him who corrupted the Latin language.

The Age of Brass commences from the reign of Antoninus, and reaches till Honorius, under whose reign the invasions of the Barbarians took place. Besides profane authors, who abound in this age, it produced Tertullian, Arnobius, Lactantius, Cyprian, Saint Hilary, Prudentius, Ambrose, Jerome, Augustin, Damascus, and Sulpicius Severus.

The irruptions of the Barbarians occasioned an Age of Iron to the Latin language. Who has not heard declamations against the Goths and Vandals? This dreadful epoch lasted from six to seven ages. During this time some authors, however, arose, who have done honour to the Latin tongue; but it must be recollected, that the ignorance of these times was so deplorable, that our great Alfred complains, that in England it was difficult to find a priest who could read; and the Historian of Universal History must record, that the knowledge of the Ecclesiastics consisted only in some very barbarous Latin.

Several learned men, says Charpentier; have written, that the *pronunciation* of the Latin is very different to what it was anciently. That the Romans distinguished the

short *i* from the long *i*; that they pronounced the *c* in the word *dicit*, as in *dico*; that in *artium* they articulated the *t* as in *arti*; and that the *u* had the sound of *w*. According to this mode of pronunciation, these lines of Latin—

Utinam Ciceronem audivissemus, Romani, ut prononciaremus voces vestras ut decet,

Should be read thus—

Whotinam Kikeronem audiwissemoss Romani; oot prononkiaremoos vokes westrass oot deket.

All this may be the effect of a learned fancy. It is, however, certain, that every nation pronounce the Latin differently, and give it the accent of their maternal tongue. The Bavarians say *poter*, for *pater*; the Polands pronounce *quamsam*, for *quamquam*; *agsa*, for *aqua*. And the French smile at us, because we pronounce *canis* according to our national accent. We may take our revenge; for they pronounce it according to their own.

Aldus Manutius composed the first Latin Grammar. It was printed at Paris in 1500. The *Method of the Port Royal* is the first which

which freed itself from the bondage of prescribing rules in Latin, to learn the Latin language.

The Latin language is ranked amongst those they call *dead*, because they are no more the languages the vulgar of any nation speak; and, being regulated by the ancient authors, custom can no more tyrannize over them. But it may be said, in a figurative sense, that they are living ones, by the constant use the Learned make of them; and it may not be improper to call them *the Languages of the Land of Science*.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I HAVE extracted from two Authors of a distant interval of time—since one is honest Peter Heylin, who wrote in the days of our first Charles; and the other, Mr. Sheridan, whose Lectures are well known—the present article concerning that language, which it becomes us not so much to enlarge as to preserve.

Peter Heylin thus observes in his *Cosmography*

graphy—‘ The English language is a decompound of Dutch, French, and Latin, which I conceive rather to add to it’s perfection, than to detract any thing from the worth thereof, since out of every language we have culled the most significant words, and equally participate in that which is excellent in them : their imperfections being rejected ; for it is neither so boisterous as *the Dutch*, nor so effeminate as *the French*, yet as significant as *the Latin* ; and, in the happy conjunction of two words into one, little inferior to *the Greek*.’

Mr. Sheridan thus ingeniously has written on the same topic—‘ Upon a fair comparison, it will appear that *the French* have emasculated their tongue, by rejecting such numbers of their consonants ; and made it resemble one of their painted *Courtezans*, adorned with fripperies and fallals. That *the German*, by abounding too much in harsh Consonants and Gutturals, has great size and strength, like the statue of *Hercules Farnese*, but no grace. That *the Roman*, like the bust of *Antinous*, is beautiful indeed but not manly. That *the Italian* has beauty,
grace,

grace, and symmetry, like the *Venus* of *Medicis*, but is feminine; and that *the English* alone resembles the ancient *Greek*, in uniting the three powers, of strength, beauty, and grace, like the *Apollo of Belvedere*.'

I contemplate with great pleasure the classical statue which is here offered to the imagination. When I recollect the sweetness of *Addison*, the strength of *Johnson*, and the grace of *Melmoth*, I rise into enthusiasm, and exult in the conviction that *the English* is the most perfect of the European languages. The embarrassed periods of *Hooker*, *Raleigh*, and *Clarendon*, will no more languish on the ear. We have polished the solid marble of our ancestors. With strength, to which we have no pretensions, they have extracted it from the quarry; but we are the artificers who, with the dexterous use of the file, can smooth their asperities, can arrange into elegance, and can heighten into lustre. No more shall some future *Waller* sing, that he who employs the English language, writes his verses on sand; and that, to endure to posterity, he must carve in the marble of Latin and Greek.

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The Golden Age of the English language, however, seems approaching to it's first state. Nothing contributes so much to corrupt it's purity as an inundation of French translations, rather than translations from the French. The avarice of some, and the hunger of others, are continually pouring on us whole volumes, disfigured with Gallicisms; and, not infrequently, whole sentences in French are awkwardly introduced as improvements, doubtless, to supply the deficiencies of the English language, or rather those of the translator.

Yet, it must be confessed, there are some few *French words* which, with great felicity, express a sense of which we have no exact or parallel expressions. We may, indeed, make use of phrases which may serve tolerably well to explain our meaning; but the delicacy of expression seems to be lost.

The ingenious Vigneul Marville has ventured to censure our language. Perhaps, he was no competent judge of it's demerits; at least, his criticism is too often more sprightly than sound. But we must confess, that it is now a century since he flourished;

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and, if we reflect on the state of our language in his day, it will not be found totally unjust.

‘The style of the English writers is long and embarrassed, very difficult to translate into Latin, into French, or into Italian. We must recollect this when we read the works of the English Authors in their own language with an intention to translate them. Perhaps, the English would bear better to be translated into Spanish than into French, as the French is more happily rendered into Greek than into Latin. The Italian will find no language which, without injuring it’s delicacies and it’s diminutives, can afford a version. The German language is well enough adapted to the Latin.’

The reader may be pleased, probably, to hear an ingenious Frenchman writing on our language, thus express himself—

‘He who loves the sciences, should not neglect the English language. If he would become acquainted with those excellent productions which breathe the warmest spirit of liberty, let him give his studies to this language. Sir Richard Steele, so celebrated for his other compositions, has given us a

good Grammar, accompanied with excellent Notes. The Grammar of Dr. Wallis is only proper for those who are conversant with the Latin.'

Perhaps, the above-mentioned Grammar is quite forgotten. I have in my possession 'A Grammar of the English Tongue, with Notes, giving the Grounds and Reason of Grammar in general, printed for John Brightland, 1711.' To which is prefixed, 'The Approbation of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;' who, I suppose, is Sir Richard Steele, dressed out in masquerade. He says, 'that this Grammar of the English Tongue has done that justice to our language which, till now, it never obtained. The *Text* will improve the most ignorant, and the *Notes* employ the most learned. I therefore enjoin all my female correspondents to buy, read, and study, this Grammar, that their letters may be something less enigmatic, &c.' It is dedicated to Queen Anne. The Notes are copious, and by no means trifling; they are not unworthy of accompanying Lowth's Grammar.

THE DUTCH AND GERMAN LANGUAGES.

THE knowledge of these two languages is more useful to travellers and merchants than to men of letters. These two languages are disagreeable in their words and their pronunciation; nor is their manner of expression clear. Neither the Dutch or the Germans make use of that easy phraseology which simply follows the connexion of our ideas, which joins naturally word with word, according to their different significations: they imitate rather the figurative turn of the Latin, in those inversions of phrase which hold the mind in suspense till the close of the sentence. They bear so strong an affinity to each other, that it is easy for one, who is conversant with either, to know the other. The Dutch is hardly any thing else than the old German. The sound of the German language is more full and more agreeable than the Dutch.

CHARAC-

CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH, THE SPANISH, AND THE ITALIAN LANGUAGES.

THERE is this difference between these three languages. The *Italian* owes much of it's merit and it's softness to it's peculiar turn of phrase, and the manner in which it employs it's diminutives: thus it expresses, with great felicity, the sentiments of Love. The *Spanish* draws all it's nobleness, and it's pomp, from gigantic expressions and hyperboles, of which no other language will admit. The *French* appears to hold a middle rank between these two languages: it can express with strength and vivacity, the language of reason, by representing things as they are; it is thus well calculated for the compositions of History, Controversy, Theology, and Philosophy. It seems, however, to be very unfortunate in it's poetical productions: the French are hardly aware of it themselves; but there is no correct ear that has been accustomed to English versification, that can bear, with any degree of patience,

it's tiresome monotony. A French poet, who was as great an admirer of Latin verses as of wine, compares French versification to the drinking of water. It's satiric verse, however, has the preference.

The *Italian*, of all the European languages, after the French, is the most general in use. The facility with which it is acquired, is one great cause of it's universality. Yet it must be remarked, that if it is attained in some tolerable degree with so much ease, it is, indeed, difficult to grow conversant with all it's delicacies, or to write or speak it to perfection. Those who wish to be informed of the best authors who have written in this language, should consult the '*Reggionamento della Eloquenza Italiana*,' of the Abbé Fontanini, corrected and illustrated by the Notes of Apostolo Zeno, printed in two volumes, quarto, at Venice, 1753. A work, that bears for it's title—'*The Italian Library; containing an Account of the Lives and Works of the most valuable Authors of Italy, by Giuseppe Barretti*,' printed for Millar, 1757—is very useful for one who wishes to recognize the numerous authors who have written in this
polite

polite language, at least by their names. The criticisms are amusive and bold, in the manner of Baretti; whose pages, it must be confessed, whatever might be his errors as a man, or as an author, seldom were found to weary the reader.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

MR. Valois has given the following critical history of the French Language, which may gratify the philologist.

The French language, as now in use, derives its origin from the Latin, or the Roman language corrupted; as do also the Italian and the Spanish: it is mixed with German, and even Gaulish words. Anciently, they called Rustic Roman (as may be seen by the Acts of the Council of Tours, of the year 813) that language which the Gauls, in that time comprehended under the name of Romans, employed, as well as the greater part of the French, Normans, and chiefly the people of Aquitaine and Languedoc. The earliest example which

we have of this language called Rustic Roman, is in Nitard, book III, who gives the oath of Louis, King of Germany, and the treaty which he made with King Charles. We read in Fauchet, that the poets only began to make use of this language about the year 1150. We do not find, or at least rarely, Patent Letters of the Kings of France, Edicts, or Declarations in this language, till about 1220. The laws which William the Conqueror gave to the English nation, and which yet exist, are in the Rustic language, from whence the French is derived.

Abbé Longuerue observes on his language, that the progress it made from 1630 to 1670 was astonishing. Pellisson, in his Panegyric on Louis XIV. says, that it was at it's perfection :—he was a prophet. Augustus, who had seen the Latin language at it's acmé, saw the commencement of it's decline ; this happened to Louis XIV. While Racine lived, he did all he possibly could to bring back the Academy to the style of D'Ablancourt and Patru, in declaring that they were our masters ; but his trouble was
lost,

lost. A corrupt taste has prevailed since his death, more than before.

An Englishman who admires the brilliancy and the vivacity of *French prose*, who is delighted with the lively sallies of *Voltaire*, enchanted with the picturesque diction of *Rousseau*, and who is familiar with all the graces, and all the delicacies, of that elegant crowd of *fine writers* of which the French have just reason to exult, cannot but attribute such complaints to that fastidiousness of criticism, which will always exist to chastise and mortify the great writers of the age. The French critics, however, say, that the celebrated authors about the time of Louis XIV. displayed and respected more the true taste of the ancients; but that the moderns have sacrificed every thing to the *bel esprit*; a term difficult to render into English.

LANGUAGE.

‘THERE is not,’ observes a spirited French writer, ‘any language which may be deemed compleat; any that can express

all our ideas, and all our sensations; their shades are imperceptible, and too numerous. No one can precisely reveal the *degree* of sensation which he feels. We are constrained, for instance, to describe, under the general name of *Love* and *Hate*, all their variety of passion. It is thus also of our *Griefs* and *Pleasures*; so that all languages but imperfectly express the sensations of man.

THE LIVING LANGUAGE.

THERE is no Living language in Europe which is older than five hundred years. If we hope for immortality, we must write in *Latin*; but then we shall find no readers.

Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, and an infinite number of excellent writers, have fallen martyrs to their patriotism, by writing in their mother tongue. Spenser is not always intelligible without a glossary; and when Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece* was republished, a few years after his death; his editor thought proper to explain certain expressions which had then become obsolete.

‘The

‘The Living languages,’ says Menage, ‘are more difficult to acquire than the Dead. It is now fifty years I have laboured on my own: and I must confess I am far from having attained perfection. To know and to write excellently our mother tongue, one must be acquainted with the ancient languages, even more than with the modern. The greater part of languages are closely connected by one chain. The Dissertation of Pere Besnier, a Jesuit, on this subject, is very curious. He formed a project for the re-union of languages, or the art of learning them *all* by a single *one*. This plan may be seen in a little book, printed at Liege, by Nicholas le Baragoin, 1674.

‘He should have continued a project so pleasing and so useful. His abilities were adequate to the task; but, unfortunately, he had not the leisure to apply himself.’

If this plan is valuable, which it appears to be by the account of two critical French writers, whomust be allowed to be able judges of this subject, let some student, who burns with the ambition of rendering an important service, not alone to his country, but to mankind, eternize his name, by devoting his
life

life to an undertaking which will place his memory—

‘Above all Roman, and all Grecian fame,’

Bayle has made some observations on the Living languages which merit our attention. He blames that false delicacy which every day is impoverishing the language, by discarding words, which otherwise are excellent, merely because they are old. This inconstancy of the Living languages introduces such numerous affectations and puerilities in style. Those words which are continually banished, are frequently convenient, and serve to vary our expressions. He says, that it is generally two kinds of authors who countenance this (what I think may be called) persecution of words: these are young authors, and those who compose a little pamphlet every four or five years. . A young author, who only reads the new productions, conceives that the expressions and the words he gathers from them can alone form a fine style. . And he who composes half a page *per diem*, has not the opportunity to know the want of a number of expressions, which a more assiduous writer is continually feeling.

feeling. Both these kinds of writers form their judgment of composition by the novelties of their times; and pride themselves on the delicacy of their taste, when they censure any expression which was thought good not many years back. Had they to compose (observes our experienced writer) a work of length, and that too not slowly, they would not affect to dislike expressions, which, though old, might be very good. The difficulties of the work; the embarrassment of repetitions, the danger of rhiming in prose, unless one is careful; all these, with many other reasons, might convince them of the evil they do to authors, by impoverishing the language they employ.

AN ACCOUNT OF A CURIOUS PHILOLOGICAL BOOK.

THE Volume I now notice is more curious for it's nature than happy in it's execution. It is very imperfectly compiled, yet the title may serve for a curious Catalogue of Languages.

‘ There

‘There is in French a thick quarto volume, containing 1030 pages, printed in 1613, which has for title—

‘A Treasury of the History of the Languages of this Universe; containing the origin, beauties, perfections, declensions, mutations, changes, conversions, and ruins of Languages.

Hebrew	Ethiopian,	Spanish,	Lingua Franca,
Cannanean,	Nubian,	German,	Finnonian,
Samaritan,	Abyssinian,	Bohemian,	Lapponian,
Chaldaic,	Greek,	Hungarian,	Bothnian,
Syriac,	Armenian,	Polonese,	Biarmian,
Egyptian,	Servian,	Prussian,	English,
Punic,	Sclavonian,	Pomeranian,	East Indian,
Arabic,	Georgian,	Lithualian,	Chinese,
Saracen,	Jacobite,	Walachian,	Japanese,
Turkish,	Coptic,	Livonian,	Javanese,
Persian,	Etrurian,	Russian,	West Indian,
Tartarian,	Latin,	Moscovian,	New Guinea,
African,	Italian,	Gothic,	Terra Nuova,
Morecan,	Catalan,	Norman,	and the Lan-
guages of the Beasts and Birds.			

The Author of this wonderful work was Mr. Claude Duret, President à Moulins.

This work is not much enlightened by Criticism, yet the perusal to some readers may

may be amusing. We are surprized at the prodigious number of Authors Duret quotes in every page. There are also added Alphabets of every kind of characters, and a variety of remarks, historical as well as literary.'

ARABIC.

'It is astonishing,' exclaims Longuerue, 'through what an extent of countries the Arabic language is spoken, from Bagdad to the Cape of Good Hope.'

I find, in the *Matanassiana*, page 171, the following criticism on this language. Besides Postel, and other Maronites of Mount Libanus, who have laboured on the Arabic Grammar, Thomas Erpenius has composed it's Rudiments, which appeared in 1620; and some time afterwards, a Grammar, by Jean Maire, printed at Leyden in 1636, to which are appended the fables of Lockman. The Arabic language is intelligent and energetic. It is full of graceful turns, and figurative expressions, which give it great elevation

elevation and strength. It is harmonious, and it's good Authors increase it's natural harmony by the care they take in their prosaic compositions, to vary their periods, and to introduce a cadence which has all the melody of verse. The book the best written in this language, is the Alcoran.

Sallengre, the author of the *Matanassiana*, says, that the Arabic has many words in common with the French; such as, *valet*, *acheter*, *magazin*, *chemise*. In the account of the *Persian* language, I have given a conjecture of Huet, to explain the cause of it's having similar words with the *German*; but have not hitherto found any philological conjecture which accounts for the present instance.—Does it arise from any intercourse which the French have had formerly, particularly during the *Croisades*?

Cardinal Perron says, that the Arabic language is not only very sonorous; but, perhaps, the richest and the most fertile we know. It is also very useful for the explanation of many passages of Scripture.

THE HEBREW.

ALMOST all those writers who have treated on the Hebrew language, would fain persuade us, that it is the first that men have spoken : but—what is more impertinent in them—they have the assurance to inform us that it is the language of God himself ; nor is this opinion by any means novel, since Saint Gregory of Nyssa has, even in his life-time, reprobated the idea, and calls it a folly, and a ridiculous vanity of the Jews ; as if God himself, he says, had been a master of Grammar. La Motte le Vayer writes in his Letters, that the most partial partizans which ever the Hebrew has had, must confess, that excepting the inferior languages, such as the Bask and the Breton, &c. there is not among the living or the dead languages, any which do not present us with more valuable compositions than the Hebrew does, if we except the Old Testament. He adds, that we can well do without making use of a barbarous jargon, that never repays us for

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the laceration which it occasions to our throats in pronouncing it's guttural letters.

The Hebrew Grammars which the Christians have composed, are infinitely more perfect than those of the Jews. Their knowledge in the writings of their Rabbins is, not inferior; and to this they have added a clear and regular method, which is very necessary in a language whose idioms and modes of expression the great distance of time has so obscured, that it is almost impossible to attain to any perfect knowledge, or to decide with any degree of certainty concerning it.

Buxtorf, the father, has surpassed all those who have devoted their studies to this language; and later writers have done little more than copying or abridging his book. It is intituled—*J. Buxtorfii Thesaurus Grammaticus linguæ Sanctæ Hebrææ duobus libris methodice propositus, &c.*

We may add, that the Hebrew has no other difference between the Syriac and the Chaldee, if we except the characters, than that which exists between the Latin and the Italian.

Scaliger observes, that the beginnings of
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the Hebrew do not threaten us with much trouble ; but, as we proceed, we find inexpressible difficulties ; which, he says, is the contrary with the Greek language. Gebelin, in his *monde primitif*, is of opinion with other learned men, that the *Hebrew is not the primitive language*. His reasons for this opinion, are numerous and just. I refer the curious philologer to that work, which abounds with valuable information.

The ingenious Mr. Rigoley de Juvigny writes thus, in his commentary on *Les Bibliothèques françoises* of De la Croix de la Maine, and Du Verdier—‘ *No language of the ancient nations subsists*: they are all buried in the night of Time. The Jews themselves, after their long captivity at Babylon, forgot their own language, and learnt the Chaldaic ; the genius of which was nearly the same with that of the Hebrew. Since that time, the holy writings are found amongst the Jews in Chaldaic letters. They then formed a Greek mixed with Hebraisms, which is called, the Hellenistic language : the version of the Seventy is in this language. The Samaritans only preserved the Pentateuch in the ancient Hebrew characters. As

to what relates to us, the holy writings have been transmitted to us in Greek, or in Latin: the only languages the Church adopted.'

It was the absurd opinion of one Father Thomassin, who was a genuine bigot, that, as every thing originates from *Adam*, so every language proceeds from the *Hebrew*. Thus the Chinese, Persian, French, and English, and generally all other languages, come from the Hebrew, as clearly as the light comes from the sun!

We must not be surprized, if the Hebrew literature is only worth the attention of those who are fond of Biblical criticism. It was a maxim with the Israelites, as well as it is one with the Mahometans, that *their Bible* was the only book they should read. Like *Peter's loaf*, or their *own manna*, it contained the taste of every thing they wished. The modern Jews preserve, with admirable rigour, this maxim of their ancestors; and they read no other book except *their Bible*, and *their Manuscripts*; I mean, their *Ledgers*.

OF THE SAMARITAN, CHALDAIC, SY-
RIAC, ETHIOPIAN, PERSIAN, ARME-
NIAN, TARTARIAN, AND CHINESE
LANGUAGES.

THE greater part of these languages, and the Arabic itself, are dialects of the Hebrew; and some so closely resemble it, that the difference is hardly perceivable. Such are, for instance, the Samaritan, the Chaldee, and the Syriac. Hottinger shews, in his Chaldaic Grammar, the affinity the Hebrew bears to the Chaldee, the Syriac, and the Arabic. The Jews brought the Chaldee from Babylon. The books of Daniel and Efdras are for the greater part written in this language. It was the Syriac Jesus Christ and the Apostles spoke; and a knowledge of this language is very necessary for a perfect understanding of the New Testament.

Ludolphus has given us a Grammar of the Ethiopian language. This language has

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a great mixture of Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic words. It has a distinct and peculiar character; and, in writing it, the vowel points are not marked according to the custom of the Hebrews, the Arabs, the Chaldeans, and the Syrians; but every letter is a syllable, being at once composed of a vowel and a consonant.

One Louis de Dieu has given a Persian Grammar; but Mr. Richardson has lately published a Dictionary, which is said to be a very valuable labour. Our nation has of late made such a progress in this study, that we may expect, when it shall become more universal, to receive not only Grammars and Dictionaries, but to partake in it's original compositions. Sir William Jones, whose learning is great, and whose genius is equal to his learning, has already laid the literary world under great obligations for some curious prose and some enchanting verse. Scaliger observes, that the Persian language is very beautiful, and is expressed in few words. It bears no analogy with the Hebrew; but, what is surprizing, it does with the German; having many words in common,

mon, as Father, Brother, Sister, and other similar ones. How are we to account for this?

Since this article has been printed, I have found a conjecture in Huet to solve this singular difficulty. Like all his conjectures, it displays not less admirable ingenuity than profound erudition.

It is observed, he says, that the *German* language bears a great affinity with the *Persian*, whether it be for it's inflexions or for it's terms. The cause of this conformity may be attributed to their common origin, which is from the *Scythians*. The Indians, who came from the same source, and whom the ancients called Indo Scythians, retained much of the same language; and we find, in the modern language of the Persians, those Indian terms which Ctesias has preserved. But the *Medes* formerly sent colonies into *Germany*. Is not this most probably the cause of this conformity?

A Tartarian Grammar has been given by Thevenot; and, by Abbé Bignon, a Chinese. I do not know if we have Grammars of these languages.

Of all the languages of Asia, there are

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none

none which merit our attention more than the Chinese and the Persian; for the arts and sciences have long and successfully been cultivated by these people. The following article affords some curious information concerning the Chinese language.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

FROM the Twenty-ninth volume of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* I take the present critically humorous account of this language.

P. Bourgeois, one of the missionaries, attempted, after ten months residence at Peking, to preach in the Chinese language. These are the words of the good father. 'God knows how much this first Chinese sermon cost me! I can assure you, this language resembles no other. The same word has never but one termination; and then adieu to all, that in our declensions, distinguishes the gender, and the number of things we would speak; adieu, in the verbs, to all which might explain the active person, how and

and in what time it acts, if it acts alone or with others: in a word with the Chinese, the same word is substantive, adjective, verb, singular, plural, masculine, feminine, &c. It is the person who hears who must arrange the circumstances, and guess them. Add to all this, that all the words of this language are reduced to three hundred and a few more; that they are pronounced in so many different ways, that they signify eighty thousand different things, which are expressed by as many different characters. This is not all: the arrangement of all these monosyllables appears to be under no general rule; so that to know the language, after having learnt the words, we must learn every particular phrase: the least inversion would make you unintelligible to three parts of the Chinese.

‘ I will give you an example of their words. They told me *chou* signifies a *book*: so that I thought whenever the word *chou* was pronounced, a *book* was the subject. Not at all! *Chou*, the next time I heard it, I found signified a *tree*. Now I was to recollect, *chou* was a *book*, or a *tree*. But this amounted to nothing: *chou*, I found, expressed

expressed also *great beats*; *chou* is to *relate*; *chou* is the *Aurora*; *chou* means to be *accustomed*; *chou* expresses the *loss of a wager*, &c. I should not finish, were I to attempt to give you all it's significations.

Notwithstanding these singular difficulties, could one but find a help in the perusal of their books, I should not complain. But this is impossible! Their language is quite different from that of simple conversation. What will ever be an insurmountable difficulty to every European, is the pronunciation: every word may be pronounced in five different tones; yet every tone is not so distinct that an unpractised ear can easily distinguish it. These monosyllables fly with amazing rapidity; then they are continually disguised by elisions, which sometimes hardly leave any thing of two monosyllables. From an aspirated tone, you must pass immediately to an even one; from a whistling note to an inward one; sometimes your voice must proceed from the palate; sometimes it must be guttural, and almost always nasal. I recited my sermon at least fifty times to my servant, before I spoke it in public: and yet, I am told, though he continually

continually corrected me, that, of the ten parts of the sermon, (as the Chinese express themselves) they hardly understood three. Fortunately, the Chinese are wonderfully patient; and that they are astonished that any ignorant stranger should be able to learn two words of their language.'

ON THE USE OF THE PAGAN MYTHOLOGY
IN POETRY.

A REVOLUTION has taken place in modern Poetry, which is of the greatest importance to the lovers of the art. This is no less than a total banishment of the Heathen Mythology from our Poetry. The great *Johnson* preferring, not infrequently, a singularity of opinion to an enforcing of truth—or, let us confess, who has given strong marks of a deficiency in poetical taste—has confounded the beauties of the Pagan Mythology with it's abuse. We are to read the criticisms of this great man with caution; we must recollect that, in his examination of *Milton*, his prejudices warp his judgment;

I and,

and, in his animadversions on *Gray*, his criticisms were uncandid and unpoetical. He tells us, in his *Life of Prior*, ‘ That his fictions are mythological, and that they are surely despicable :’ for he adds—‘ By the help of such easy fictions, and vulgar topics, without acquaintance with life, and without knowledge of art or nature, a poem of any length, cold and lifeless like this, may be easily written on any subject.’

This is dictated by the uncharitable spirit of criticism. It is strange, that a man of such active faculties, and of such critical sagacity, should not have perceived, that when the Poet wanders in the unbounded regions of Fancy, he hath little to do with the mere state of Nature; that, expatiating in the wide range of Imagination, he does not so much *borrow* from Nature, but rather *adorns* her by the creation of new beings. Hence the pipe of the shepherd is the *shrill* *shell of Pan*; the murmuring of the waters is *the sigh of the Naiad*; and the dewy flowers, that sparkle on the eye, are the *glittering tears of Aurora*.

I will allow that a Pedant, well read in his Pantheon, may produce, what some may
be

be apt to take for a Poem, by a mere mechanical effort. He may call Apollo and the Muses, Minerva and Venus; but let him beware of what he is about. These celestial beings are no less dangerous than what, in our British Solomon's time, was thought to be the raising of the devil; of whom one said, that he doubted not, with book in hand, he could raise him easily enough; but, when he had done that, the danger lay in the manner he was to employ his devilship. The Pedant may, indeed, drag into his verse the reluctant gods and goddesses; but they will not have the air of divinities. It requires the most skilful hand, and some of the finest touches of genius, to place them in a novel situation; to polish the finished piece into classical beauty, and exhaust on them the pomp and brilliancy of his imagination.

Let us not, then, hastily resign our faith, in the theology of ancient Poetry. If it appears trite and insipid in the hands of a mere versifier, let us reflect, that every thing in such a writer will have the same effect. It is certain, that no order of beings have yet been found so agreeable to the imagination,

gination, when this poetic machinery is displayed by the address of superior genius. How admirably has *Gray*, in his Progress of Poetry, embellished with these beautiful forms the third stanza of the first Antistrophe. Allegorical Personages, which *Spenser* has unfortunately employed, soon weary. The enchantment of mythological fiction is continued, and is susceptible of continual variety.

The omnipotence of the divinities of Poetry is eternal: it is true; they do not always yield their inspiration. Venus still resides in Paphos; Diana still embellishes the woods; the Nymphs inhabit their accustomed oak; and there is not a pure stream but, in it's crystalline cave, is still honoured with the presence of it's Naiad.

I venerate the abilities of this our late *Coryphaeus*; but, if we are blindly to follow the *dictum* of our leader, farewell to that free discussion by which, through the medium of contrary opinions, we at length attain to truth. The critical powers of *Boileau* may well be opposed to those of *Johnson*; and however the English dress, which Sir *William Soame* has given him, may

may be inferior to the original *Boileau*, he may yet be understood.

' In the narration of some great design,
Invention, art, and fable, all must join :
Here *fiction* must employ it's utmost grace ;
All must assume a body, mind, and face.
Each *virtue*, a *divinity* is seen ;
Prudence, is *Pallas*—*Beauty*, *Paphos' Queen* ;
'Tis not a cloud from whence swift lightnings fly,
But *Jupiter* that thunders from the sky.
Echo's no more an empty, airy sound,
But a *fair nymph*, that weeps her lover drown'd,
Thus, in the endless treasures of his mind,
The poet does a thousand figures find :
Around the work his ornaments he pours.

* * * * *

Without these ornaments before our eyes,
Th' unfinew'd poem languishes and dies :
Your Poet in his art will always fail,
And tell you but a dull, insipid tale.
In vain have our mistaken Authors try'd
To lay these ancient ornaments aside.

* * * * *

And, in a common subject, to reject
The *Gods*, and *Heathen* ornaments neglect ;
To banish *Tritons*, who the sea invade,
To take *Pan's* whistle, &c.

And

And ev'ry where, as 'twere idolatry,
 Banish descriptions from our Poetry.
 Leave them their pious follies to pursue;
 But let our reason such vain fears subdue.

If the little I have ventured to give of my own, supported by the critical authority of *Boileau*, should fail to relieve the modern Poet from the harsh and severe tyranny of our present Critics; if we must quit *Greece*, the land of invention, to live in our colder climate, I will submit to it with all possible resignation: but let me at least testify my veneration to the *Divinities of Poetry*, in taking as poetical a farewell of them as the time will permit.

O YE! who felt the FANCIED POWER,
 Illuminate the mental hour!
 We feeble Scribes of later days,
 Have lost the beam that warm'd your lays.
 For ye how wide th' enchantment stream'd!
 The UNIVERSE, one TEMPLE seem'd
 What vivifying POWERS have stood -
 In the still horrors of the wood!
 AURORA'S TEARS impearl'd the flowers;
 And ZEPHYR shook the fragrant bowers.

A NAIAD?

A NAIAD'S SIGH, the murmuring rill,
 Some SYLVAN POWER protects each hill.
 If in the stream a Nymph would lave,
 She felt the God's embracing wave.
 On every plain, in every grove,
 Sported the rosy train of LOVE :
 And tripping FAUNS, and SATYRS rude,
 Were seen to wander every wood.
 'Mid bleeding vines young BACCHUS lay,
 Tir'd with the labours of the day.
 Rich sheaves of corn kind CERES bears;
 And orchards feel POMONA'S cares.
 If breathes his reed some shepherd swain,
 Enamour'd ECHO steals the strain !
 Or shakes the field with horns and hounds ;
 'Tis DIAN'S self the shrill notes sounds.
 Old Ocean's realms are NEPTUNE'S boast,
 Who swells the storm that threatens the coast ;
 Or if, his lovely QUEEN to please,
 He chains his waves, and smooths his seas,
 Seated in their pearly car,
 The TRITONS' song is heard afar !
 And green-hair'd Nymphs their raptures tell,
 Dancing to the vocal shell.
 The winged HOURS, to shady seat,
 From the hot fainting earth retreat :
 But where OLYMPUS' GATES disclose,
 Jove sat, and shook his awful brows !

VOL. I.

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His

His EAGLE, basking in his fight,
 Wav'd oft his plumes of beamy light;
 And VENUS bends her soften'd face,
 Or leans on some enchanting GRACE;
 While on her looks each GOD has hung,
 White-handed HEBE scarce seem'd young.

Of past delight, this Classic theme
 Once form'd in youth my early dream.
 Farewel, ye Forms of Grecian art!
 That must no more inflame my heart.
 Our harsher souls, and colder clime,
 Claim sentiment, in polish'd rhyme.
 FANCY to REASON must submit;
 And glowing IMAGERY to WIT.
 Yet, Bards! be taught from ancient source,
 Your rapid flight to urge with force;
 Or still, with baffled wing ye rise,
 Hurl'd from the Poet's starry skies!

ON THE POETRY OF BARON HALLER.

IT was once the intention of the Editor to have presented a translation of the Poetry of Baron Haller to the Public.

The Poet, whom I am now going to introduce

roduce to the reader, is better known in this country for his extensive learning, and recondite labours in physiology, than for those exquisite pieces which place him so conspicuously amongst the modern Poets of Germany.

If England has not bestowed on him the honours of a Poet, France, however, has not been backward in this respect. His Poetry has been elegantly translated, and multiplied by repeated editions. There are those who have placed him on an equality with the celebrated Gesner: and, perhaps, he is only not equal to him in not having produced a Poem of the magnitude of his *Death of Abel*.

If it is allowed me to give the character of Haller as a Poet, I will say, that he does not swell into that turgid eloquence, which wearies the mental eye by a cumbrous accumulation of splendour. It is the characteristic of the German Poets, that they do not know when to stop; the strength of their genius transports them into obscurity: by soaring too high, they strain the temperate eye of the Critics; judgment to them is a

filken string, too feeble to chain the wing of an eagle.

I do not mean, however, to countenance or excuse certain pieces which, they inform us, are translations from the German; and which, indeed, may well disgust the world with all German Poetry. But, I believe that the bombast of these writers is rather to be attributed to themselves, than to the unfortunate German; who, certainly, had he originally written in so awkward a style, would not have been thought worthy of a translation.

Haller is beautiful in his descriptions, sublime in his Odes, and tender in his Elegies. He is not less to be admired as a Satirist; and Berne once trembled at the presence of it's Juvenal. His numbers are highly polished; and it is hard to render justice to the delicate language of his Muse.

The following Poem is not partially chosen, but for it's convenient length. There is an elegant simplicity, added to a closeness of thought; which, if it does not always wear the fantastic air of novelty, impresses in the feeling heart that philosophical consolation worthy of the genius of Haller.

A DE-

A DESIRE TO REGAIN HIS NATIVE
COUNTRY:

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS IN HOLLAND.

‘AH! woods for ever dear! delightful groves, whose verdure shades the heights of *Hafel**, when shall I return to repose on your bosom, where Philomel wantons on the light branches? When shall I lay myself on the declivity of those little hills which Nature hath spread with green carpets of moss, where nought is heard save the trembling leaves, agitated by the vernal airs, or the murmurs of a little brook that refreshes those solitary meads.

‘O Heaven! when wilt thou permit me to visit, once more, those vales where I passed the spring of my life; where, often to the murmurs of a falling cascade, my verse flowed in honour of my Sylvia: while the

• The neighbourhood of Berne.

caresses of Zephyr, animating the grove,
threw on my pensive soul a soft melancholy.
There, every care was banished, while I sat
in the umbrageous depth of those woods
whose boughs were impenetrable to the
beams of the sun.

‘Here, continually, have I to combat
with my sorrows: my mind is oppressed
with grief for ever renewed; and I know
not the sweetness of tranquillity and joy.
Far from the country where first I sprung
into life: without parents, a stranger to all
the world, abandoned to the ardours of
youth, I find myself in possession of a dan-
gerous liberty, without having learnt how
to conduct myself.

‘Now disease shoots through my languish-
ing frame, and stifles even the wish for glo-
ry, and for science! Now my disappointed
hopes droop in the despondence of discou-
ragement and grief: while the sea throws
itself on the ruins of broken dykes, and
brings it’s waves and death to our gates;
and

and Mars threatens us with the flames of war which kindle from the ashes *.

‘ But let us embrace comfort. All must terminate ! The storm is weakened at each gust it blows. Past evils teach us to enjoy the present good. Who is a stranger to adversity, is alike a stranger to pleasure. Time, who, with his rapid wing, hath brought my affliction, conducts also my felicity. I may yet inhale the purer air of my native hills !

‘ Ah ! may I soon rejoin ye, groves beloved ! and landscapes of spring ! Ah ! if Fate should indulge me once more to partake of the silent tranquillity of your solitude ! Perhaps the day is not distant. The blue sky shines when the storm is departed, and repose succeeds to pain. Flourish, ye scenes of delight ! while I prepare to make my last voyage, in returning to your peaceful shades.’

* The inundation of the sea, and the bursting of a dyke, happen very frequently, in winter, at Amsterdam.—The Dutch were then on the eve of a war.

THE POEM OF HALLER VERSIFIED.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. P. L.

THE Lover of Polite Literature will be much gratified by the following elegant Versification of the Poem of *Haller*, which we have attempted in *Prose*. This little production, to use one of the Laureat's own classical allusions, will be but interweaving a transient blossom in the laurels of it's amiable Author.

AN! woods for ever dear! whose branches spread
Their verdant arch o'er HASEL's breezy head,
When shall I once again, supinely laid,
Hear Philomela charm your list'ning shade?
When shall I stretch my careless limbs again,
Where, gently rising from the velvet plain,
O'er the green hills, in easy curve that bend,
The mossy carpet Nature's hands extend?
Where all is silent! save the gales that move
The leafy umbrage of the whisp'ring grove;
Or the soft murmurs of the rivulet's wave,
Whose chearing streams the lonely meadows lave.
O Heav'n!

O Heav'n! when shall once more these eyes be cast
 On scenes where all my spring of life was pass'd;
 Where, oft responsive to the falling rill,
 Sylvia and Love my artless lays would fill?
 While Zephyr's fragrant breeze, soft breathing, stole
 A pleasing sadness o'er my pensive soul:
 Care, and her ghastly train, were far away;
 While calm, beneath the sheltering woods, I lay
 Mid shades, impervious to the beams of day.

Here—sad reverse!—from scenes of pleasure far,
 I wage with Sorrow unremitting war:
 Oppress'd with grief, my ling'ring moments flow,
 Nor aught of joy, or aught of quiet, know.
 Far from the scenes that gave my being birth,
 From parents far, an outcast of the earth!
 In youth's warm hours, from each restriction free,
 Left to myself in dangerous liberty.

Now pale Disease shoots thro' my languid frame,
 And checks the zeal for wisdom and for fame.
 Now droops fond Hope, by Disappointment cross'd;
 Chill'd by neglect, each sanguine wish is lost.
 O'er the weak mound stern Ocean's billows ride,
 And wast destruction in with every tide;
 While Mars, descending from his crimson car,
 Fans with fierce hands the kindling flames of war.

Her gentle aid let Consolation lend:
 All human evils hasten to their end.

The

618 PHILOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

The storm abates at every gust it blows :
Past ills enhance the comforts of repose.
He who ne'er felt the pressure of distress,
Ne'er felt returning pleasure's keen excess.
Time, who Affliction bore on rapid wing,
My panting heart to happiness may bring :
I, on my native hills, may yet inhale
The purer influence of the ambient gale.

Ah ! scenes of early joy ! ah, much-lov'd shades !
Soon may my footsteps tread your vernal glades.
Ah ! should kind Heav'n permit me to explore
Your seats of still tranquillity once more !
E'en now, to Fancy's visionary eye,
Hope shews the flattering hour of transport nigh.
Blue shines the æther, when the storm is past ;
And calm Repose succeeds to Sorrow's blast.
Flourish, ye scenes of ever new delight !
Wave wide your branches to my raptur'd sight !
While, ne'er to roam again, my wearied feet
Seek the kind refuge of your calm retreat.

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